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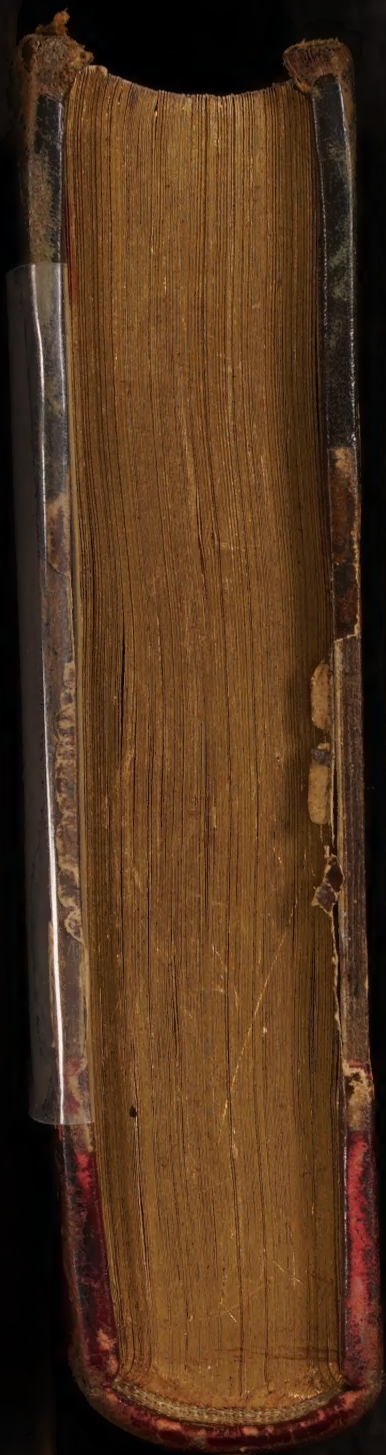


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THE
BIJOU



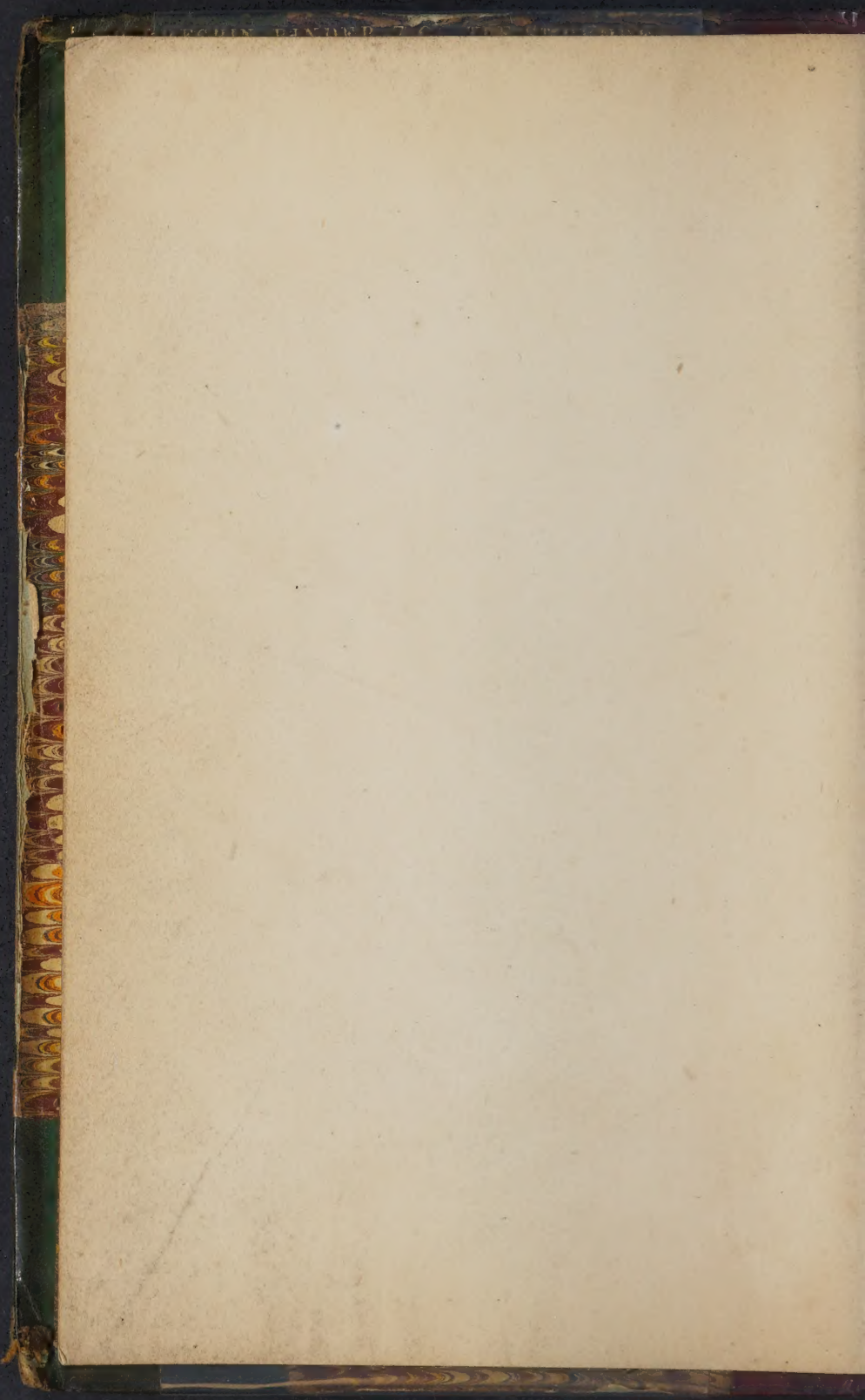


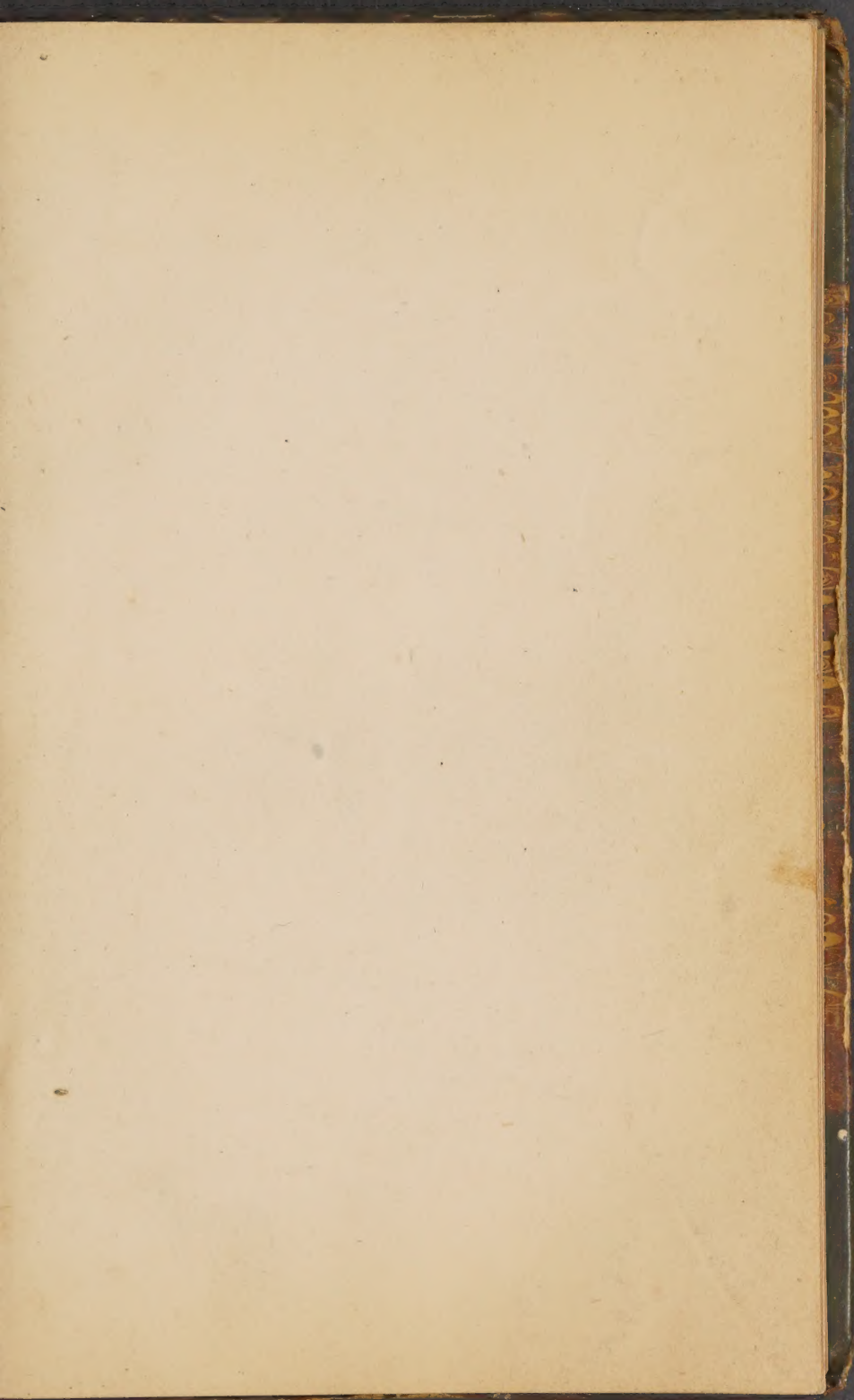


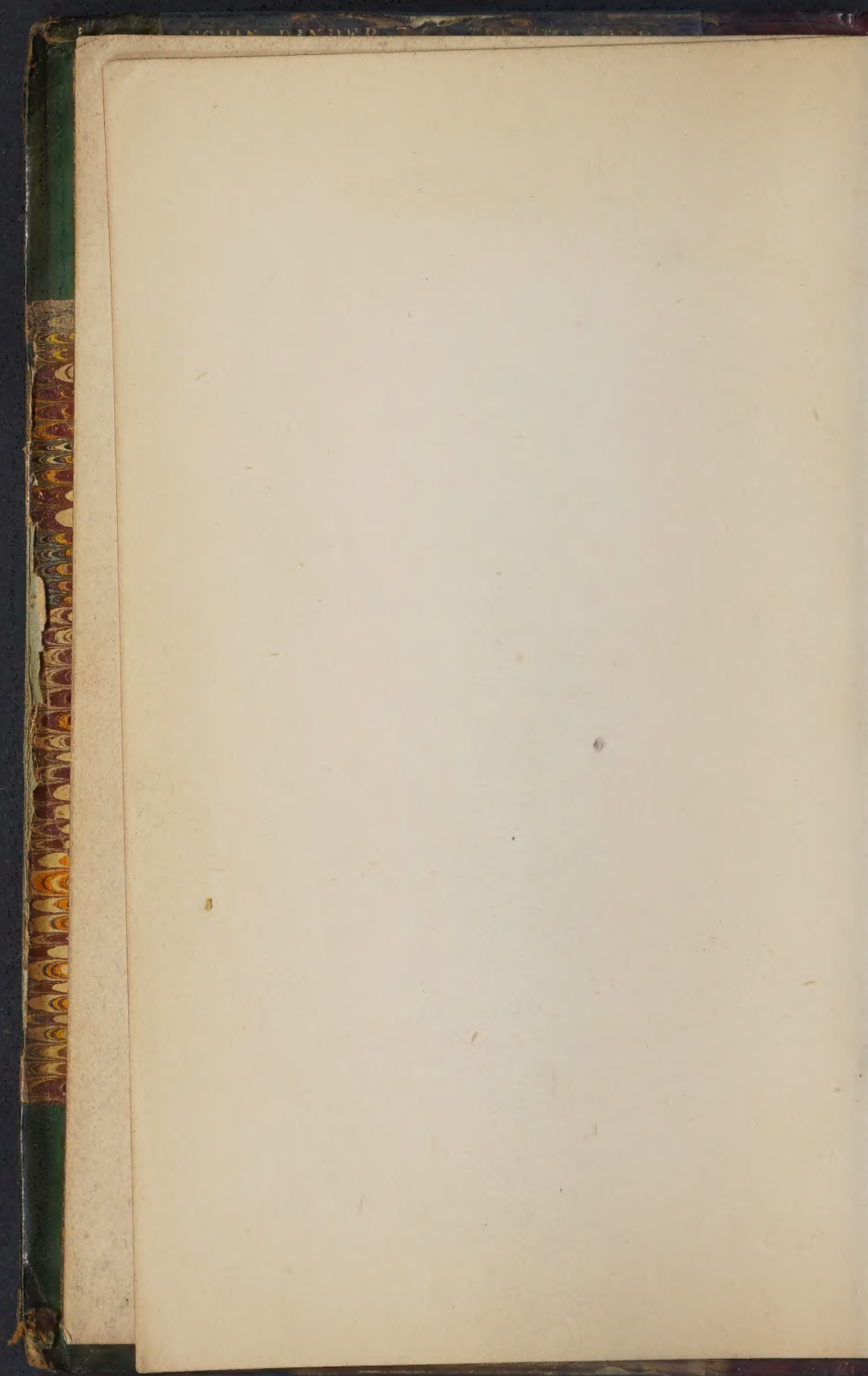
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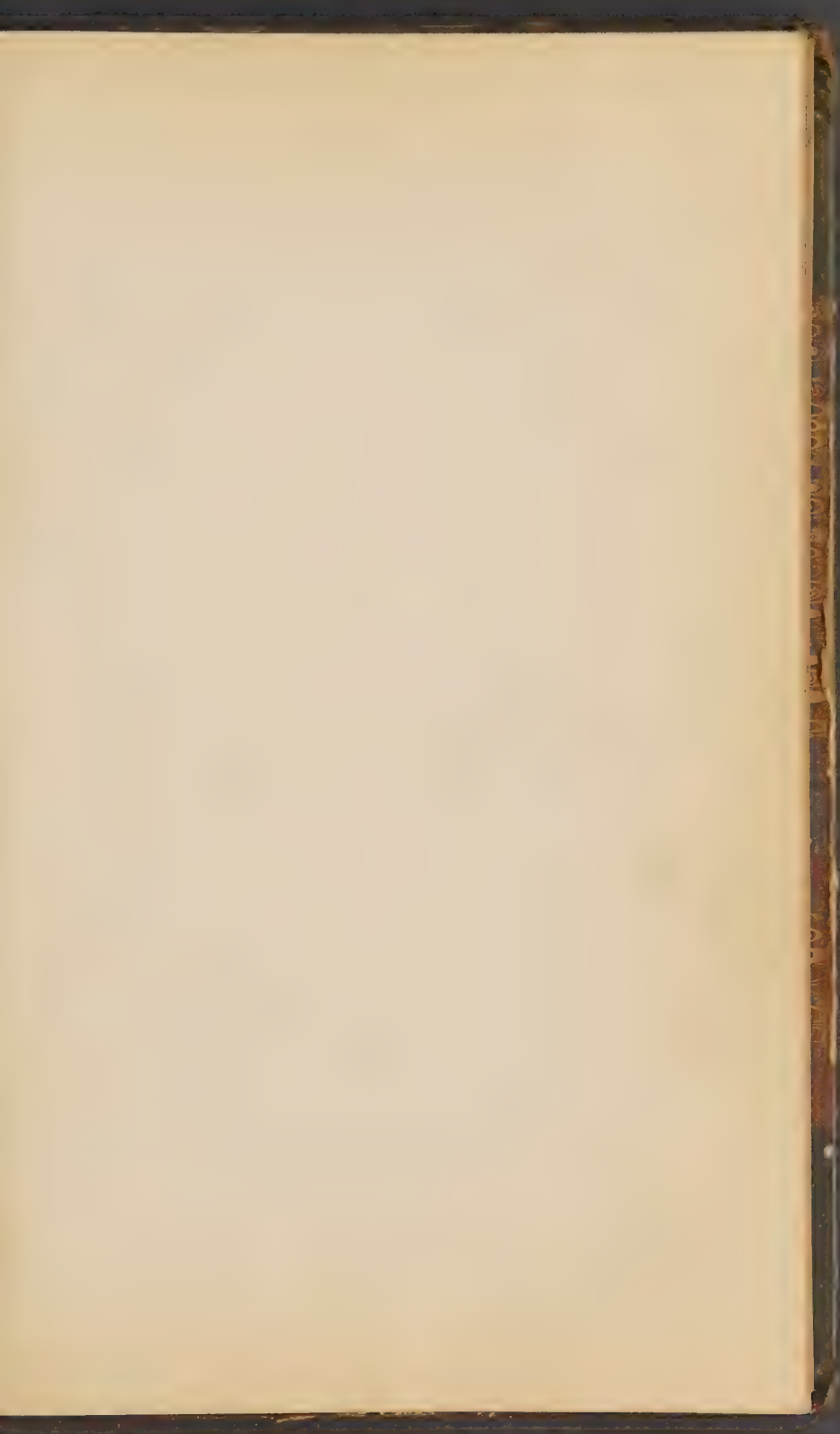










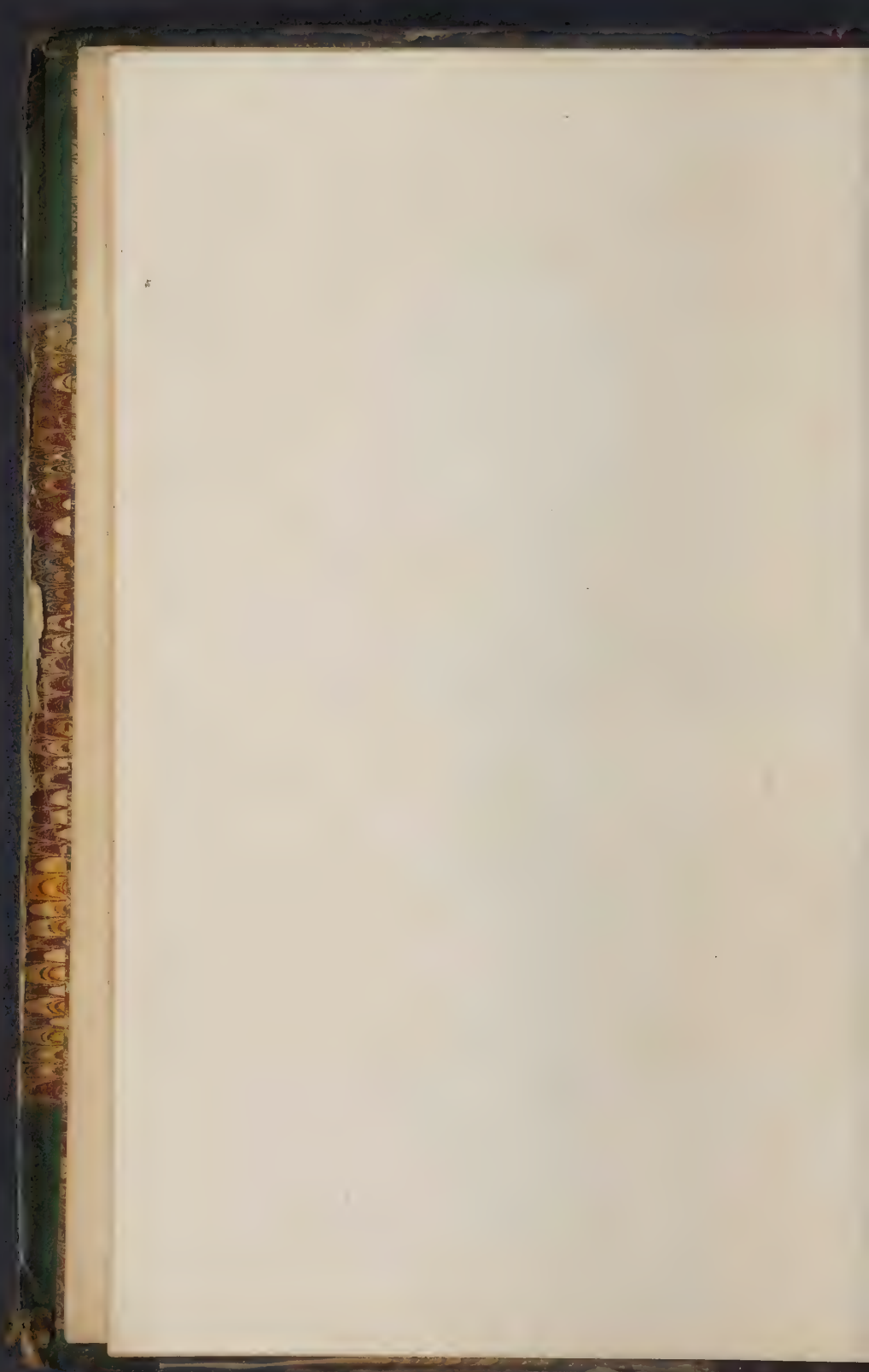


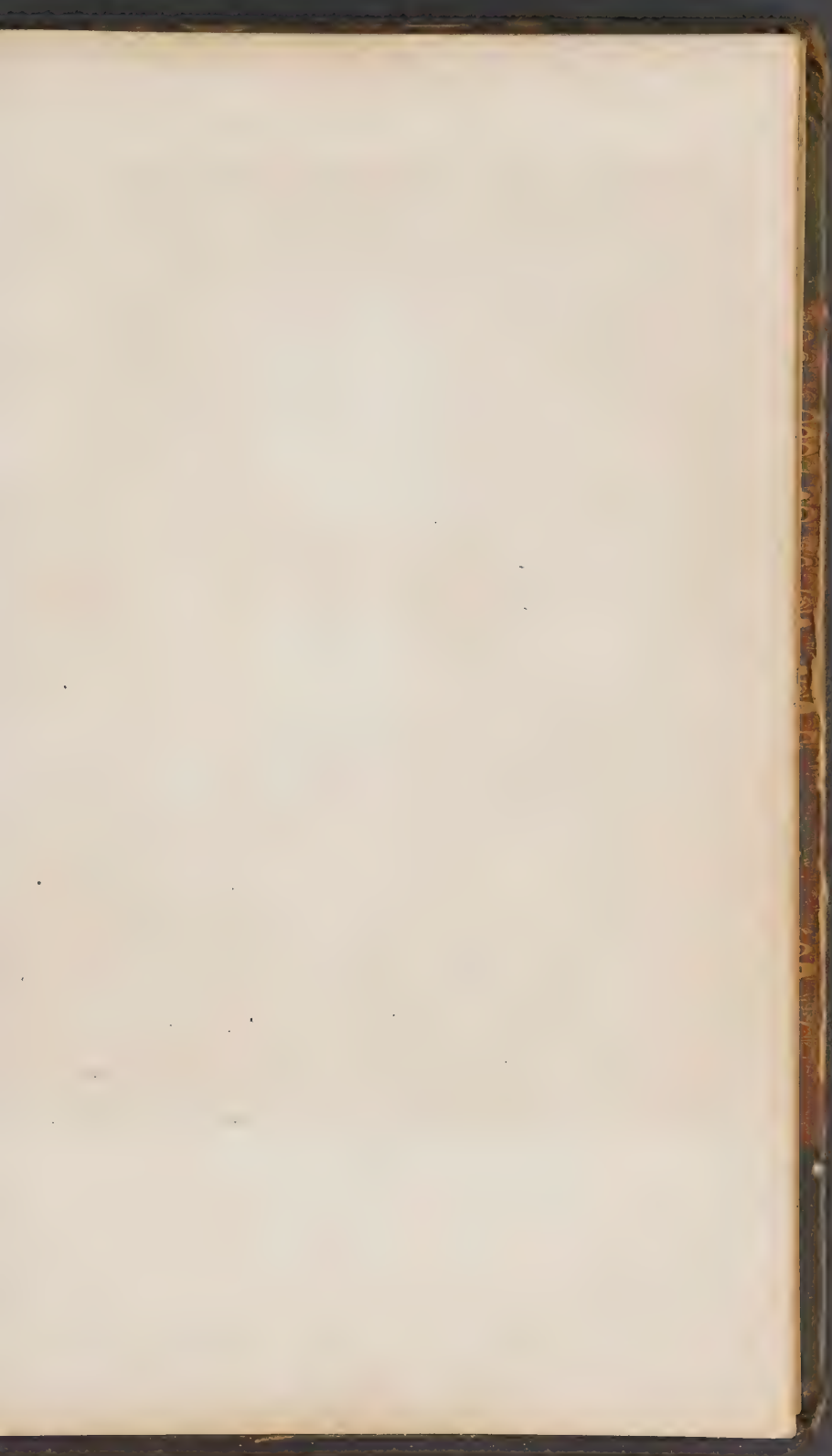


THE BIJOU.

"LET NOT THE HAND OF AMITY BE NICE,
NOR THE POOR TRIBUTE OF THE HEART DISDAIN;
A TRIFLE MAY BECOME A PLEDGE OF PRICE
IF FRIENDSHIP STAMP IT WITH HER SACRED NAME."

MDCCCXXX.







HIS MAJESTY.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON BART. G.C.H.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM ENSOM.

THE BIJOU.

AN

ANNAAL OF LITERATURE

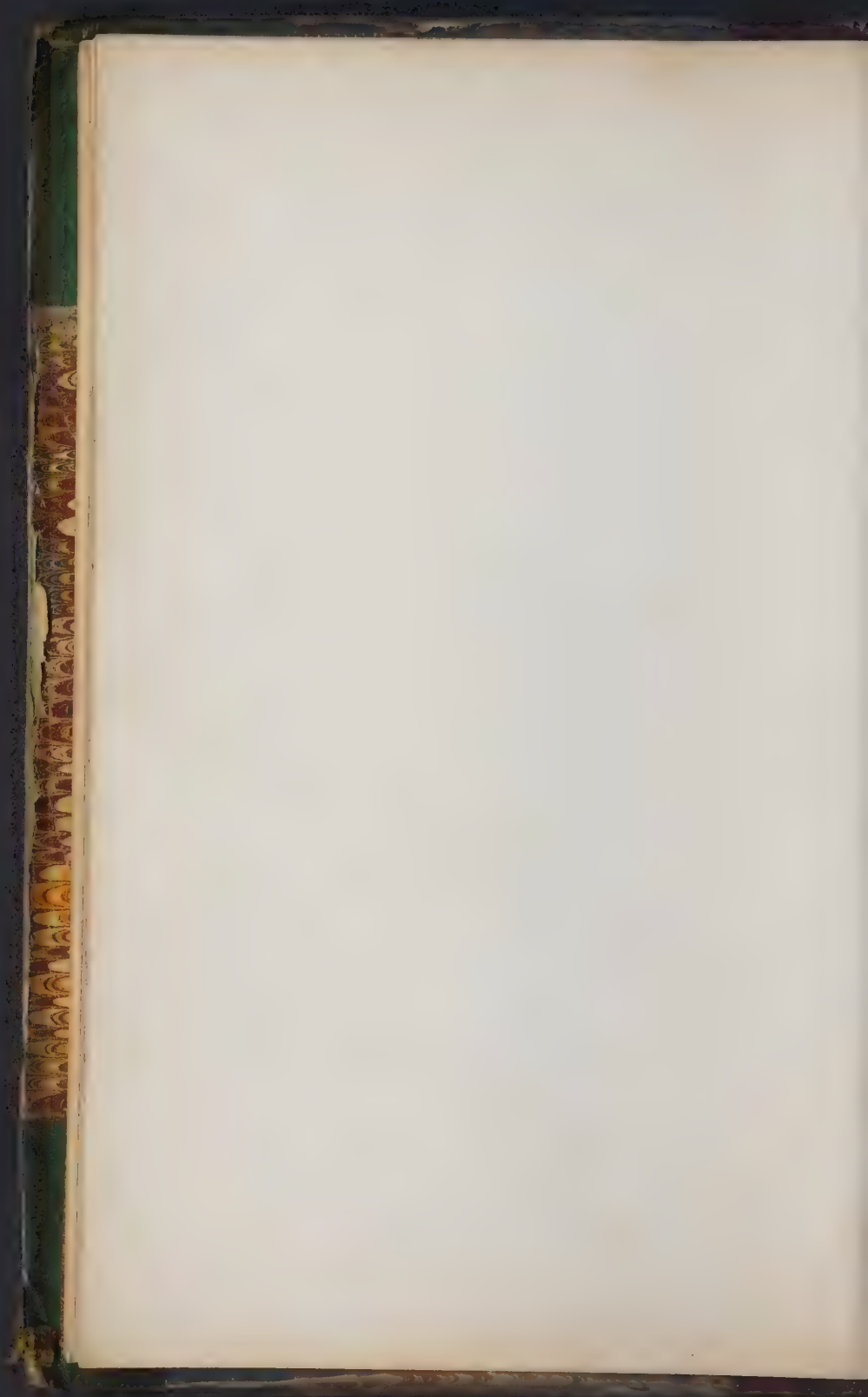
AND THE ARTS



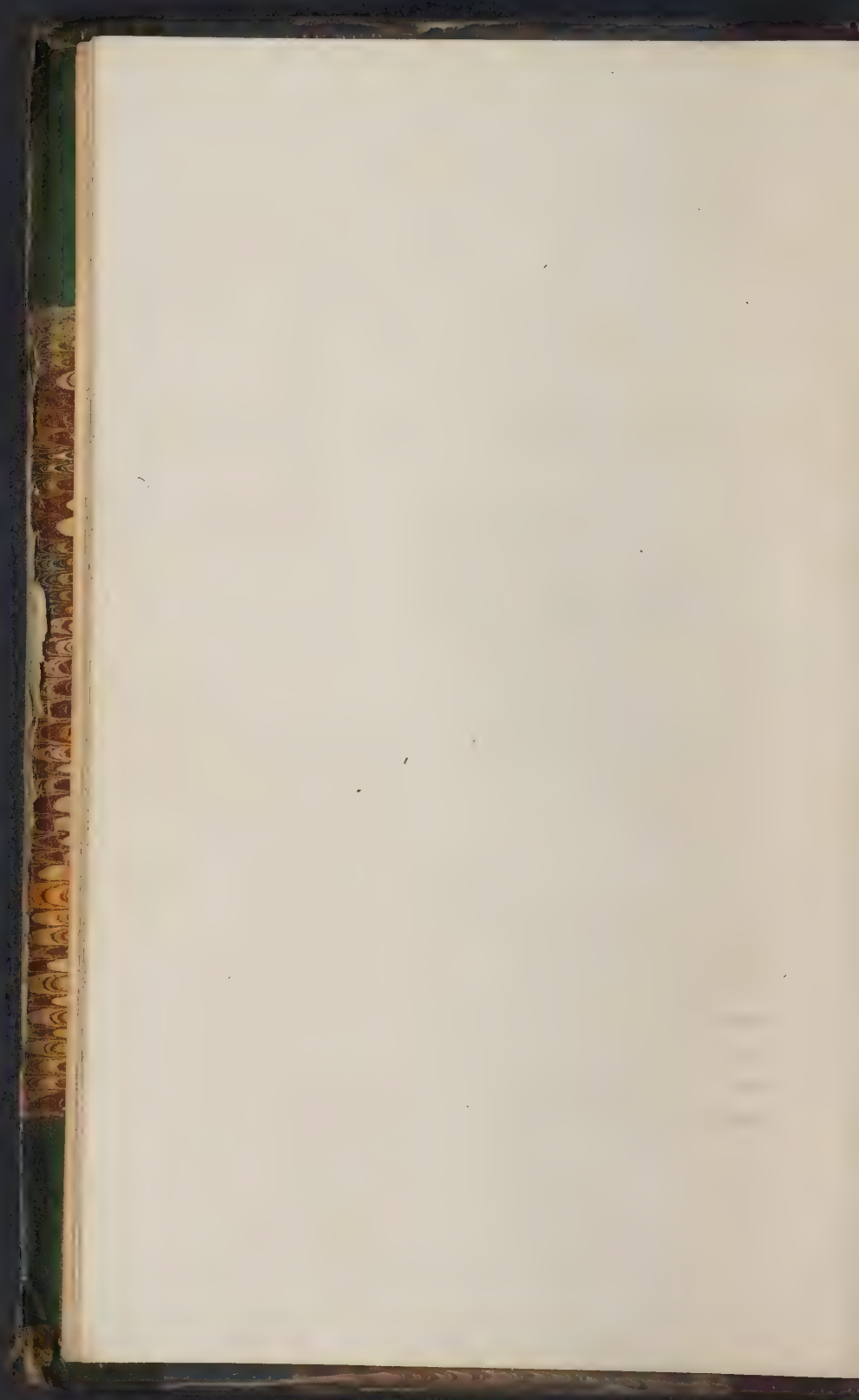
LONDON,

WILLIAM PICKERING.

MDCCCXXX.



TO THE
HONORABLE MRS. HOPE,
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

THE third volume of THE BIJOU does not, it is presumed, require any propitiatory observations to secure the reader's favour ; for the extensive patronage with which its predecessors have been honoured justify the hope that, if it possesses only equal merit, its success will be equally complete.

Success ought, however, to produce a corresponding increase of exertion ; and, in assuming that this volume is superior to the first, or second, the Publisher trusts that he is not guilty of improper vanity, as he only institutes a comparison between productions for each of which he is responsible ; but, were he to challenge for it a preeminent place over its beautiful competitors, he is aware he should exceed his province, and appear in a very ungraceful light. Disclaiming then, both from principle and feeling, the slightest desire to add to THE BIJOU's reputation, at the expense of its rivals, he refers to its embellishments and pages for its pretensions to a distinguished position in the annual race for public favour, with that confidence which arises from the consciousness that he has done his utmost to deserve it.

The embellishments of the present volume consist, among others, of engravings from three pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, two of which derive their claims to attention, not merely as almost unrivalled works of art, but from that interest which Beauty and Majesty inspire. On the portrait of MRS. ARBUTHNOT it is not necessary to speak, for it carries with it a certain passport; and though, from different feelings, the striking likeness of OUR AUGUST SOVEREIGN is still more sure of a grateful reception, the Publisher cannot refrain from expressing the pride he feels, that THE BIJOU should be the first of the Annuals which has had the honour of presenting an engraving, that must be welcome to every loyal heart in the British Empire.

The loan of that valuable picture is a new proof of the kindness which Sir Thomas Lawrence has uniformly shown to this work; and the Publisher again assures him of his gratitude and respect.

Another royal portrait in this volume possesses a melancholy, but unfading interest; for who can bring to mind the story of LADY JANE GREY and not rejoice that an authentic likeness forms an embellishment of the Gage d'Amour, or Gage d'Amitié which he presents to her, who, in beauty and virtue, he fondly believes, is not inferior to that admirable personage?

THE AFRICAN DAUGHTER is engraved from a

painting by the lamented Bonington, an artist "who died too soon," but whose untimely fate gives an interest to his productions, to which few can be insensible, even if their intrinsic merits did not render them independent of adventitious aid. For the loan of this painting the publisher is indebted to E. V. Utterson, Esq., and for which he respectfully thanks him.

The venerable Stothard, the English Raphael, has, it will be seen, again exercised his imagination and his pencil in the service of *THE BIJOU*.

Though the last mentioned, one of the most pleasing, engravings is *THE BAG PIPER*, by the Walter Scott of painters—Mr. Wilkie. This delightful picture, for the use of which he is indebted to the kindness of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. is too well known to require comment; and it is hoped that the plate will be as general a favourite as the original.

Each of the embellishments having been noticed, it remains to speak of the literary part of the volume; but here a difficulty occurs, which is perhaps peculiar to *THE BIJOU* for this year, namely, that many of the articles cannot be recommended to the reader upon his faith in the names of the writers, as it has happened, from causes which it is not requisite to explain, that several of the contributors have written with the express condition that their names should be withheld.

This statement must not, however, be taken in an

unqualified sense, or be deemed invidious to the many veterans in literary honours, who have favoured *THE BIJOU* with new proofs of their talents.

A description of himself by the late Ugo Foscolo, cannot be passed over in silence, as it is a singular memorial of one whose talents were only exceeded by his errors.

The Publisher cannot dismiss the third volume of a work, the expense and labour of producing which are so extraordinary that it could not have appeared after the first year but for unusual public patronage, without earnestly and respectfully thanking that public for its protection; and, notwithstanding that the number of the plates is one less than in its predecessors, he submits that the difference is more than compensated by their being larger, and having consequently cost a much greater sum; whilst in merit as works of art, he flatters himself they will be deemed superior. It will then, he hopes, be conceded that he has shown himself sensible of the patronage with which *THE BIJOU* has been honoured, by having used unremitting efforts, without reference to time, trouble, or expense, to render this volume deserving of increased favour; and so long as his exertions are thus stimulated, so long will his zeal be as ardently manifested to merit the kindness he has received, his aim being that each volume of *THE BIJOU* may be eclipsed alone by its successor.

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THE KING.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN, ESQ.

FOR war and conquest and the Regent's days
Let others ply the graceful arts of praise,
Revive the pomp of arms on land and main,
Awake the martial symphonies of Spain,
Bid all the Regent's splendour blaze anew,
And all His trophies crowd upon His view ;
Make London's turrets strike up all their chimes
To hail magnific guests of many climes ;
Call Prussia from his amber throne afar,
And thaw the gelid sleep that binds the Czar ;
And let the war-worn visitants repose
Beneath the canopy of England's Rose.

What Roman triumph, where the savage throng
Rejoiced at princes led in chains along,
What spectacle of Nile, though Egypt saw
Six harness'd kings her monarch's chariot draw,
Could match the glory of that British feast
For ancient thrones restored and kings releast ?

Proud were those days ; yet they, with all their pride
And all the glare of Waterloo beside,
Seem but dim heralds to a brighter day
That glorifies THE KING's pacific sway.

Of warlike honour fickle is the boast ;
The newest armour ever shines the most ;
No banners charm the multitude like those
Which last were bravely wrench'd from stubborn foes.
The wreath of Cressy was but freshly made
When Poictiers' laurels threw it into shade.
Both Cressy's Victor and his dark-mail'd Son
Were overtopt when Agincourt was won.
Fame, ever loving exploits that are new,
As Blenheim once, now trumpets Waterloo,
Whose one day's toil a richer harvest yields
Than all the labours of a hundred fields.
A few short lustres hence, in strong relief,
On fortune's fore-ground stands some other chief ;
Behind him Churchill's, ay, and Wellesley's, Shades
In vain exalt their visionary blades.
The favour'd god of those that worship strife
Must stand before them in substantial life :
And war's deciduous laurel only springs
For living heroes and existing kings.

There is for Kings a fame that never dies,
A sunlike glory which itself supplies,
The light that emanates from grateful minds,
Defying envy, which its lustre blinds.

There is, for ever flowing and to flow,
For Him who turns to joy his people's woe,
A stream of love unwearied in its course,
A nation's heart its warm and salient source.
Through loyal veins, devolved from sires to sons,
From age to age the faithful current runs,
And bears for ever on in just renown
The buoyant name that dignified a crown.
One Patriot King has earn'd this meed of fame,
And Ireland's voice will vindicate His claim.

The Lusian where delightful Minho glides
May drown his wrongs in its oblivious tides*,
Forget the Prince that saved his land of vines
And scared the Gaul from his polluted shrines ;
The Spaniard, stung with disingenuous shame,
May loathe the arm that propt his tottering frame,
Or, lull'd by pride's strong opiate, fondly dream
His own the glory, his Ally's a gleam :
Recording Echoes from the Belgian Plain
May thunder in Batavia's ears in vain,
Nor move her placid sense of cold repose
To one warm retrospect of friends and foes :
France may not heed what Royal Neighbour's bower
Preserved her lily from the spoiler's power,

* The Roman soldiers were so charmed with the North of Portugal, where the Minho flows out of Spain into the sea, that it was said that river was their Lethe, which had made them forget their own country.

What generous hand, in season due, again
Enthroned the stately plant beside the Seine :—
All may disclaim, dissémbles, or forget ;
Not so will fervid Erin cancel debt.

THE KING shall be the theme of fluent tongues,
His praise the spirit of a nation's songs,
His memory the soft melodious spell
To make ambitious minstrelsy excel,
And draw more music from the willing strings
Than Erin's harp gave all her ancient kings.

But here—lest honest jealousy suspect
A zealot-bard at court—the strain is check'd.
This little book, that bears a sparkling name,
Would gladly shine, but with innocuous flame.
On not one eye with evil ray oblique
The Jewel offer'd to THE KING would strike.

Shall then the bard that will not sing of wars,
And must not touch one civic chord that jars,
To solemn woods repair and glades serene,
Where Windsor's reverend pile surmounts the scene
And claims the laud of song for Him who graced
Its honour'd age with all the powers of Taste ?
Alas, what bard but feels forlorn of hope
Where stately Denham sung, and charming Pope ?
How exquisitely sung ! and where the growth
And spread of greatness now might baffle both ?

Shall London swell the verse ? By His command,
Where hovels stood palacious dwellings stand.

The charter'd air may now the town explore,
And light console the thresholds of the poor.
Promoted art, and science nurst, evince,
Through all that maze of life, the watchful Prince—
“ But such a Prince,” (objects some cynic tongue)
“ So grand of spirit, should be grandly sung.
Too high on pinions frail 'tis rash to rise,
Meridian splendours are for eagle-eyes.
He who pretends to celebrate THE KING
Should paint like Lawrence, or like Southey sing.”

Yes : but to travel to the solar throne
Is not an eagle's privilege alone ;
Aloft with indefatigable wing
The lark conveys his tribute to The King :
Why should I not aspire as near the light,
The dark cloud gone whose gloom repress the flight ?

If feeble be the verse, the will was strong
To greet the Monarch with a vigorous song.
If with the skill his features are design'd
My plume could trace his lineaments of mind,
My boast would be the Artist to outdo,
And shew the nobler Portrait of the two.

GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

SON of the most beloved and best
Of Kings to Britain known,
A thousand glories on Thee rest,
Thy Father's and Thine own.
He, when the storm was raging high
Of blood, revolt, and anarchy,
Sate calmly on His throne ;
But peace and triumph both have shed
Their brightest radiance on Thy head.

'Twas His to pour along the flood
A matchless sailor-band,
Till Nelson sank in fire and blood
The last fleet France e'er mann'd ;
'Tis Thine to boast of trophies won
By British troops and Wellington,
" The Nelson of the land !"
And how the foe, who earth defied,
Bow'd to Thine arms, and exiled died !

The Arts of England too Ye raised,
And future bards shall sing,
How Science most sublimely blazed
When GEORGE THE FOURTH was King!
How fearless over land and sea,
Flew out thy flag, Discovery,
Like eagle's towering wing :
Whilst Albion's fame spread wide and far,
Matchless in learning as in war.

Your very names beloved shall be
Than loftiest titles more,
They may command the subject-knee,—
King, Kaiser, Emperor ;—
But GEORGE shall be a holy spell
To make a million bosoms swell,
And countless hearts adore ;
Whilst Britain's rocks or records last,
Beyond all Kings to come, or past !

Mizraim's Pharaohs in their state
Found but a hapless doom,
Of all the piles they left to fate
Their proudest was a tomb !
But GEORGE OF ENGLAND hath not hid
His greatness in a pyramid,
His wealth in earth's dark womb ;
Far nobler fanes have graced his regal sway,
Uprear'd in marble,—what He found of clay !

TO ADA.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

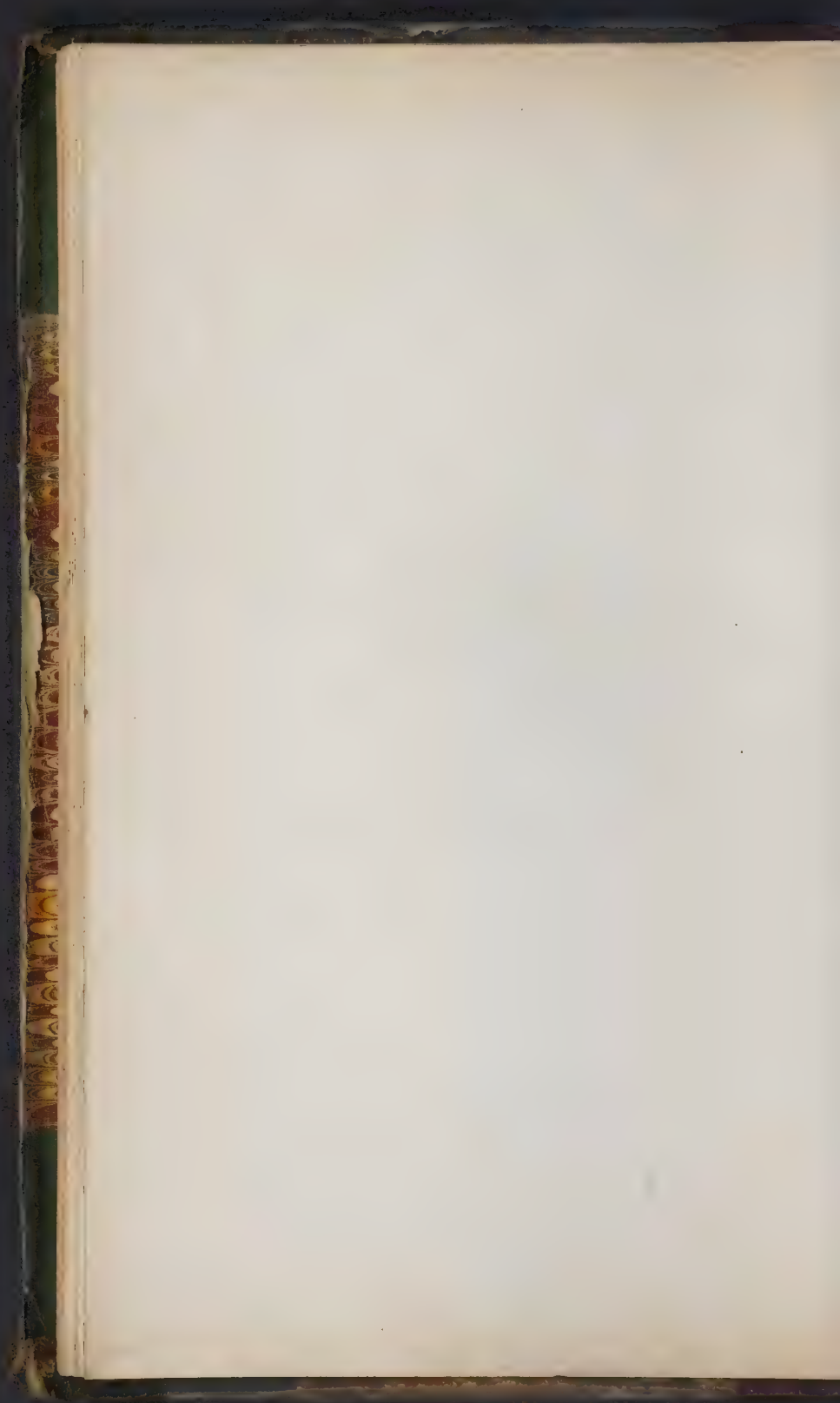
O BEAUTIFUL as innocent,
Ada, to rank and fortune born !
Not in the noisome city pent,
You pass life's joyous morn ;
Not amid gaudy fashion's glare,
A sickly plant rear'd with o'er-anxious care.

No, blooming child ! you lightly rove
Your own ancestral glades among,
And 'mid the green leaves of the grove
You hear the sweet birds' song :
All images that loveliest be
Are grown familiar to your infancy.

You have beheld the glorious sun
Rise from the golden-frothing sea,
And felt the gales of morning on
Your cheek breathe laughingly,
Like a young Nereid as you stood
By the smooth shining margin of the flood :



Adas



And you have watch'd the crimson day
On the far western mountains die,
While twilight drew her curtains grey,
Star-studded, o'er the sky,
Confusing all the colours fair
Of the wild-flowers whose scent was on the air.

And, rambling 'mid your pleasant lands,
You've paus'd by poverty's abode,
And there some gift with little hands,
All cherub-like, bestow'd ;
Th' important lesson you have known
Betimes, to live not for yourself alone.

When call'd more courtly scenes to grace,
You from your happy home depart,
Ada, may worldly thoughts ne'er chase
Young feelings from your heart !
May the lov'd woods, and hills, and streams,
Still brightly mingle in your waking dreams !

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE ENGLISH BURIAL GROUND AT
OPORTO.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN, ESQ.

I WEAR a smile upon my lip,
I teach my voice a careless tone,
My cup of woe I lightly sip,
Nor let its harsh contents be known.

I will not droop to worldly eyes
As if my grief their pity craves,
Though here I breathe my lonely sighs,
Within this solemn field of graves.

For mine is woe that dwells apart,
And human sympathy rejects ;
Too sacred to the jealous heart
To seek compassion's cold respects.

But when such shades as these I find,
Where Nature fondly smiles on death,
It checks the pulse and soothes the mind
To humour Sorrow's plaintive breath.

Praised be the hand whose skill contrived
To make a Golgotha so fair,
While Nature at the fraud connived,
And lent her robe for Death to wear.

Within this pensive place of trees,
This green Elysium for the dead,
If I might now my fancy please,
I'd choose my own sepulchral bed.

I think my spirit less forlorn
Would feel, if it were certain now
That when my heart should cease to mourn
'Twould sleep beneath a greenwood bough.

Is this a fancy weak and vain ?
Well, be it so, I own it mine :
'Tis not, at least, a zeal insane
On dust and ashes to refine,

Like that, which, careful that the worm
Should find no stranger's corse with ours,
Obliges Luther's sons to form
Apart, as here, funereal bowers.

Oh, could I think as bigots think,
Whose zeal forgets that God is just,
That e'en the lifeless clay must shrink
From contact with sectarian dust ;

And could I think that by a creed
Unsound the good were lost to Heaven ;
Then would my anguish far exceed
All pangs that e'er my breast have riven.

For where were then the hope of hearts,
The sole support of bleeding love,
That friends on earth whom sorrow parts
May meet in tranquil realms above ?

TO MY BROTHER.

OH, I will love thee ! when the glorious sun
Doth gently sink behind yon western hill,
When all the various works of man are done,
And ev'ry living thing is hush'd and still.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the queen of night
Riseth serenely from behind the trees,
And poureth on the earth her silver light,
And gently sporteth on the midnight breeze.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the vesper star
Shineth so brightly through the woody dell,
When nought doth see it here or from afar,
Save that sad lonely bird, sweet Philomel !

Oh, I will love thee ! when grey morning dawns
In rich refulgence through the bosom'd grove,
And the bright dewdrops glisten on the lawn,
And tempt the humble lab'rer's feet to rove.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the howling blast
Of sorrow's gale around thy head shall swell ;
When from thy heart thy peaceful thoughts are cast,
To thee I'll fondly whisper—All is well.

Oh, I will love thee ! in the day of grief,
When all thy friends and all thy youth have fled,
And with affection bring thy heart relief,
And watch with gentle love around thy bed.

Oh, I will love thee ! when the balmy spring
Shall clothe in beauty every shrub and tree ;
Then all enchanting sights to me will bring
A soft, consoling, hallow'd thought of thee.

Oh, I will love thee ! when my days of bliss,
And all my halcyon dreams of youth are o'er,
Till the fond, faithful heart, that dictates this,
And ev'ry throbbing pulse shall beat no more.

Oh, I will love thee ! on my dying bed,
And my last fervent pray'r shall be for thee :
Oh ! wilt thou, when I'm sleeping with the dead,
Shed a fond tear upon my grave for me ?

ELIZABETH CORY.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

O, COULD I calm yon raging sea,
Whose mountain waves toss fearfully
 Their giant crests of foam !
For HE is in his slender bark,
Breasting that world of waters dark ;
 Kind Ocean, waft him home !

'Tis awful at such hour to wake,
And dare the tempest for his sake,
 Trembling with hope and fear ;
To listen to the sea-gull's scream—
I see, I see the white sail gleam !
 My husband, thou art near !

He'll chide me for my fond distress,
And with a kind and gay caress
 Buoy up my sinking heart ;
Yet he will tempt the wave again,
And call the anxious terrors vain
 That rack me when we part.

Beautiful is the deep blue sea,
When summer gales sigh placidly
Over the billows hoar ;
'Tis music then to hear them dash,
As the bright waters leap and flash
Against the rocky shore.

But now, in every echoing surge
I hear a note of Ocean's dirge
Around its victim's bier !
He's safe ! and these are idle fears,
I'll brush away my woman's tears ;
My husband, thou art here !

A TALE

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JANEID OF BAGHDAD.

TRANSLATED BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR GORE OUSELEY.

ONE day, straying through the streets of Baghdad, I met a youth of pallid hue and sorrowful aspect, who with difficulty supported a tottering frame by the assistance of a milk-white staff. Curiosity, blended with compassion, led me to him : I beheld a face from which even the tear of anguish had not washed away the traits of manly beauty ; his countenance wore marks of the struggle of fortitude contending with wretchedness, but it was fortitude almost subdued ; his eyes, whose fires were dimmed by grief, still, like a translucent mirror, reflected the sufferings of his heart ; his heart was the abode of despair ; unconscious of my approach he cried,

“ From the garden of love I have not yet plucked a Rose,
Although I am wounded by the thorns of restless pursuit,”

I interrupted the unhappy youth to ask the cause of his affliction. His ear had been so long unused to the soft voice of sympathy, that fearful of disappointment, he hesitated about a reply : at length he said, “ Ask me not, holy man ; ” but, shortly resuming, he added,

“ My soul is devoted to the lovely Christian,
Her bower is my temple of worship and adoration,
I am an infidel in the ways of the true faith,
But my life is a willing sacrifice, so that it avert calamity
from the fair Christian.”

I squeezed his hand and said, "O distracted youth! my heart takes a share in thy anguish—if the services of an aged man can avail thee, command mine." With a sigh of despondence he said "What shall I ask of thee, compassionate stranger?" and after a short pause added, "Go to the street of Ahmed Dehkan, where you will see a merchant's house, opposite to which is the dwelling of a Christian—knock at the door and repeat these lines,

"My love of thee is interwoven with the thread of my existence,

Absent from thee I lose all patience and resignation:

I have borne the pangs of separation, whilst strength and fortitude remained,

But now that both are exhausted and anguish becomes insupportable, what can I do?"

I ran hastily to the street he pointed out, knocked at the door and repeated the verses—immediately a voice of extreme tenderness, chastened by reproving virtue, answered from within—

"He who cannot sustain the pains of love, exacted by duty, Nor support the pangs of unavoidable absence with patience, Death, alas! is his only remedy."

I returned to the afflicted youth and related what had passed. He bent his tearless eye to the quarter from whence I came, and breathed out the name of his beloved with his life. At the same moment it was murmured through the city that the lovely daughter of the Christian was no more.

SYMPATHY.

Is there who mocks at sacred Sympathy,
And owns a bosom from her dictates free ?
Who never long'd to press unto his heart,
At the first glance, a friend, and never part ?
Who the soft influence of a smile denies,
And the more melting power of tearful eyes ?
Who an unconscious look, a word, a sigh,
Boasts his unhallow'd bosom can defy ?
O never let him deem his soul was made
For holy hopes, and joys that never fade,
For pure delights, that love can only know,
And all the ties that cheer our hearts below :
The tender names of husband, brother, friend,
Ne'er to his breast their blissful sounds shall lend,
But cheerless, joyless, shall he live and die,
Nor claim in life a smile, in death a sigh !

M. A. J.

THE AFRICAN DAUGHTER.

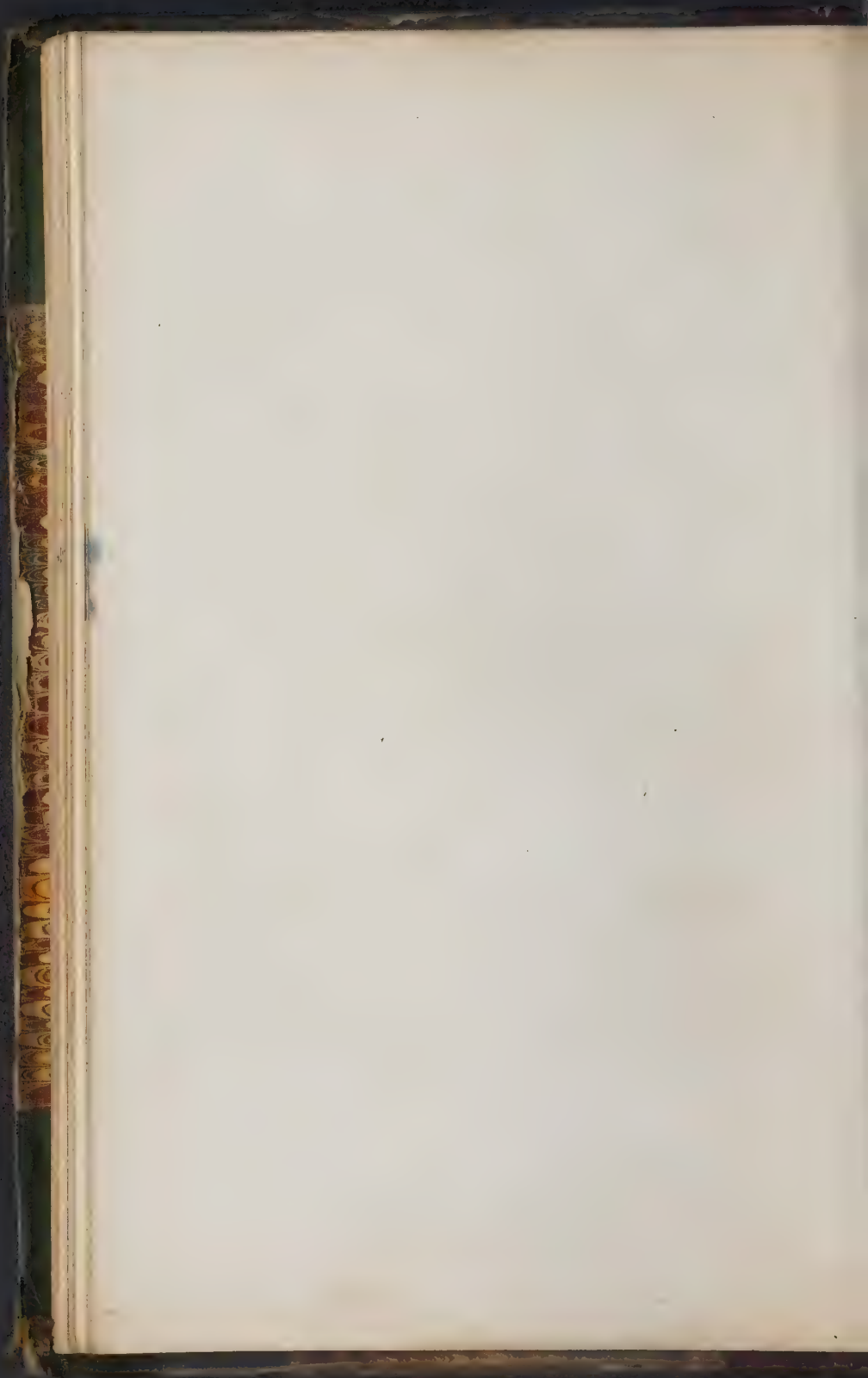
A TRUE TALE.

AFTER a residence of several months in various parts of the United States of America, I passed the winter of 1809 in the town and neighbourhood of St. Mary, situated near the mouth of the river of the same name, at that time the south-eastern boundary of the Republic. I there became acquainted with a Mr. Mac Intosh, the proprietor of a small island within the confines of Florida, which he held under certain legal restrictions of the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine; and in the improvement of which he had displayed a degree of talent and energy quite unexampled amongst the ordinary subjects of that supine and corrupt government.

Mr. Mac Intosh was a native of North America, and, notwithstanding his provisional engagement with Colonial Spain, a most zealous citizen of the Union. He had had the advantage of a liberal education, for the acquisition of which he was early sent to Scotland, whence in due time he was transferred to the University of Oxford; and at the period to which I have



THE AFRICAN LAUGHTER



referred, when he might have attained his fiftieth year, the polished manners of a gentleman and a love of literature still adhered to him despite of a long association with an uncultivated and motley population, and in the midst of a natural wilderness of a most rude and singular character.

I was easily induced, at a moment of leisure, to accept an earnest invitation from this gentleman to pass a week or two on his romantic estate ; and, after an interval of nearly twenty years, I still dwell with pleasure on the retrospection of that delightful excursion. We embarked in his light and airy canoe, partly covered by a solid arched awning, under which we reposed on leopard skins, spread over a hard mattress and bolster, in the full view of eight lusty negroes, who seemed to play with, rather than labour at, the oars, and who listened with rapturous attention to an occasional chant from the steersman seated behind us, evidently anxious for the termination of each stanza, when they were expected to lend their own stentorian voices to the general chorus. The happy ingenuous countenances of these faithful slaves afforded an unerring testimony of the humanity and good nature of my acquaintance, who seemed to take a benevolent delight in witnessing the cheerfulness of his humble dependants. A refined inquisition into the motives of conduct might perhaps have led to the suspicion that his humanity was not altogether dis-

interested. He was wholly in the power and at the mercy, of his sable crew. We had, on the present occasion, embarked at the break of day, for the purpose of affording me an opportunity of viewing the beautiful scenery through which we had to wind our devious course; but his solitary excursions for objects of business were most frequently performed in the dead of the night, when it was his habit to undress and sleep in his comfortable little cabin, where the vindictive hand of a helmsman, sweating under the oppression of a tyrannical master, could have readily reached him, and the peculiar circumstances of the country, constituting the boundaries of two independent sovereignties, and otherwise extraordinarily adapted for facilitating the escape of criminals, would have ensured liberty as well as impunity to the perpetrators of such an outrage. But the general character and conduct of my friend convinced me that his confidence of complete security rested upon the best foundations; and that it was prudent and wise as well as generous and noble.

It would be inconsistent with my present design to attempt a description of the various interesting objects that attracted my attention during our circuitous passage of many hours duration to the island of Fort George. My previous transit from Savannah to St. Mary's, through the narrow intricate channels which disunite the numerous group, commonly known under

the appellation of the "Sea Islands," which supply to our most important manufactories the best quality of cotton wool, had already rendered me familiar with the general character of the scenery before me, although I had seen nothing on the coast of Georgia that could be compared with the beauties of this part of the Spanish territory. Perhaps, however, the principal charm of the whole consisted in the romantic wildness, solitude, and stillness of the vast forests, craggy cliffs, and profound clear sea, the brightness and genial warmth of the sky and atmosphere, the numbers, variety, and undaunted confidence of the winged and finny tribes above and below us; and that much of its interest will be lost to a mere lover of uncultivated nature at least, when in the course of time it shall be more effectually subjected to the active energies of our busy, intrusive, and turbulent species.

It is also beside my purpose to dwell on the localities and productions of my host's microscopic empire, an island of about three miles in length and two broad, exclusively inhabited by his family, his dependants, and slaves, only partially cleared and cultivated, abounding with deer and smaller game, the resort of pelicans, alligators, and other interesting tenants of the air and water, specimens of which we are accustomed to behold with wonder in the repositories of exhibitors, or the glazed cases of museums.

The mistress of this isolated domain I found to be

a most amiable and well educated woman, the daughter of a general officer of reputation in the army of the States. Providence, which had endowed her with a cheerful and contented disposition, had denied her the blessing of children ; but the well minded couple had sought a compensation for this privation, by adopting as their own four or five orphan relatives ; to these they had added several of the offspring of their poorer northern friends, who had eagerly lent themselves to Mrs. Mac Intosh's views of filling up the leisure of a useful and innocent life, by cultivating and directing in the paths of peace and virtue the flexible minds of those interesting objects of her benevolence.

A long residence in the West Indies had given me some insight into the general management of negro slaves, and my experience had certainly done nothing towards diminishing my abhorrence of a system which destroys the natural relations between man and man, and levels the dignified possessor of reason and the various amiable sympathies of humanity to the condition of the brute of the field. If the government of Mr. Mac Intosh could not reconcile me to the system itself, it at least presented it to my view in its most favourable aspect. Instead of leaving them exposed to the uncertain judgments or caprice of their master, he had been at the pains to institute a well devised code of laws, which regulated his own conduct as

well as theirs. These regulations appeared to me to be perfectly simple and intelligible, and, setting aside the difficulties inseparably connected with the principle, rigorously just. They exacted labour which was easy of performance, more so, indeed, than that of the free European peasant; rewarded meritorious exertion, and punished with a lenient hand wilful neglect or criminal disobedience; provisions were not omitted for the moral improvement and instruction of the people; and the odious libertinism common to slaves of all times and countries was checked by the introduction among them of the rite of marriage, together with proper safeguards for the due observance of its essential precepts.

I had sufficient opportunities of satisfying myself of the practical advantages of these and other salutary innovations upon the ordinary rules of slave government. The most perfect order, good humour, and confidence prevailed throughout the little community. Its chief had felt the laudable ambition of investing himself with the characters of the parent and friend, rather than the lord and tyrant, of his people; and the wisdom of his choice appeared in the superior success of his undertakings, as well as in the unequivocal marks of respect and attachment of which he was on all sides the happy and conscious object.

Of the black population, which I think amounted to three hundred, thus fortunately relieved of the

weightier links of their fetters, one woman particularly attracted my attention, less on account of the peculiar favour with which she was evidently regarded by her master and mistress, than the exceeding propriety of her unaffected manners, the elegance of her faultless form, and the placid dignity of her melancholy but mildly animated countenance. I have frequently seen female negroes whose regular features were wholly free from that deformity usually observed in the African race—the wide nostril and flat lip, the disagreeable mark of apparent vulgar stupidity ; but I had never before met with one who, in addition to this advantage, could boast of features so expressively benignant and so decidedly indicative of a clear and well regulated intellect.

She was a mother. The babe at her breast seemed to be the object of the most touching maternal tenderness ; but, superior to the ordinary selfishness of the uninstructed vulgar, the whole of her intercourse with the family on which she depended, as well as with her fellows in bondage, was replete with proofs that her heart was the depository of affections adapted to every variety of virtue and duty.

The history of this interesting person, a living evidence, despite of the revolting theory of the inconsistent Jefferson, of the moral capabilities of her unlucky race, could not be long concealed from any one. The stranger who was fortunate enough to

obtain a view of the singular community of which she was a prominent ornament felt himself irresistibly attracted to the subject; and he found each of its members too eager to satisfy his curiosity to allow him even the credit of displaying his sensibility by a previous inquiry.

Hannah had at a very tender age been transferred from the horrors of a slave ship to the fostering care of her present owners, who were soon aware of her superior intelligence and merit, and accordingly treated her with more than a usual share of regard and consideration. Industrious, attentive, and grateful, the performance of the duties of her humble station was to her a source of exquisite pleasure, flowing both from a natural love of application, and the delight of witnessing the satisfaction her conduct afforded to her benefactors. Her readiness of conception, and singular expertness increased each year the value of her services; and her mistress condescended to instruct her in branches of education, such as reading, writing, and the more ornamental parts of housewifery, seldom accessible to the slave, as the best reward that could, under her circumstances, be bestowed for her meritorious diligence. These intellectual gifts necessarily raised her in the estimation of the whole community; and they were so gracefully blended with her natural humility and sense of propriety, that her superior

attainments excited the pride and wonder, instead of the envy, of her fellow dependants.

Long after her arrival in America it happened that her master was attracted to a neighbouring port by the news of a recent importation from the Gold Coast, the extended cultivation of the estate requiring at the time the accession of a few additional hands. The individuals he was inclined to select belonged to one of the numerous tribes of the Mandingo nation ; but the supercargo refused to part with them unaccompanied by an elderly man of the same country, who had been uniformly rejected by the other planters on account, principally, of his inflexible haughtiness of manner and ferocious appearance. He had held, it was reported, the rank of a chieftain ; and the innumerable cicatrices which intersected every part of his robust frame proclaimed, in unequivocal language, the character of his former occupations, while they excited a reasonable doubt of his fitness for the more peaceful pursuits of the field. Every one felt more disposed to shun than to burthen himself, at the expense of a pretty round sum, with a desperado of this description : but Mr. Mac Intosh, before coming to an ultimate decision, was desirous of communicating orally with the formidable negro, in the hope of reconciling him to his inevitable fate, by holding out the expectation of mild and generous

treatment. The few words elicited from him with exceeding difficulty were, however, quite unintelligible to the several interpreters employed upon the occasion ; and my friend was at length induced to avail himself of the assistance of Hannah, who had, on a former occasion, relieved him from a similar embarrassment. The girl was accordingly sent for ; but no sooner had she fixed her eyes on the miserable captive than, to the infinite surprise of the bystanders, she flew into his arms, and, during the passionate utterance of the most affecting exclamations, nearly overpowered him with her embraces and her tears.

The old warrior was her father ! Time, new connexions, accomplishments, and opinions had all been insufficient to efface his revered image from her memory, or to diminish the force of her filial love.

She had to recal to his mind numerous incidents of her youth and their common home before he was fully persuaded of her identity ; but her grateful attestations of the kindness and general humanity of her owners, and her fervent declarations of unqualified satisfaction with the lot assigned her by Providence in a strange land, although the recital sensibly affected, and even extracted tears from him, totally failed of their intended effect. Instead of exciting a wish to be numbered among the dependants of so virtuous a master, under whose protection he might hope to enjoy the society of a fond and dutiful child, he

evinced the strongest repugnance to the proffered service. In the course of the debate the dreadful truth came out. He had been treacherously entrapped by the villany of one of the numerous miscreants who had settled on the shores of his native country for the sole purpose of betraying into irredeemable bondage its confiding inhabitants: the hope of revenge, the dire indiscriminate revenge of a stern, implacable savage, had alone sustained him under the pressure of his heavy misfortune; but he had not contemplated the possibility of falling into the power of white men who could possess any claims upon his forbearance. To be received into a family to which he already felt himself deeply indebted, was to frustrate his vindictive purpose, and was, therefore, viewed as the greatest calamity that could now befall him.

The avowal filled the soul of the agonized girl with conflicting passions. The desire of preserving the life, alleviating the sufferings, and securing the society of her degraded parent, contended with her duty and attachment to her employer, from whom she could not prevail upon herself to conceal the motives and character of so dangerous an inmate. Bedewed with tears, and bent to the ground, she alternately clasped the knees of each, and in moving strains of natural eloquence appealed to the paternal consideration of the one, and the humane feelings of the other. The generous planter, who felt that he had nothing to fear

besides the risk of burthening himself with an unprofitable servant, was at length induced to yield to her entreaties ; and, to the evident disappointment of the inexorable African, concluded his bargain with the slave merchant.

The work of the *new negro*, the usual designation of the plantation recruit, is always light : the palpable interest of the owner has uniformly suggested the necessity of securing the complete possession of his slave by very gradual approaches. The captive chieftain was installed in a comfortable cabin, where his only sufferings were those which did not admit of relief, as they flowed exclusively from his own bitter reflections. Ample rations were assigned him ; and the gratified Hannah was indefatigable in her exertions, not only to minister to his comforts, but to allay the irritation of his intensely excited feelings. It was impossible, even for a savage, to resist the endearments of so amiable a creature. His more violent passions were by degrees, to all appearances, completely subdued ; but he sunk at the same time into a deplorable state of apathetic melancholy, which impaired his strength and health, and effectually precluded all prospect of deriving the least benefit from his services.

The industry of the daughter increased with the increasing indolence of the parent : she felt herself bound to supply his deficiencies ; and it was fre-

quently necessary to restrain her ardour to prevent her from suffering from too much exertion. More than a year was passed in this way. Moderate exercise would have benefited himself more than any one else ; and with this view he was occasionally urged, although with caution, to engage in some light employment. These applications were fruitless ; but he was not insensible to the mortification of depending upon the charitable forbearance of his principal, whose salutary directions he was conscious of violating by his wayward supineness.

The weekly rations were distributed to the negroes at the threshold of the magazine built on an elevated site near the edge of a cliff which projected over the sea. There was usually at the time of the issue a general assembly of the people, when Mr. Mac Intosh attended in person to inquire into their condition, and listen to their applications ; but he had considerably abstained from insisting upon the appearance of the old Mandingo, whose allowance of provisions was delivered to his daughter. On one occasion, however, he suddenly presented himself to the surprise of every body, not with the humble deportment of a slave, or retaining the least trace of his former apathy, but with the proud reckless step of a warrior conscious of his strength, and accustomed to the respect and terror of his friends and foes. The awe-struck crowd gave way as he deliberately approached their common

master, whom he sternly addressed in words, as they were subsequently interpreted, nearly to the following effect :

“ Infamously wronged by an individual of your nation from the basest of motives, my feelings have been scarcely less tortured by your mistaken kindness. Defrauded of liberty, my mind at least remained unshackled until an unhappy fatality threw me into contact with a being the possibility even of whose existence I had previously doubted—a white man possessed of honour and humanity, interposed my long lost child between me and my just revenge, and left me nothing I could call my own save the horrors of the blackest despair. Who can count the pangs your obtruded benefits have cost me, or describe the bitterness of the bread you have forced upon my acceptance ? It was here, and here only that misery overtook me : I was comparatively happy under the cruel inflictions of treachery, and while chained to the walls of my dungeon. White man, farewell ! Reserve, henceforward, your well meant but pernicious charity for those who have not learnt, as I have, to consider it in the sight of the direst curse : the food of the enemies of my race has already for the last time contaminated my lips ! ”

A long pause succeeded this passionate and abrupt address ! wildly glaring on the various objects around him, he at length snatched his child to his bosom,

and hastily casting her from him, rushed to the cliff, and precipitated himself into the sea. The distracted girl, loudly shrieking, fell almost at the same time, in the vain attempt to arrest his fearful progress. She was without much difficulty rescued from the abyss ; but the body of her hapless sire was recovered only after he had breathed his last, as it appeared he had resolutely grasped some fixed substance at the bottom until life was completely extinguished.

The sensitive Hannah had only imperfectly recovered from all the consequences of this calamitous event two or three years after its occurrence, the period of my visit to Fort George. New affections had, however, gained entrance in her breast ; and the faithful performance of the duties of a wife and parent had been rewarded with the usual consolations of virtuous conduct, while they usefully diverted her attention from the fruitless regrets of an unhappy daughter.

THE LEGEND OF THE FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE.

BY MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF THE "WANDERER'S LEGACY," "SAPPHO,"
ETC.

Who hath not known and loved thee too,
Thou sweet memorial flower !
Rearing thy crest of the turquoise blue
In the young spring's balmiest bower.
Not the rose of June, the garden's queen,
Nor the lily her rival there,
Nor the sunflower that aye to her God hath been
Faithful as woman fair,
Hath so fond or so sad a celebrity
As the lays of romance have given to thee,
Linking thee with those golden times
When e'en discourteous thoughts were crimes,
When nought beneath the heavens above
Was held so dear as woman's love.

There is a legend, wild and sweet,
Writ on chivalric page,
A tale with love and woe replete,
This meek flower's heritage.

And could I touch with skilful hand
The rich romantic lute,
Or like some minstrels of the land
Breathe an enchanted flute,
Such legend no unworthy theme
Of lady's list'ning ear might seem.
Or could I with a painter's art
A picture to the eye impart,
Then would my gifted pencil trace
The vale, in its Arcadian grace,
Where, in an age that now doth dwell
Alone in antique chronicle,
The tragic theme of this brief song
Was acted and remember'd long.
But though no power have I to call
Shapes from oblivion's icy thrall,
Gaze thou on fancy's magic glass,
Behold the vision ere it pass,
And say what seest thou? I will be
A true interpreter to thee.

The calm clear bosom of a lake
Curv'd into many a bay,
O'er which no breezes rise to break
Waves into silver spray.
An amphitheatre of hills
Sloping to gentle shores,
And sending down unnumber'd rills
With tributary stores;

Such the fair features of the scene
Mantled in summer's festive green.
An island like an emerald gem,
On some proud monarch's diadem,
Decks the bright lake, and birds and flowers
Live in its cool umbrageous bowers ;
And gracefully the swan sails round,
The genius of the mystic ground.

A grove of ancient cedars forms
The lakes far boundary,
Whose giant height might mock the storms
Of winter's wildest sky ;

Gloomy and grand their foliage throws
Shade on the water's deep repose ;
While on their stately stems a gleam

The crimson west yet pours,
Like the strange splendour of a dream,
Or a bard's Aonian hours.

And lo ! down wending through a glade,
Where art and nature have displayed
Their rival powers, allied by love,
Two figures in the sunlight move :
I see the plumed crest of a knight
And a maiden's robe of stainless white.

He is of chivalry the pride,
And she his young betrothed bride.
From yonder lordly mansion, hid
The old ancestral woods amid,

Save one grey turret, dimly seen,
The high o'erarching boughs between,
The lovers stealthily have come
Here in the calm clear eve to roam.
What though the sounds of proud joyance,
Of harpings, and the echoing dance,
Ring blithely on the stirless air,
Telling of mirth and music there ;
The song, and the dance, and the festival,
How gladly have they left them all
To rove by the lovely sunset lake,
Whose slumberous chain not a breath doth break.
Though the wine-cup sparkles, and torches shine
Through those halls like the flash of an Indian mine,
A holier, heavenlier atmosphere
Of love's own light is around them here ;
And love's own spirit about them floats,
Pour'd in the ring-dove's melting notes,
In the lay of the impassion'd nightingale,
In the linnet's fond connubial tale,
In the scents that a thousand flowers exhale,
The rose and the myrtle's mingling breath,
And the meek crush'd violet's odorous death,
And the nymphlike lily, offering up
Pure incense in her crystal cup.

High born and nursing fancies wild,
Now maiden coy, now sportive child ;

Oh, I could soon a volume swell
With portraiture of Isabel.
For aye the same, yet changeful ever,
Like the wild flow of mountain river ;
She was a sweet enigma seal'd
To be by love alone reveal'd,
For in her bosom's pure recess
Dwelt all a woman's tenderness.
It was their bridal-eve, the morrow
Would fuller bliss from Hymen borrow ;
Though never, e'en in wedded joy,
Might sweeter thoughts their minds employ.
How did his ravish'd soul rejoice
In the rich music of her voice !
And gazed he with idolatry
On the clear radiance of her eye,
As though in its deep fount he sought
To read some still unutter'd thought,
Or win from her some fond request
That might put fealty to test.

His prayer was granted—on the isle,
Where brightest lay the evening's smile,
A starry flower of turquoise blue
Midst the white water-lilies grew ;
And—was it fate that did inspire
The maiden with that strange desire ?
Or was it wantonness of power,
Too oft fair woman's dangerous dower,

Who loves to make her captive feel
The fetters wisdom would conceal?—
I wot not well, but know there hung
All woman's witchery on her tongue
As laughing she address'd the youth,
“ Now by thy knighthood and thy truth,
If thou wouldst offer bride-gift fair,
Twine yon blue floweret in my hair.”
'Twas a wild wish, but ne'ertheless
In his sight had a sacredness,
And he his life had peril'd oft
For slight boon craved in accent soft.
Behold him gracefully and brave
Plunge fearless in the fulgent wave ;
The while, upon that faëry strand,
With mute lip but beseeching hand,
Young Isabel repentant stood
And gazed on the encircling flood :
A monarch's ransom she had paid
How gladly then, unthinking maid !
That she had ne'er in light caprice
So peril'd life, and love, and peace.

Not yet hath sunk the lingering sun—
The isle is gained—the flower is won,
And gallantly now wends he back
Upon his still resplendent track.
He comes—he nears the brink—Oh God !
Why flings he thus upon the sod,

Ere yet his triumph be complete,
The love-gift at his lady's feet ?
The deep cold waters, or the blow
Of some dark treacherous rock below,
Or the stern secret hand of death
Sudden has stopp'd the swimmer's breath.
A gasp, a sob, a struggling cry—
And—what a look of agony !
He on his own betrothed cast,
Too sure that it would be his last ;
And pointing to the fatal spot
Where lay the flower, “ Forget me not—

Forget me not, sweet Isabel”—
He to the shrieking maiden said,
“ Forget me not—Farewell—Farewell !”
Then closed the waters o'er his head ;
And ere the last flush left the waves
He slept within their hidden caves.

RITRATTO DI UGO FOSCOLO.

SCRITTO DA ESSO.

SOLCATA ho fronte ; occhi incavati intenti ;
Crin fulvo, emunte guance, ardito aspetto
Labbris tumidi, arguti, al riso lenti ;
Capo chino, bel collo, irsuto petto :
Membra esatte ; vestir semplice, eletto ;
Ratti i passi, i pensier, gli atti, gli accenti :
Sobrio, ostinato, umano, ispido, schietto ;
Avverso al mondo, avversi a me gli eventi.
Mesto i più giorni, e solo ; ognor pensoso :
Alle speranze incredulo e al timore ;
Il pudor me fa vile, e prode l'ira.
Parlami astuta la ragion ; ma il core
Ricco di viri e di virtù, delira—
Fors'io da morte avrò fama e riposo.

PORTRAIT OF UGO FOSCOLO.

BY HIMSELF.

A FURROW'D brow, intent and deep sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, are mine, and aspect bold;
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise,
Bent head and fine form'd neck, breast rough and
cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice :
Swift or to move, act, think, or thoughts unfold.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
Adverse to th' world, adverse to me of old.
Oft times alone and mournful. Evermore
Most pensive—all unmoved by hope or fear :
By shame made timid, and by anger brave.—
My subtle reason speaks : but, ah ! I rave,
'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer :
Death may for me have FAME and rest in store.

M. S.

OSWALD AND LEONORA.

'Twas night, and o'er the stilly deep
No ripple broke the seaboy's sleep,
The winds had ceased to sigh ;
The moon in silver pride rode through
Her cloudless course of spangled blue
In silent majesty !

Within a wild and stranger bay,
From Albion's white cliff far away,
Fast moor'd an English galley lay
Upon the heaving tide ;
While from the deck, in pensive mood,
Young Oswald lean'd him o'er the flood,
And gazed upon the headland near :
But though his step was bounded here,
His thoughts were far and wide.
He mused upon his lady-love ;
And oft, for very pride, he strove
The rising tear to quell :
But 'twould not be. In vain he sought
To wrestle with the hearted thought
Of one he loved so well.

He cursed a haughty father's pride,
Who scorn'd his love, her prayers denied ;

And saw him vainly sue :
Who, for he was not high allied,
Had banish'd him his plighted bride,
So loving, loved, and true.

And say,—what misery befel
The maid he left and loved so well ?
Did she for him love's vigils keep ?
Sleep but to dream ? wake but to weep ?
Tend but the flower which he had brought ?
Sing but the lay which he had taught ?
Kiss but the token he had left,
Of all but memory's joy bereft ?

O, memory ! how great thy power
When absence clogs the lagging hour !
To lovers, parted but by fate,
Soft comfort dost thou bring :
But, O, if sin them separate,
If one, by error, both divide,
Man's faithlessness, or woman's pride,
A sharp envenom'd sting !

Yet still to Leonora thou
Mayst prove the only comfort now :
Oft bidding her with sighs to trace
Each favour'd path and resting place ;
Each open lawn and woodland, whither
Herself and love had roam'd together.

Among the galley's crew was one,
Beloved by each, but known to none :
His forehead, as a girl's was bland ;
Small as a girl's his snow-white hand ;

His shape as slim withal :
All hid from sight his glossy hair,
His cheek was as a maiden's fair,
His stature maiden tall.

And it was oft observ'd that he
Would cast a fond look fixedly

On Oswald's manly form ;
Yet still that boy could never brook
The fearful frown in Oswald's look,
More low'ring than the storm.

And often, when that piercing sight
Would, in its thoughtless wanderings, light

Upon the youth, he blush'd :
But Oswald saw it not ; for he
Was all engross'd in misery ;
The prey of maddening memory,
Which o'er his mind oft rush'd.

And, oh ! did sickness e'er assail
Young Oswald's manly brow, or veil
The lustre of his eye ;
In vain the stripling might conceal
Those feelings which his looks reveal,
His soul's anxiety.

Nor less could that fond boy restrain
His joy, when Oswald's cheek again
 Resumed its wonted hue :
Then would a smile supplant each sigh,
And pleasure sparkle in his eye,
 Of dark and brilliant blue.

But to recur unto my tale :—
While, listless as the hanging sail,
 The seaboy lay asleep,
Young Oswald, stranger to alarm,
Paced to and fro with folded arm,
And gazed upon the long bright gleam
Made by the moon's mild silver beam
 Upon the stilly deep:
But though 'twas seeming silence all,
Nought heard save Oswald's light foot-fall,
 It was not all repose :
For there were three among the crew
Who now their treacherous sabres drew,
And, as the moon's deep searching ray
Behind a dark cloud died away,
 From wakeful couch arose !

A sound assail'd young Oswald's ear ;
He started, paused, but not with fear :
He listen'd with supended breath—
No—all was still—serene as death—

You might have heard a sigh.
He drew his mind toward happier years ;
He thought on Leonora's tears—
Her love, when suddenly he hears
 A shrill and piercing cry !
Quick as the light his sword he flash'd,
And dauntless 'mid the strife he dash'd ;
While through the ship the alarm was spread,
And from his couch each sailor sped
 To quell the mutiny !
Brief was the fray—the desp'rate three—
So well they fought, and manfully
 The danger they withstood ;
They might have dar'd a treble power,
And won the fame of that short hour,
 Had but their cause been good.

* * * * * *
They fall—but have not striv'n in vain ;
For, of the loyal, two are slain ;
And Oswald never more may he
His Leonora hope to see !

Behold him where he lies
Within the arms of that fond youth—
That boy—but, oh, reveal the truth
 Ere hapless Oswald dies !

No *boy* is there—but only *she*—
First pattern of fidelity !

Beneath the ruffian's hand, her vest
Had open'd to the view,
What she before had half confess'd
By blushes oft—a maiden's breast,
Which heav'd o'er a devoted heart,
That well might break, but could not part,
So deep it lov'd—so true.

And she had left her father's hall
To answer young affection's call ;
And, in a wandering page's guise
To bask her in young Oswald's eyes,
Yet still her joy conceal ;
With aim some future day t' intrude
Upon her lover's solitude,
And thus herself reveal.

But Oswald's life is ebbing fast :
He cannot speak—but looks his last !
Pale is his lip, and dim his eye,
Weaker his grasp, fainter his sigh,
His cheek is blanch'd, his eyelids close
Upon his love—upon his woes ;
And now, on Leonora's breast
His head hath sunk in seeming rest :
She gaz'd—he stirr'd ! 'Twas life : 'tis gone :
'Tis but a corpse she looks upon !

* * * * *

'Twas evening when the pray'r was said
O'er Oswald's funeral bier ;
And all save Leonora paid
Their tributary tear.

She saw him sink into the deep ;
Nor, even then did sigh or weep,
But smiled upon the closing wave
Which form'd her lover's early grave !

* * * * *
The moon was up, both full and bright ;
And peace reign'd o'er the tide :
'Twas just the semblance of that night
When brave young Oswald died.
A splash was heard ! a bubbling cry,
As though of drowning agony.—
The crew in silence gaz'd around
To see whence came the startling sound,
When suddenly the moonbeams fell
Upon a form they knew too well—
The form of that fond, hapless fair ;—
'Twas Leonora struggling there !

And vain was each attempt to save,
She sank beneath the surge ;
The coral bed is now her grave,
And mermaids sing her dirge !

WILMOT WARWICK.

A RACE BY CUPIDS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATISTA ZAPPI.

A HUNDRED Cupids, pausing for a space
Amid their jocund sport the other day,
One of them cried, " Now, let us fly away."—
" Whither ?" another ask'd,—" To Rosa's face."—
So saying they took wing, and made a race,
Like bees that seek the fairest flower of May,
To her chin, lip, or where her tresses play,
Each choosing, as he reach'd, his several place.
How lovely Rosa look'd at such a time !
Two took their dwelling in her eyes, and two
Sate with their bows upon her brows sublime.
Among them was a tiny Cupid, who,
Missing her lip, fell down into her breast :
" Tell me," he cried with rapture, " who fares
best ?"

J. P. C.

TRANSLATION
OF
ANACREON'S ODE TO A PAINTER.

PRINCE of an art whose magic skill
Can call up beauty at thy will,
Come, and from my description trace
The features of a matchless face ;
Give to my eye, though far apart,
The maid that lives within my heart ;
Delineate first her wavy hair,
So silky soft, so jetty fair :
And if in painting can be found
Ought so ethereal, breathe around
Those locks a subtle essence sweet,
Whose odours may the senses meet :
Beneath her sable tresses light
Draw me her forehead, ivory white,
Rising above two blooming cheeks,
Whose colour youth and health bespeaks ;
Her brows now sever with a line
Not harsh, but indistinctly fine.

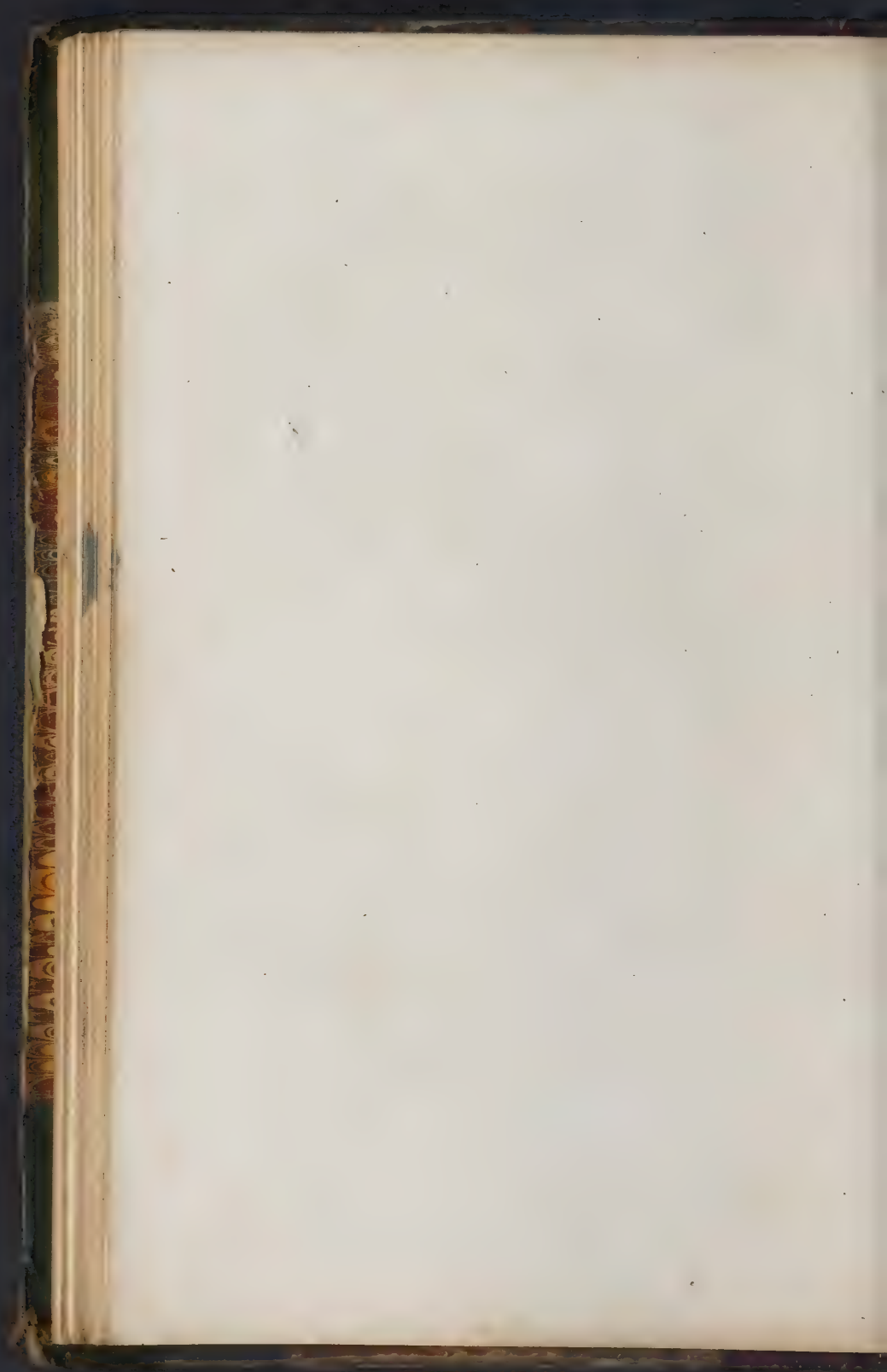


MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Engraved by J. Smith.

Printed by J. Smith.



Beneath those brows so sweetly blended,
So soft, so delicately ended,
The border of her eyelids fringe
With lashes of a darker tinge :
But oh, at last, her eyes inspire
With radiance of a real fire ;
Like Pallas', of azure bright,
Like Venus', of dewy light.
Delineate now her cheeks and nose,
And mix the lily with the rose.
Now draw her lips' persuasive charm
With eloquent enticement warm ;
And all beneath her downy chin,
And her neck's alabaster skin,
Let beauty with her train resort,
And all the loves and graces sport :
And now invest the mimic whole
With softer shade of purple stole :
But let the robe which loosely flows
The form's best symmetry disclose.
Enough :—I view the maid I seek ;
Soon shall the canvass learn to speak.

THE RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OBSTINACY."

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home, the spot on earth supremely bless'd,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

MONTGOMERY.

AFTER eighteen years' residence beneath a tropical sky I returned to the British isles, an altered, if not an aged man. Time and experience had mellowed or obscured many of the bright visions of my youth. One feeling, however, still glowed with undiminished warmth in my bosom—the love of home, of the heath-covered hills, and romantic glens of my native Yarrow. True, the ancestral lands of my family had passed into the hands of strangers; and my only surviving brother, in the exercise of an honourable profession, was a resident in the northern metropolis.

Nevertheless I longed to visit the haunts of my childhood, were it only as a stranger ; and, hastily concluding some necessary arrangements in London, I threw myself into the mail, and soon approached the point of my destination. Quitting the coach on reaching Selkirk, I set out, after one night's rest, on my pilgrimage.

It was a beautiful morning, towards the end of June ; the waters of the Yarrow sparkled gaily in the bright summer sun, as they flowed gurgling along with a music of their own ; the joyous matin song of the birds rose from every bush and tree ; the laverock soared high in the air ; the lambkins frisked round their dams on the sides of the steep hills ; the herds lowed in the sequestered hopes or valleys at their base ; and a light and joyous beauty pervaded all nature. Yet my heart was sad : I thought of the parents who were now no more ; of the brothers, and a friend still dearer than a brother, who slept in the silent tomb. Many also of the associates of my schoolboy pastimes were scattered over distant lands, where, doubtless, not a few of them had found an early grave. The peerless maiden of my boyish fancy, my constant partner in the greensward dance, she whose presence brightened all my youthful joys, had, on attaining to maturity, bestowed her hand and heart on another ; strangers-occupied my natal dwelling,

and I felt myself truly a forlorn wanderer in the land of my birth.

Absorbed in melancholy ruminations, communing with the absent and the dead, I continued to ascend the stream, heedless of the length of way, till aroused by the sound of a female voice, warbling in wild plaintive tones a stanza of an old song popular among the peasantry of the forest. The sound came to my ear like the voice of bygone years ; and I strained my vision to obtain a glimpse of the sweet songstress, but in vain ; the last note had died away in silence, nor did a human form meet my anxious gaze.

On approaching the site of the ruined castle of Newark the same wild measure, however, again met my ear ; and on a mound of moss-covered stones, amidst the enchanting scenery of the romantic peninsula on which it once reared its proud head, sat a female so fair, so fragile, that she might well have been mistaken for the inhabitant of another world.

She was habited in a white morning robe ; a straw hat lay on the grass by her side ; and the luxuriant curls of her auburn hair sported unconfined in the breeze, shading and displaying by turns a countenance of unearthly paleness. Beauty had once been there ; but the intelligence which should have brightened her large hazel eye was wanting.

So intently was the poor maniac engaged intertwining the foliage of the cypress and willow into fantastic ornaments, that she heeded not my presence, till aroused by the growling of her companion, a large Newfoundland dog, when, starting up in evident terror, and forcing her way through a labyrinth of tangled brushwood, she fled with the speed of an antelope.

Moralizing on the fleeting nature of sublunary things, which the scene and the incident were so calculated to call up, I continued my walk along the winding banks of the stream.

As I proceeded new objects of interest attracted my notice. The hand of change had been less busy here than in the more arable districts of Scotland, and the abrupt green hills, intersected by burns or streamlets, flowing like threads of silver through deep hopes or glens, the vestiges of camps, the mountain cairn and lowly sherling, all spoke a language to my heart,—all recalled the bright happy season of early youth ; and involuntarily I exclaimed, in the words of the gifted bard of Teviotdale, these are truly

The scenes that Scottish hearts
To their dear country bind.

I had lingered so long amidst those familiar haunts of my infancy, that noon was long past when I entered a well remembered shepherd's cot, standing

at a short distance from the road. It was now, however, inhabited by strangers; but with genuine forest hospitality the good dame set before me the choicest luxuries of her store.

Refreshed by the rural repast, I pursued the remainder of my way with accelerated speed, for soon the lengthening shadows began to proclaim the approach of twilight, and before I reached Yarrow Manse the full moon had risen. The repose of nature was profound: not a breath of air stirred the foliage of the tall ash trees that grew close to the dwelling of the worthy pastor; but as I paused to subdue the rising feelings of my bosom, the "sweet psalm tune" ascended in the stillness of the evening hour. I waited till the solemn duty of evening worship was concluded, and then entered: the meeting of David Anderson and myself was that of long tried and long separated friends. Much we had to ask, much to tell, on this the first night of our reunion; but consideration for the fatigue I had undergone operated with my host to insist that I should retire early to rest.

But in the excited state of my feelings sleep held only a short reign over my senses; I left my couch by dawn, and, unwilling to disturb the household thus early, with great caution unlatched the door, and wandered along the winding and shadowy path leading to Yarrow kirk, which stands amidst the

unpretending graves of the foresters. With chastened feelings I approached the western end of the holy fane, close to which lay entombed my more remote ancestors, and where, since my departure to a foreign land, my revered parents and two younger brothers had found a peaceful resting place.

A mural tablet, adorned with funereal emblems, had been dedicated to their memory by my eldest brother ; but I turned my eyes from the glaring white marble to fix them on the ancient gravestone of our family, partly buried beneath the accumulated soil of many years, and the dark yew tree that still shaded with its aged branches a spot, hallowed, in my recollection, by so many sacred and endearing associations.

David Anderson, finding my chamber empty, guessed the purpose of my early ramble, and surprised me still mourning over the graves of my relatives. In silence he pressed my hand ; and taking my arm, we returned to the Manse, where breakfast awaited us. It was a sabbath morning, one of the finest in June, and, as we retrod the path to the kirk, after the morning repast, the calm beauty of the scene and the season soothed and tranquillized my perturbed feelings.

The churchyard was now alive with groups of foresters of every age and sex, awaiting the approach of their pastor ; but eagerly as I scanned the assem-

bled multitude scarcely one familiar face met my inquiring gaze. During my long absence many of the aged inhabitants of the forest had paid the debt of nature; those I left in the meridian of their days had gradually descended into the vale of years; and the young had outgrown my remembrance.

The hope of immortality, the joys of a reunion with our dearest and best friends in another and a better world, were this day eloquently and impressively dwelt on in the discourse of my friend, and left so deep and lasting an impression on my mind as I trust has rendered me, through life, a happier and a better man.

It was on the evening of this memorable sabbath, that, seated beneath a leafy alcove in the Manse garden, I related the incident which occurred to me on passing the ruins of Newark, and heard from the lips of Mr. Anderson the melancholy history of the maniac.

"You must recollect," he said, "the daughter of the widowed Lady of Glensouth. About the period you left the forest her daughter, Marion Grieve, was a child, and a fairer, sweeter flower never bloomed on Yarrow. Nor did after years belie the bright promise of her early days. She grew up the pride of her fond parent, and the kind playful companion of an only brother three years her junior. You have now beheld her in her desolation, stricken to the earth by

the rashness of one she too fondly regarded ; but in her saddest, wildest, moments Marion is still the same gentle being I ever knew her.

“ Soon after the death of the Laird of Glensouth the family of his widowed lady was augmented by the arrival of Hector Deloraine, the son of her only brother, who, in dying, bequeathed his orphan boy to her sisterly affection. Faithfully Mrs. Grieve fulfilled the sacred trust, nor did her heart know the smallest difference betwixt Hector and her own children. Hand in hand the cousins trod the green pathway of infancy, happy as health and innocence could make them, nor anticipated an intervening shadow to obscure the bright vista of futurity. But on attaining that period of life when the little loves begin to flutter round the heart, the attachment of Hector Deloraine for his fair companion assumed a more tender and ardent character. Left, however, dependent, so far as fortune was concerned, on a maternal uncle, the honourable mind of the youth shrunk from entangling Marion in his uncertain prospects, and magnanimously he departed to join his relative in Bengal, without whispering in her ear the secret of his attachment.

“ It would seem, however, that the affection of the cousins for each other had sprung up simultaneously in the bosom of each, though, self-deceived, Marion

Grieve thought her love for Hector was mere sisterly affection, yet the expression of that affection, chaste as the breathings of vestal purity which pervaded her letters, were correctly interpreted by her lover, and proved his greatest solace in his separation.

“ In that happy season when fancy cheats her votaries, years sped away ; and, enriched by the gifts of fortune, the youthful lover looked forward to a speedy return to the sylvan glens and braes of Yarrow, when he might woo Marion for his bride, and rest in peace.

“ Flushed with hope, he ascended the side of the vessel that was to waft him to the presence of her whose affection would prove a rich reward for years of unwearied exertion. He anticipated in idea the delight of Marion at his unlooked for return, and the approving smile of his venerated aunt, as she listened to the tale of his long concealed attachment, and praised his delicate self-denial. Unfortunate Hector ! little didst thou dream that your silence, your honourable forbearance had sped an arrow to the heart of her thou wouldst have shielded with thy life from every pang.

“ Whilst Hector was toiling in search of independence the days of Marion were chiefly spent in the seclusion of Glensouth. His departure had fallen like a blight on her young life, and checked the exuberance of her lively spirits. But time, her fondness

for her little brother, and the care which the delicate health of her parent imperiously demanded prevented her dwelling too intensely on her recent bereavement ; and if Marion was not the same gay gleesome child as heretofore, she could not be termed unhappy. Hector never omitted an opportunity of writing to the dear family at Glensouth ; and his letters eagerly looked for, repeatedly perused, and punctually answered, formed the most pleasing occupation of the secluded maiden.

“ Thus amidst her native glens Marion grew up all that the fondest mother could desire ; when, at a ball given by a neighbouring nobleman on the occasion of his only son coming of age, she attracted the notice of a wealthy baronet from Fifeshire.

“ Educated by a stern proud mother, Sir Claudius Askew was aristocratic in his feelings, and the natural reserve of his manners became tinctured with haughtiness when compelled to intermingle with upstart opulence, for with him ancient birth formed the sole criterion of merit. At the period of his visit to the forest the baronet had nearly reached his thirtieth year. He was of a commanding height, and his countenance might have been deemed handsome but for a peculiar expression that marked the besetting sin of his nature. Struck by the native and unstudied graces and beauty of Marion Grieve, and ascertaining

from his noble hostess that she sprang from no plebeian stock, he sought her hand for the dance. The reserve of his proud nature seemed to yield before the fascinations of his partner, and, as far as circumstances would admit, he never left her side during the remainder of the evening. The festivities continued throughout the week; and before their termination Sir Claudius was as much in love with the fair recluse of Glensouth as it was possible for so cold and frigid a person to be. The baronet was his own master; and fortune was not an object of consideration with him, since he was passing rich in this world's wealth; he, therefore, proceeded to lay his proposals before Mrs. Grieve, without the slightest fear of their being rejected.

“ The hope of her gentle Marion becoming one day the wife of Hector Deloraine, and of closing her aged eyes amidst their smiling progeny had been long fondly cherished in the bosom of the widowed lady of Glensouth. But the self-conquering determination of her nephew to conceal his love till independence should crown his exertions had deceived even the penetration of his aunt; and from the period of his departure for the East she had resigned, though not without a pang, all hope of seeing the cousins more closely united. Such being the case, the proposals of Sir Claudius Askew were not lightly to be re-

jected, especially as Marion at her death would be almost wholly dependent on her brother, the lands of Glensouth being strictly entailed on the eldest son, with only a very slender provision for the younger children. It was not without considerable anxiety, therefore, that Mrs. Grieve prepared to probe the heart of her innocent child on the subject, or that she finally resolved to entrust her future happiness to a comparative stranger, though his name and character stood high in the estimation of the world. Marion herself, unacquainted with the depth of feeling which lay dormant in her heart, and flattered by the unremitting attentions of the baronet, and especially by the affection he displayed towards her little brother, was easily won to his suit; and her consent being gained, an early day was fixed on for their union.

“As the time drew near, however, strange and undefined forebodings came over the spirits of Marion, which she strove in vain to combat. The image of her cousin never rose to her mind unassociated with a vague sense of misery, and the letter which conveyed to him the news of her approaching nuptials was blotted with her tears. But that letter never reached his hands; for the day that she became the wife of Sir Claudius Askew was the identical one on which Deloraine sailed on his voyage to England.

“Immediately after the ceremony the baronet carried his bride to his mansion, which stood on a

bold eminence, overlooking the Forth, a few miles west of the town of Kircaldy. Though the situation is commanding, and the extensive grounds of Raith and Dunniker form a rich and striking background to the landscape ; yet when seen for the first time, as by her, in the bleak month of January, and enveloped in a dense bluish mist, it conveyed a melancholy sensation to its new mistress, and she shuddered with a fearful foreboding as the portals of her future home opened to receive her. Nor did the formal state which pervaded the household, and the unbroken solitude, to which she was suddenly condemned, so unlike the winter hospitalities of Glensouth, tend to tranquillize her mind. But Marion was at that happy age when the spirits rebound from temporary depression, and she sought, in constant occupation, to still the dangerous repinings which occasionally would intrude ; and as spring advanced, and the sun began to gleam cheerfully over the surrounding landscape, her heart expanded to the influence of reviving nature.

“The two first months of the year had passed, and April, with its sunshine and showers, had arrived, when one morning Sir Claudius Askew entered the breakfast parlour with an open letter in his hand. ‘Mrs. Grieve,’ he said, ‘reminds me of my promise to visit Glensouth in the course of the present month ; could you conveniently set out next week?’

“ ‘I am ready to set out this moment,’ Marion replied, while a glow of delight lighted up her countenance; but which was checked by a withering look from the baronet, who observed, in a haughty tone, ‘this eagerness to leave home, Lady Askew, is not very complimentary to your husband.’ ‘How unjust,’ said the astonished wife, vainly trying to suppress her tears; ‘is it not natural that I should long to see my dear mother and William? And are not you to be the companion of my journey?’ ‘I mean not,’ said he, somewhat softened by the compliment to himself, implied in her rejoinder, ‘to hurt your feelings; but I am jealous of any rival in your affection—ay, even of a mother;’ and, kissing her hand, he left the room.

“Any attempt to paint the delight of William Grieve, or the joy of his mother on the arrival of Marion at Glensouth, would be a hopeless task. The first and second week of their stay had flown rapidly away, when one morning, as Sir Claudius and Lady Askew were returning from a ramble, they were overtaken by a horseman, who, vaulting from his saddle, rushed forward, and ‘my dear cousin’ burst simultaneously from each. As Marion held out both her hands to welcome back the wanderer, the eye of Hector Deloraine fell on the glittering circlet symbolical of her changed condition, and

glancing towards the baronet, he said, in a voice of unnatural calmness, 'And that gentleman?——' 'Is now my husband, as my last letter must have led you to expect. Permit me to make Sir Claudius Askew known to my cousin.' 'Not now, Marion, not now; my God, I was not prepared for this!' and, with a look of the deepest despair, he darted down the glen, and was soon hid amongst the thick brushwood.

"The baronet stood like one petrified during this scene, which had passed with the rapidity of lightning, and now moved forward in silence, which Marion was in no state to interrupt.

"I was present when she returned, and a want of sympathy in her feelings, which was not, I believe, now evinced by Sir Claudius for the first time, had seemingly tended more than aught else could have done to allay the agitation of her mind, and she imparted to her mother, with tender consideration, the return of Hector.

"Mrs. Grieve was deeply agitated by the unexpected news, and William, wild with joy, ran off to meet and welcome his early playmate and friend. Lady Askew, after seeing her mother somewhat composed, retired to her own apartment, from whence she descended in about an hour. Sacred be the sorrows of that hour. Deep and harrowing they must have

been, for they had produced on the frame of the youthful wife the blighting effects of many years of suffering.

"Dinner had been put back half an hour, but the cousins came not, and at length we sat down to table. The anxiety, however, of Mrs. Grieve soon became so overpowering that I offered to go in quest of the fugitives. Lady Askew laid her cold hand on mine; 'stay with us,' she said; and, seating herself at a window, gazed on the extended landscape. A number of countrymen now appeared winding down an opposite brae, and before time was given for farther observation, William Grieve rushed into the parlour, and would have removed his sister from the window. It was too late; she had beheld the dead body of Hector supported by the peasants; and, uttering one wild appalling shriek, sunk to the floor. The next six months were a blank in the life of poor Marion.

* * * * *

"Hector Deloraine, on finding the hopes of his heart blasted for ever, in the first moments of despair sought and found an oblivion of his sorrows beneath the waters of the Yarrow. His faithful dog, now the companion of the desolate maniac, plunged into the stream, but having to combat with the determined purpose of despair, did not succeed in rescuing his master till life was extinct.

“ Little remains to be told ;—the health of Lady Askew became gradually restored ; but her intellect was gone, and left by her husband to the care of her own family, she wanders about as you beheld her.”

On the following Tuesday I quitted the peaceful Manse, and, as I rode slowly along the romantic banks of Yarrow, heaved a sigh of commiseration for the fate of the unhappy maniac.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A BUTTERFLY PAINTED IN AN
ALBUM.

I HAVE noted many a time
Authors skill'd in prose and rhyme,
Who a strict resemblance find
In this insect to mankind.

Often have I ponder'd on
That unfair comparison :
True, the butterfly is gay,
Vain, and idle in his play ;
Nay, perhaps he thinks no less
Than a coxcomb of his dress ;
True, he roves from bower to bower ;
True, he kisses every flower,
Quitting that he most desired
For another more admired :
Never fixing, always changing,
Ever wandering, ever ranging.

So far is resemblance seen
Men and butterflies between.

But when man successful pleads,
Wide he publishes his deeds ;
Trumpets forth the victim's shame,
Boasts his power, and blasts her fame ;
While the fickle butterfly
Has this one good quality,
(Every thing save man has some)
Though unfaithful—he is *dumb* !

T. E. C.

SONNET,

FROM A MS. NOVEL,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

THE moon shines sweetly in a sea of blue,
And if, its form oft changing in its flight,
Near her approach a cloud of fleecy white,
She paints its feathery edge with silver hue ;
And, as I tread the dewy lawn, I view
The river, like a writhing snake, roll bright
Behind the ivied trees ; while the red light
Streams yonder peaceful mansion's window through :
There sadly gather round the fire, and sigh,
The friends who cherish'd my youth's happy morn ;
For I to-morrow from their arms must fly :
And, when the moon next lifts her radiant horn,
Within the bounding vessel must I lie,
With none to soothe my grief, and all forlorn.

GENEORA.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"Dearer to me is thy love than thy life."

It was night ! one of those calm, clear, and delightful nights, so rare in our clouded climate, so frequent in the sunny lands of the south. The uncertain, but luxurious light which the lamps of fretted silver, suspended from the painted ceiling of her room, shed over the chamber of Geneora, contrasted singularly with the pure and pallid radiance of the moon-rays, which fell in at the open window, and partially illumined the apartment. The wind, which at intervals stirred gently the folds of the silken draperies, came blended with the rich odour of the jasmine and citron flowers that filled the garden, and with the low melancholy murmurs of the Eolian harp : but the serene loveliness of the moonlight sky, the fresh incense of the fragrant blossoms, the sweet but mournful melody to which in her pensive moods she

was wont to listen for hours, all were alike totally disregarded by Geneora. Alone in that splendid chamber which wealth and genius had combined to render the very temple of luxury and taste; half reclined upon her couch, the exquisite beauty of her arms and shoulders veiled only by the profusion of her unbound hair, whose darkness heightened while it partially hid their surpassing whiteness; every feature of her face fixed in an expression of intense abstraction, every faculty of her soul apparently absorbed by some strong but concentrated feeling, pale, mute, and motionless, her parted lips bloodless as her cheek, Geneora wore rather the appearance of a matchless form, which owed its creation to the magic of the sculptor's touch, than that of a daughter of earth.

So young, so very beautiful, possessed of a princely fortune, of a proud name, the idol of the crowd, the arbitress of many destinies, and more, far more—wedded to the only being who had ever interested her heart, what had she to do with sorrow? yet with sorrow she had made companionship: with sorrow? no; with despair!

Hours passed on: their duration seemed to her like that of eternity. At length a slow languid step approached along the gallery:—she heard it not; or, if she heard, there was no change in her look or attitude which showed that she heeded it. After

some minutes Isidore, her husband, the graceful, the gifted, the triumphant Isidore, who but a few months before had won her hand from a host of rivals, stood at the entrance of the apartment. Could it be he? Was it not rather some spectral shape

“ From her o’er fever’d brain
Wrought out by its excess of pain ? ”

His brow, that lofty and resplendent brow, which beamed so lately with pride and happiness, was ghastly as if the finger of death already had passed over it; his respiration was quick and audible; his whole appearance that of one fast sinking beneath the influence of some fatal malady. He leaned for a few moments against the pillar of the open door, as if unable longer to support the weight of his own frame, and then slowly and painfully advancing to the couch of Geneora, he threw himself at her feet. She betrayed neither emotion nor surprise as she raised her eyes and looked on him. “ Geneora,” he said, “ I am come to thy feet to die; some strange fever has assailed my life; already my strength is gone; see, I am powerless even as a child; but I have sought thee in my suffering, that I might confess to thee my errors and my remorse, and implore from thy lips my pardon ere I expire. Speak to me! say thou dost *forgive!* sooth me with thy pity, if thou dost refuse thy tenderness; let my spirit depart

at least with the hope that thou hatest me not utterly."

"Why," she replied, "hast thou come here to die, when thou hadst so well learned to live without me?"

"Geneora, what a moment for reproach! I have deserved it; but, oh, spare me now, now, when our final separation is so near. Give me thy hand—feel how icy is mine; touch my cold forehead, it is damp with the dew of agony; the beating of my heart is almost over, it will soon be stilled for ever: I have wronged thee, deeply wronged thee; but, as thou dost trust in Heaven, as thou dost hope for mercy, deny not thy pardon to one so near the tomb."

"Thy death will not avenge me!" she said, with the same unmoved and passionless accent.

"Oh, God, it is too dreadful! Geneora, how art thou changed; thou who wert so tender, so gentle: but it is *my* work; yet madden me not with this horrible calmness. I dare not think on all thou must have suffered ere thy nature could alter thus: yet hear me! I swear to thee by the cross that is above us, but to which I have no power to raise my arm, that I have never ceased to love thee; never been unmindful of thy tears, even when most I yielded to the witchery which caused them to flow; every pure feeling of my soul has been vowed to thee; and in the wildest delirium of pleasure I have cursed myself

for my base requital of thy devoted, but ill bestowed affection. It is no longer time for atonement, but reject not my repentance."

"Has she beheld thy suffering? has her cheek blenched to-night at the sight of thine?"

"Yes, even there thou art avenged, avenged beyond thy wishes: her tears, her anguish withheld me not from thee; thy name was my only answer to her phrensied supplications for my stay; she knelt to me in vain; I prayed but to hear thy voice, to see thy face again. I am here: Oh, be not still inexorable; weep for thine early widowhood; breathe to me one word of peace ere it be too late." She saw that his life was fleeting fast; she bade him rise, and assisted to place him on the couch she had quitted; then, turning from him to a small ebony table which stood by, she swallowed hastily the contents of a crystal cup which was upon it. She took his miniature, which she had never worn since she became convinced of his infidelity, and placed it round her neck. She returned to his side: her manner was entirely changed; she was no longer pale; there was the same sweet smile on her lip, the same look of inexpressible tenderness in her eyes as she had worn in the earlier days of their union. She threw herself beside him, she clasped his cold hand in hers, she encircled his head with her beautiful arm, and drew it affectionately to her bosom; she pressed

her lips to his forehead, "Yes, I forgive thee, my heart's own love," she said; "*I forgive thee!* now thou art mine—all mine own again." "Geneora," he faintly asked, "what is the draught which thou hast just drunk so eagerly?" She drew him closer to her while she whispered, "The remainder of the poison which yester eve my hand poured out for thee." He shuddered. "Isidore," she continued, "I could die for thee, with thee, but I could not live and know that thy love was another's; I could not even die while I knew this. Say, canst thou pardon the act by which we perish?" "Yes," he answered, "Yes, I pardon; but so young—" it was all he could reply: his senses failed him; but while a gleam of consciousness remained, he heard the last words uttered by Geneora, "I am happy—it is sweet to die thus."

Ere the lamps, whose glowing rays fell over them, grew pale in the light of morning, both were dead. Geneora had stirred not; the head of Isidore was still pillowed on her breast, still encircled by the white arm which had been to him

"So fond, but yet so fatal."

THE STORM.

BY JOHN C. MERCIER, ESQ.

SEE the threatening clouds o'erhead
Wide their airy pinions spread ;
Darkly shrouding from the eye
Golden sun and azure sky.
Solemn twilight wraps the vale,
Hardly breathes the sinking gale,
Hush'd is every note of gladness,
Looks of joy are turn'd to sadness,
Nature pauses, silent, still,
Conscious of impending ill !

Lo ! the lightning's vivid blaze
Flashes through the gloomy haze.
Hark ! o'er yonder mountain's brow
Thunders roll on thunders now.
Now their echoes ring afar
Like the wind-borne shout of war ;
Fainter now and fainter sighing,
Like the moans of legions dying ;
Now at length the murmur fails,
Lost among the distant dales.

Hide ! for now descends the storm,
Dusky as a locust swarm,
Looking in its awful state
Like the veil that curtains fate.
On the mountain's craggy breast
Now its deepening shadows rest.
Fiercely brooding ere it sallies
Bandit-like upon the valleys ;
Now it moves, it sails, it sweeps
Downward from the giant steeps !

Surely in this dreadful hour
Demons lend the tempest power !
As they urge the furious breeze
Harvests ebb and flow like seas ;
Here are vineyards whirl'd in air ;
Forests lie uprooted there ;
Here are barks and billows dashing,
There are spires and towers crashing ;
Mud-built shed and marble wall
Heap on heap like chaos fall.

Shelter, shelter ! now the rains
Burst upon the ravaged plains,
As if God had once again
Will'd to drown the sons of men.
Pelting sleet and rattling hail
Drive upon the burden'd gale ;

Rills unseen till now are pouring,
Floods are swelling, torrents roaring,
Flocks and herds are swept away,
Huts and hamlets—where are they?

Hush! some mighty arm, at length,
Binds the tempest in its strength;
'Tis the Great Jehovah's, lo,
There he lifts his radiant bow.
At the sign the lightnings cease,
Muffled thunders sink to peace,
Ruffian winds desist from railing,
Watersprings on high are failing,
Mists disperse, and earth once more
Smiles as brightly as before.

THE PIPER OF MUCKLEBROWST.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE," ETC.

——— "He was a stout carle for the nones,
Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;
A Baggepipe well could he blow and sounne."

CHAUCER.

ABOUT a century since, in the last "rugging and riving days" of Scotland, before the modern march of intellect had so completely routed the wonderful arts of magic and witchcraft, as to leave neither witch nor conjuror in all the broad lands of Britain, there lived a noted fellow called RORY BLARE, who filled the office of Town-Piper to the prosperous fishing port of Mucklebrowst. He always affirmed his family to be of high antiquity, and as he was disclaimed by the Blairs of that Ilk, and the Blairs of Balthayock, and the Blairs of Lethendie, and the Blairs of Overdurdy, and, in short, by all the other Blairs, he set up at once to be the head of the Bares of Bletherit and

Skirlawa', which have furnished Scotland with Pipers ever since it was a country. In the course of his life, Rory had performed the various parts of fisherman, sailor, soldier, and pedlar, none of which professions are peculiarly likely to teach a man temperance; and having procured his discharge in consequence of a wound in his head, which carried away a small fraction of his brain-pan, about the sober age of fifty-seven he settled down into a roistering and carousing Town-Piper. As he had a good deal of those rambling mischief-loving, satirical characters called in Scotland *hallen-shakers* and *blether-skytes*, and his strangest tricks were played, and his fun was ever the most furious, when the malt was over the meal, all who knew him declared that "he certainly had a bee in his bonnet, puir man! 'ever sin' he gat that sair paik on his pow in the wars." Rory himself, however, was wont to assert that "he was as gude a man as ever;" which, perhaps, might be true in one sense, as he never was very celebrated for either his prudence or his sobriety.

So much for his person and character; and for his talents as a Piper, he could most merrily "blow up the chanter," as the old song says, with some skill and "richt gude will," untired, even through a long night of active dancing and loud carousal; which, with his mirth and bold demeanour, made him a special favourite throughout Mucklebrowst and it's vicinity.



Without at all underrating his own knowledge of music, he was fond of attributing some part of his popularity to his instrument, which, he was accustomed to relate, had been found in one of the holy wells of St. Fillan, in Perthshire; thereby inheriting a finer tone and easier breath than any mere mortal pipes could ever boast of, beside the power of resisting all kinds of glamour or witchcraft. The truth of this was never rightly known, though it was whispered, that if the pipes had belonged even to St. Fillan himself, Rory Blare had employed them so differently, that if they ever possessed any virtue it had long since departed.

As the worthy Town-Piper was always ready to be foremost in any kind of sport, or to bestow his counsel in any case of courtship, marriage, or witchcraft, which occupied the gossips,—that is to say, all the inhabitants of Mucklebrowst,—he was everywhere welcome. But, though he distributed his patronage pretty equally, he appeared to be most merry, and to make himself most at home at the Maggie Lauder's Head, a little *public* kept by one Bauldje Quech, whose jovial and careless disposition matched exactly with his own. They would frequently sit till “the sma’ hours,” driving away time by glass after glass, rant after rant, and song after song, until the decease of Katie Quech, his contentious spouse; when, though all expected to see him take a younger and more agreeable partner, and had even settled who it was to be, he suddenly sank into a dismal and me-

lancholy mood, under the influence of which he drank twice as much as before, though he never laughed at all. Rory Blare, however, did not desert his old companion ; for indeed the warmth of his friendship very frequently led him to sit piping and drinking with him throughout the whole night : and one dark and windy evening in autumn they were thus engaged, with a single sedate-looking Stranger habited in pale grey, who had come in about night fall. "Hout, tout, mon !" exclaimed Rory, finding that even St. Fillan's blessed pipes had no effect upon his host, "ye're unco' hard to please, I trow ; and yet yere lugs used to ken whan they heard gude music : but I daur say the Deil's cussen his cloak owre ye, as King Jamie said o' his bairn. Ye'll no think now, honest frien'," continued he, addressing himself to the Guest, "that the gudeman was ance ane o' the merriest men o' Mucklebrowst, though ever sin' Luckie Quech died, he's no had a word for a dog, let alone a blythe lad or a bonnie lassie."—"Let him look for another luckie, then, and the sooner the better," answered the Stranger, "take heart, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."—"And that's true too, though the Deil himsel' spak it," rejoined the Piper, "I'm thinkin', Bauldie, that I'll hae to play 'Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' before ye yet. And wha shall it be, gudeman ? wha shall it be ? for ye ken there's a hantle o' bonnie lassies in Mucklebrowst, to speak naething o' them

o' Leven, or the limmers o' Largo. But ye'll look to the tocher, billie, and see that the lass has a quick lug for the music, and a light fit for the dance."

"They may hae what they will for me," at length answered the Host, with a deep sigh, "and they may be as bonnie as they will for me; but they can nane o' them be either less or mair to me."—"Think again, friend," said the Guest, "and you will think better of it, for I've often known as broken a ship come to land. What say ye now to Sibbie Carloups, of Gouks-Haven, with golden hair on her head, and gold coin in her pouch; I promise you now, that she'd be the girl for me."—"She was no that an unsonsie lassie, but she was nae muckle better than wud, or a witch, when she leevet there," returned the Piper, "but that's fu' twenty years ago, for she suddenly gaed awa' and no ane kenned where, though folk said she went mad, or was carried awa' to be the Deil's jo, some gate about Forfar or Glamis."—"It's a' true!" exclaimed Bauldie Quech, in a voice of great distress, "it's an owre true tale, as I ken fu' weel, and fu' sadly, though I didna think to hae tauld what I ken o't to ony ane but the minister: but Rory, ye're a fearless and lang-headed chiel at a hard pass, and as ever ye did gude to a pair body at their wits' ends, ye maun e'en help me now."—"Say awa' then wi' yere story, neebor," returned the Piper, "and if it be in the skeel o' man, and I

dinna stand by you, may the Deil burst the bag o' my pipes, and split the drone and chanter!"—"Weel, weel," answered the Host, with more composure, "I'm no misdoubting ye, though I trow it's past yere art; but at ony rate it will gie some ease to my mind; so I'll e'en mak a clean breast, and tell ye a' about it. About twenty years back, as ye said, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie; and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel', and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxe-pence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-Haven she was departed."—"And did you no follow her, mon?" demanded Rory Blare, "ye suld hae followed her owre land and lea till ye met again; I'se warrant she wadna hae 'scaped me like the blink o' a sun-beam."—"I did follow her," said Bauldie Quech, "and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and spier'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to shew. Weel, I cam back to Mucklebrowst, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links, o' St. Monan's; and then, as ye ken,

she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, mon, wad ye think it, she hadná been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! 'And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?' says I, when I could speak for wonder, and some little o' fear; 'Troth, lad,' said she, 'I canna just tell ye where I hae been: a frien' o' mine has taken me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I no forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit whan ye will.' 'Marry thee!' thought I, 'I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!' But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to cam ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. 'Oh, ho! Luckie!' thought I again, 'it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing then for me:' so I drew me back a wee, and then said bauldly, 'I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer, folk say, ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you.'—'Aha, billie,' then said the auld carline, 'there are twa words to that; if

ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault ; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying ony body without my leave, and may be do a little mair ; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion.' To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay haud on her,—when, fizz ! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the Deil had carried her ! And after a' I haena done wi the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence ; but when I gae out I can tak haud o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare.— And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say, than that I wad gie half my gudes to ony body wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be brunt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar."—" Baith o' whilk I wad do blithely," said the Piper, " gin ye could tell me where I could find the witch-carline ; for I wadna think muckle o' meeting her and her haill clanjamfray wi' St. Fillan's Pipes ; I trow I'd gie them sic music as they ne'er dancit to before."—" Waes me ! then," exclaimed Bauldie Quech in reply, " for there's nae finding a witch against her will ; sae there's nae help for me in this

world.”—“ But there may be some in another,” said the Stranger-guest, “ and I think I can shew it, if your piper-friend be only as stout and fearless as he seems ; I promise you that his success is certain, and that the only danger will be in shrinking back when the work is begun.”—“ Deil doubt me then,” said Rory, “ there’s my thumb on’t : and ye ken I’m no vera sune daunted.”—“ Then,” answered the Stranger, “ the sooner you set out the better, since you may have a long journey before you ; so mount my horse, for he knows the way you’re going ; ride out of the town towards Glammis, and you will meet a number of persons, with whom Sibbie Carloups will certainly be. Ask them for Gossip Paddock ; and say to her, that you come from Melchior the Comptroller, who commands her to give up Bauldie Quech’s token ; but take heed that you have no other intercourse with them, and, above all, that you bring nothing else away with you.”

With these instructions, and his blessed Pipes, Rory Blare departed, followed by the anxious hopes and good wishes of the Host. He was nothing dismayed at the cheerless appearance of the night, which was overclouded ; whilst a violent storm of wind roared round him, seeming as if it raged purposely to impede his progress. He rode on at a rapid pace ; but the way looked wilder and more lonely than usual, no person appearing of whom he might make his

mystic inquiries. The features, too, of that well known road seemed altogether altered, since the Piper missed the little towns and change-houses with which he knew it to be studded; though he failed not to recognise, with increased terror, the spots which had been rendered famous by any fearful circumstances. At length, however, he entered a deep and spacious glen, covered with dark heather, which was wholly unknown to him; so that he was now assured that he had missed his way altogether.

As the wind still continued to blow furiously, and the rain to fall with violence between the gusts, Rory Blare was rejoiced to see the dim outline of a building appear in the glen before him, one part of which was glowing with lights, and resounding with the loudest notes of merriment. He made up to it, if it were only in the hope of getting some information of his way and a temporary shelter; and arriving at a little stone portal, which was half open, beneath the lighted chambers, he rang, and knocked, and shouted, for some time, without procuring any reply. Alighting from the stranger's horse, therefore, and fastening him to the door, he went in and ascended a flight of narrow winding stairs, which terminated in a suite of state-chambers, decorated in the style, however, of three centuries before. The room which he first entered was richly illuminated, and in the centre appeared a table, round which several tall powerful

men were seated, playing at cards. They were all habited in the most costly and antique dresses ; for there were pall and velvet, steel armour, and two-handed swords, and robes of ermine and minever. They swore and stamped at each other, raged and shouted in the most fearful manner, as they won or lost the broad gold pieces which lay on the table before them ; but the most furious of all was one old hard-featured Baron, who sat at the head of the chamber, distinguished from the rest by an immensely long beard. He lost much and repeatedly, tore the cards and dashed his clenched hands passionately on the board, then called for wine, and again engaged in the game, swearing in the wildest manner that he would play on till Doomsday.

The terrific features of this scene, made even the Piper desirous of exchanging it for the stormy night and dark glen without ; but, upon looking round for the door by which he entered, he found that it had closed, and was covered by hangings similar to the rest of the room, so that it could no where be seen. Whilst he was gazing about him for some other passage, he was accosted by the long-bearded Nobleman, who demanded of him in a thundering tone " what he wanted, and who sent him there ? " Rory felt his blood rather chilled whilst he answered that he had missed his way to Glamis, on the road to which one Master Melchior the Comptroller, had sent him to

nquire for Gossip Paddock, to recover a token from her.—“The fiend take Melchior the Comptroller!” exclaimed the ancient Baron, “he’ll ruin the trade of us a’, if he gae on at this rate. And what base carle are ye, whom he has sent on sic a fule’s errand?”—“I’m Rory Blare, the Town-Piper o’ Mucklebrowst, if it like your honour,” was the reply; “I hae the blessed Pipes o’ St. Fillan wi’ me, and I’ll gie ye ane of the Saunt’s ane sangs by which he drave awa the Deil, on the chanter, an ye wad like to listen till it.”

There was something in this proposal not very pleasing to the long-bearded Baron, since he ground his teeth and grinned fearfully upon the Piper, and roared out fiercely to Nickie Deilstyke to take the canting dog down to the revel in the court-yard, and shew him where Cummer Paddock hung her curch whilst she danced. Rory Blare followed the servitor through several winding passages, into what seemed to him a Churchyard, surrounded by a ruined cloister, and part of an ancient Chapel, with a running stream forming the lower boundary. Both the building itself, which appeared to be illuminated, and the grassy cemetery, were crowded with a host of females, young and old, fair and foul, dancing furiously to the sound of the deepest and shrillest Pipes Rory had ever heard. The tune in general was a loud and continued rant, held on in the same clamorous key, though it often swelled suddenly into a positive howl of wild

merriment, increased by the shouts and shrieks of the enraptured dancers ; which, however, sounded in the Piper's ears more like cries of pain, than those hearty halloos of pleasured which distinguish the native dances of Scotland.

Rory's guide stopped at a whin-bush beside a fallen column, and pointing to a dark-coloured hood hanging upon it, directed the Piper to seize it, and when the owner came up to make his own terms for it's restoration, since she would never be able to quit that place without it. He had scarcely laid hold of it, and thrust it into his bosom under the Saint's Pipes, when a woman, bent almost double, and with features nearly resembling those of a toad, came up to him, and in a whining flattering voice entreated him to give it back ; adding that she would give him many gifts, and specially teach him to play as never Piper played before. All her entreaties, however, availing nothing until she produced Bauldie Quech's troth-pledge, the Witch in a rage flung the broken coin upon the ground, exclaiming, " There you suspicious tyke, will ye no gie me my curch now ? "

" Let's see if a' be right first, Luckie," answered the invincible Piper, " all's not gowd that glitters, ye ken ; " and having taken the pledge from the ground, and satisfied himself that there was no deception, he thrust it into his breast, and approaching the running stream, drew out the Witch's hood and hurled it in, saying, " There, cummer, as the gudeman at Muckle-

browst wants nae mair o' yere visits, we'll e'en tak awa' yere power o' making them !”

The Witch gave a wild shriek as she saw her magic curch sink down, with a dark flash of fire, in a place where she had no power to follow it ; knowing also that the loss of it involved her own instant destruction. A loud shout of exultation immediately arose from the wizard crowd, which came pouring down, and whirled away the unfortunate Sibbie Carloups, after which she was never more seen on earth.

The music then changed to a brisk and sprightly tune, still frequently played in Scotland, though formerly condemned as an unhallowed spring,—called “ Whistle o'er the lave o't.” This was a strain in which Rory was considered to have extraordinary skill ; and being animated by the well-known notes, and elated by his recent victory, he at once forgot his hazardous situation and the saintly character of his pipes ; and leaping up on the broken pillar, he cried out, “ Lilt awa' ! cummers, lilt awa' ! yon birkie blaws the chanter unco' weel ; but I'd play that spring wi' Auld Cloutie himsel, sae here goes till ye ;” but with the very first notes the bag of his instrument suddenly burst, and the pipes split from top to bottom ! “ Deil's in't !” exclaimed the alarmed Rory Blare, “ if there's no an end o' the blessed Pipes o' St. Fillan ! God hae us in his keeping ! what are we to do now ?”—but scarcely had he uttered the Holy Name, when the whole scene was swept off in a howling whirlwind,

and he saw no more, till he found himself, at day-break, lying, with the broken pipes and the love-token, under the ancient walls of Glammis Castle, upwards of thirty miles distant from Mucklebrowst.

Having made the best of his way back to Bauldie Quech, he found him quite another man, and joyfully preparing for his marriage with Janet Blythegilpie, of the East-Green, it being already known that Sibbie Carloups had been carried away in a fearful storm of wind, on Hallowe'en, at midnight; which the Piper's story and the production of the broken sixpence were supposed entirely to confirm. It was never very clearly made out how long Rory Blare had been gone, where he had been, or who was the Stranger by whose advice he went; for, whilst the Piper affirmed that he was absent but a single night, all Mucklebrowst declared that his office had been vacant for a week; and that he was certainly away at the fearful season of Hallowe'en. As to the second point, it was agreed that he had wandered to Forfar, or Glammis Castle, or perhaps had a drunken vision in the ruins of Restennet Priory. The howling of the wind through the arches, and his imagination, familiar with the superstitions of those places, might have supplied the witches, music, and revelry; together with the revelation of that secret chamber, wherein Alexander, surnamed Bear-die, third Earl of Crawford, is supposed to be playing at cards until the Day of Judgment. And

lastly, the person by whose counsel he went on the journey was very generally considered to be a famous White-Wizard, or benevolent Magician, who used his art to counteract the Powers of Darkness.

Bauldie Quech became a person of consequence in Mucklebrowst, being made treasurer; and his name yet lives in it's traditions for having kept the municipal monies in a manner, worthy of the most primitive ages of the world. His depositories were nothing less than two large jack-boots, which hung beside his fireplace; into one of which he threw all sums received, and into the other all his vouchers for payments. At the end of the year both were emptied and a balance struck, though it is reported that, as there was some deficiency in the debtor-boot, it was thought more prudent to transfer the trust to other hands; notwithstanding which, the ex-Treasurer always asserted that it was the best way possible of keeping the accounts, since every one in his dwelling was of indubitable honesty, and "it saved a wheen hantle o' perplexing buiks and skarts o' writing." The good Town also gave Rory Blare a new stand of Pipes, by the first maker of his time, but they were never thought to be equal to those of St. Fillan; and to his dying hour he could never be prevailed upon to play the 'witching tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

LIFE.

FAIR as her face is in the gladsome spring,
Glittering with brightness from the recent showers,
Just as the earliest gold and azure flowers,
Casting their veils, to show themselves begin :
The daffodil to sport dank meads within,
While the sweet violet makes dry banks her bed ;
And the flush rivers, newly purified
From wintry stain, swell up with ampler pride,
To mark the loveliness around them spread ;
And light-careering, like the clouds which shed
Their sportive shadows as in mimic race,
Young living things bound wildly in their glee ;
Still this fresh laughing earth wears not to me
The air of a bless'd spirit's resting place.
What need has such of all this fitful grace,
These playful wiles to court and catch the eye ?
Precious, indeed, to chase our cares away
Is this sweet scene of springtide, joy, and play :
But inward happiness complete and high
Needs not such courting through the outward eye.
The calm magnificence so deep impress'd
On Heaven's high aspect, where rich worlds of light,

Too beautiful to cloy, though always bright,
Move with unchanging order, for the bless'd
Fulfill'd with perfect joy, seems fitter rest.

TO GLORY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CIAPETTI.

Glory! what art thou?—'Tis for thee his breast
The daring man in dangerous risques will bare;
The Author writes to be of thee possess'd;
And for thy sake e'en death itself seems fair.

Glory! what art thou?—A like fate they share
Who but desire or have thee—losing rest.
To gain thee is great toil; but heavier care
Is his with dread of losing thee oppress'd.

Glory! what art thou?—An illusion dear—
Child of long labour, wind that blows the surge,
Sought amid toil, but never tasted near.

Those to mad envy dost the living urge—
Sweet sounds thy voice when death hath closed
the ear.

Glory! of human pride the bitter scourge.

M. S.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD MORCAR OF HEREWARD."

"Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind."

BYRON.

LIFE has many sufferings and many ills. In childhood the sorrow is of the fancy; in youth, of the heart; in manhood, of the spirit; and in old age, of the memory. Yet are there other evils; evils incident to morbid and overexcited minds: sufferings which the world knows not of, nor could comprehend were they described. Among these the agonies of a distorted and fevered imagination are, beyond all doubt, the most incurable and the most deadly. Reason is powerless beneath the spell of mental horrors; visionary things, which gnaw away the heart-strings, and, like the vampire, are glutted with the life-blood of the victim.

In one of the German universities Everard Sternheim became a student, and he carried with him a deep gloom, yielding at intervals to a feverish irritation, violent and sudden. In person he was rather below the usual standard: slight, but active when occasion demanded it of him, though generally slow, saturnine, and sad. His hair, unlike that of his countrymen in general, was of a fine rich brown, slightly touched with auburn, and his large eyes of a deep full blue; the colour of his cheek varied from the pale, but not unpleasing brown which usually distinguished it, to the most glowing crimson, in moments of excitation, and these were not unfrequent: but the charm of Sternheim dwelt in his voice, which was low, full, and rich. Who requires to be told of the rude orgies of the German burschen? of their violent revels, their coarse intemperance, or their brawling prowess? but Sternheim was not one of these: the world's scenes passed before him like an idle pageant, in which he had no share; and its boisterous pastimes jarred on his sensitive mind like discordant minstrelsy; he smiled on them in bitter scorn or disdainful pity.

There was a large piece of water near the university, a cold, blank, dark, and extensive lake. No eye could penetrate the density of that unholy looking water: it appeared like a far-spreading sea of ink; there were neither fish in its bosom, nor rushes upon

its banks; no water bird dipped its wing in the unhallowed wave as it skimmed fearfully over it; and reptile and animal alike shunned its vicinage.

Such a scene in such a country could not be without its legend: low and fearful was it; and even the boldest of the burschen breathed rather than uttered its name. Something it told of one who had committed rapine and murder, and had held communion with unholy things; one who had been a castaway, and who, from the world's scorn, had become its terror, a man of many sins and of many sorrows, a creature who had found that fellowship in the land of spirits denied to him in his own; and who had ultimately expiated the transgression of his unhallowed brotherhood by death; and such a death! the death of the doomed, the denounced, the damned. He was standing beside this dark lake; but not as now was it in those days, it was a fair sheet of bright, clear, and flashing water, laughing beneath the sun light, and spreading its calm bosom, as a mirror reflecting the blue sky! He was standing there in joyousness of spirit, for one whom he loved was beside him; his hand clasped hers, and her head rested, with all a woman's trusting tenderness, upon his shoulder. He was clad in a sable vest of velvet, clasped with rubies; and on his head he wore a low cap of the same material, surmounted by a white

plume. His mistress was as the lily, which needs no ornament; her robe was of white, and so fragile, that it was the sport of every breeze, whilst her long hair floated over her shoulders. She was not his first love:—what had he to do with aught so beautiful? He had opened to her a new world, and he himself sufficed to people it: where, then, could there be treachery? How she clung to him, how she murmured out her love and her devotion, and he listened to her as he had not often listened to human accents! But at intervals there was a bitter curve around his mouth, and a flashing in his eye, as he glanced from the fond one to a cloud in the distant horizon; and ground his teeth, and writhed in bitterness; but the cloud receded, and he turned once more towards her who clasped him, and folded her to his bosom: suddenly the cloud gathered up its folds, and mounted the heavens, and the man of guilt cast back the fair arms which entwined his neck, and drew forth his dagger. One shrill cry burst from the lips of the maiden, and but one: she looked upon him she loved, and her voice died away. His fierce eye was upon that advancing cloud, his hair and his white plumes streaming in the rough blast which journeyed on with the vapour, his chest heaved like the billows beneath a storm, and she scarcely recognised her lover!

On came that fearful cloud : and the dark man raised his weaponed hand aloft in impotent menace : the wind swept past like the wild laugh of fiends ; the willows which fringed the lake rocked and swayed, and fell with a sullen splash into the waters ; the fish sprang from the frightened waves, and died gasping upon the banks ; and the cloud gathered and spread, and deepened above their heads !

“ Not yet ! not yet ! ” gasped the doomed one ; and again the wild laughter pealed out, and the heaving waters of the lake dashed sullenly upon the shore : there was no pause, no lapse ; a huge hand issued from that cloud, and grasped the hair of the unholy man ; the maiden rushed forward, but for a moment he hung high in air, in the grasp of that hand, and then, with an unearthly shriek, fell heavily amid the waters ; again the laugh swelled over him, a demoniacal dirge ! and the dark waves sprang from beneath his weight, and caught the tinge of the deadly cloud, and fell back, black and loathsome. The next morning the fair girl was picked up a corpse. She had beheld what none could look on and live ; and from that hour the lake had been haunted by whisperings and fearful sounds, and visions of things not of this world ; shadows without soul ; breathings of music were there also, but it was music which brooked not earthly ears ; and none

lingered near the dark lake, save those who knew not of its history, or who bore a charmed life.

Ready tongues narrated this fearful tale to Sternheim, and his fancy filled up every blank in the fearful history. He shuddered at his vicinity to this unholy lake, yet a resistless spell ever drew him to its banks: hours did he wander there, pondering on all that he had heard connected with the spot; often did he stand and marvel to himself that such things could be: then came a feeling of the possibility of his being himself fated to become a pursued and persecuted wretch, and the idea haunted him perpetually. His mind, constitutionally morbid, clang to the dreadful fancy with a tenacity which threatened his reason; in vain did he, in his better moments, strive to displace the dread; had not another been so fated? wherefore, then, should it be impossible to him, or why should he be spared? The next stage of this mental disease was the persuasion, nay, the conviction that he was indeed so fated; and then, as he wandered on the borders of the lake, or sat alone upon its banks, wild music and loud laughings passed him, and he started up, and would have fled, but could not.

Sternheim had lingered about his favourite haunt one evening until twilight had deepened over the skies, and the gloom of his spirit seemed to hold

communion with that of nature. A few scattered stars glimmered in the heavens, but the lake refused to yield them a reflection; not a breeze swept over the water, not a sound broke upon the earth. Sternheim stood with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the lake: "Yes, it is even so," he thought, "I am the next victim; the doom is written on my brain; it is branded on my brow, it is seared into my spirit! My fellows look on me with dread and wonder; nature, when she smiles, sickens, and when she frowns, sympathizes with me; daylight and the bright sun are for other and happier men. I am a doomed man; and the mark is on me. How know I that my hour is not near at hand; nay, that it is not even now arrived!" Startled by his own thoughts, Sternheim raised his head, and looked around him: a dozen paces from the spot on which he stood he saw another figure. Terror and a conviction that he had reasoned rightly quickened his fixed gaze; and he distinguished, ere many seconds had elapsed, its form and features. It was an old man leaning heavily upon a staff of ebony, over which his white beard flowed loosely to the wind, his eyes were large, keen, and fiery. On such eyes Sternheim felt that man could look but once during existence; his garb was dark and coarse, and he wore a two-edged dagger in his girdle: he was one

who, even amid the world's throng, would have been singled out and shrunk from. Sternheim gasped for breath, but he did not stir a limb.

"What seek you here, Everard Sternheim?" demanded the stranger, "why do you disturb me in my solitude? deem you that when your hour is noted it will not come? the sand runs out quickly, and there be enough by to turn the glass."

"What know you of me or mine?" demanded the student, with a boldness which grew out of the peril of his situation.

"I know of thee that thou art the son of one to whom many offer homage, and that thou art his only one—the child of his gray hairs: and I know of thee that thy heart has bowed beneath the power of the GREAT HAND, and that its fingers are even now closed over thy spirit."

"Away, tempt me not;" said the youth as he receded, "I acknowledge not thy power!"

"Tempt thee!" echoed the old man; and Sternheim recognised, in his unholy mirth, the wild laughter, to which he had so often listened. "Is there temptation in withered limbs and blanched hair for a youth like thee? and what reckest thou of my power? Speak to me not in the words of hatred, for I tell thee, proud boy, that thou hast awaited me here long and wearily; ay, from thy spirit's depths

hast thou called me, and, behold, I answer the cry."

"It is false, old man!" shouted Sternheim, "I know thee not, I seek thee not, I desire no communion with thee."

"Hearken to me," said the stranger, as he extended towards the student his right arm, from which the hand had been severed at the wrist, "thou art in the toils; thou hast thought of me, looked on me, listened to me,—thou art mine! the GREAT HAND is at thy bidding; man's might shall avail nought against thee: hadst thou mocked at my power, I had sunk beneath thy scorn; but thou hast pondered, reasoned, resolved, and awaited me—and I am here! Go forth, the might of my hand is with thee: but mark the forfeit—." The old man advanced heavily to the side of the student, whispered a few words into his ear, and Sternheim fell senseless to the earth.

After a night of unconsciousness Sternheim rose, and turned slowly towards the university: he passed rapidly through the thronging burschen who were collected about the entrance, ascended with the speed of lightning the stairs which led to his apartment, hastily closed the door, and bolted it after him. Ere the day was spent groans and shrieks issued from his room: there was a sound as of two in a death struggle, a long, loud, demoniacal laugh and a

wild shout. They forced the door : in the centre of the floor stood Sternheim, his long hair torn and scattered, his fine lips slightly parted, his teeth forcibly clenched, and a white foam hanging about his mouth ; he had lived through months of illusion and dementation, through hours of passion and frenzy, and every heart felt the truth at once—Sternheim was a madman !

A SONG.

AH, deem not that my heart is vain,
Or that it cannot feel,
Because no tears of burning pain
Beneath my eyelids steal.

The world may think my spirits gay,
My feelings light and free ;
But why to it should I betray
What I would hide from thee ?

Ah, think not that my heart is light,
Because the eye may shine ;
Although the diamond sparkles bright,
How dark the diamond mine.

The cowards steeled armour wear,
Yet quake their souls beneath :
The nightshade blossoms mild and fair,
And yet its fruit is death.

Ah, no ! the sinking heart may own
In secret its distress ;
Or to one other heart alone
Its miseries confess.

But to the careless world around,
Oh why should I proclaim,
That though with wreaths my hair be bound,
The brain within is flame?

I would not have thee think of me
As fickle, vain, or gay;
I would not thou shouldst ever see
To what I am the prey.

Ah, no! to all the world beside
My secret should be free;
If I could think the world would hide
My heart, my love, from thee.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BORN but to die ! like some fair flower
Ere it hath drunk the dewy gem,
Just opening to the vernal shower,
Torn rudely from its parent stem :
Ere it hath shed its fragrance round,
Cast, soil'd and withering, to the ground.

Was it for this the mother mild,
Delighted, fondly loved to trace
Each feature of her slumbering child,
Each beauty of its infant face ;
And from its cheek the tear to steal
With rapture none but mothers feel ?

Was it for this, when sickness dread
Dimm'd the mild lustre of its eye,
She sadly watch'd its midnight bed ?
Sought meaning in each senseless cry ?
Observed each look with anxious care,
Now dropp'd a tear, now breathed a prayer ?

Yet had'st thou lived, sweet Babe, to tread
Life's rugged paths, its wilds forlorn,
Thou'dst lived to mourn hope's vision fled,
And for the rosebud grasp'd the thorn :
Thou'dst lived the thousand pangs to prove
Of friendship frail, more fragile love.

But happier thou ! for thou art gone
Where love and peace eternal dwell :
To yon bright bless'd abode thou'rt borne,
Whose joys no mortal tongue may tell !
Pure to its God thy soul is given :
Pure as it left its native heaven !

P.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITE.

MEEKLY and low she bows her gentle head,
While her wrapt soul ascends to God in pray'r—
And round her breast a hallowing calm is spread,
For Faith is there !

Faith, pure and strong, which o'er that sinless heart
Sheds its warm sunshine and sustaining power ;
And Hope and Love to that lone maid impart
One tearless hour !

Little knows she what life has yet in store !
But her young days have been one peaceful dream
Of all things fair—the glorious land of yore—

The mount—the stream—
Hallow'd by sage and minstrel ! For their sake
The world around has pass'd unheeded by—
Oh ! must she now in life's dark storms awake,
To mourn—and die ?

Yes, hapless Jane! the lightning's lurid flame,
That brightens ere it slays, around thee shone,
And, as in fitful glares its beamings came,

Revealed a throne.

And on that tottering throne, a moment seen,
While gathering clouds around it darkly swept,
Thou trembling sat'st, a victim and a queen,

Sat'st there, and wept.

The dungeon holds thee! He, the young, the brave,
Thy love, thy husband, pours his life-blood free,
And well thou know'st, the same uniting grave

Now waits for thee!

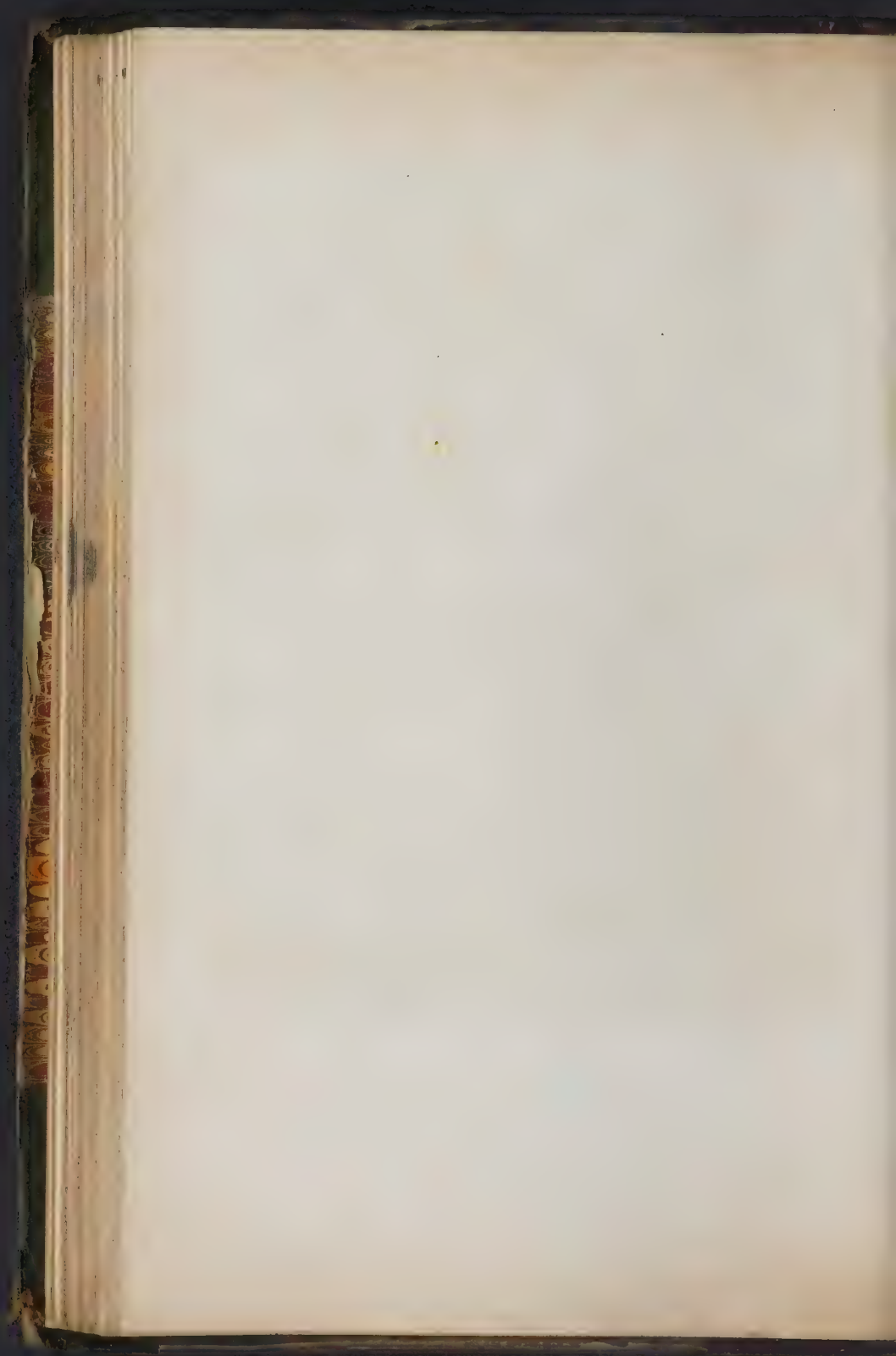
But ceased thy weeping now, and sooth'd thy fears,
Faith, hope, and virtue cheer thy spotless mind,—
And thou dost scorn that throne,—assum'd in tears,

In blood resign'd!



LADY JANE GREY

Portrait of Lady Jane Grey, painted by Hans Holbein the Younger, 1553.



THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

BY AN OXONIAN.

THIS world has grown so common-place and prosaic, that life itself is nothing but a continuous sleep ; flirtation and courtship are but a morning dream, and debts and marriage a diversified species of nightmare. One universal snore echoes from pole to pole. The sun is but our rushlight to scare away house-breakers and ghosts ; heaven's skies are but the drapery round our repose ; and the earth, swinging so gently upon its axis, is but the suspended cradle in which are rocked the myriads of mankind. The Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Napoleons have passed away for ever. The world, after being kept awake by its fears, and listening in trembling anticipation to the tramp of destroying millions, has now, like some huge alderman disturbed by a frightful dream, yawned horrible a ghastly yawn, pulled the nightcap farther over its brows, and buried itself in a complete and comfortable oblivion.

Yet, in spite of this decay of interesting occurrences there are still left many who eke out an unromantic tale from the stores of their imagination. Many, especially of the softer sex, in whom the fire

of romance blazes fiercely as in any bosom of the period of the crusades. Many are the ladies who deserve a happier fate than to be born in our degenerate days ; worthy to have refused their smiles even to their favoured knight, till their smiles were no longer worth contending for ; and, at last, to have made their champion the happiest of men by bestowing upon him all their hoarded charms, when spears and bludgeons had knocked out the eyes of the one, and years and sorrows had dimmed the glances of the other. It is surely a pleasant thing when the imagination can thus invest even the details of ordinary life with an interest derived from the times of chivalry ; when, by a wave of its wand, it can transform a cornet of dragoons into Amadis de Gaul, and raise distressed damsels and dark enchanters out of a ladies' preparatory school and a visitation dinner of the clergy. In country towns, where society is undiversified, and actual life presents no prominent object to relieve the Dutch-like flatness of its surface, who does not recollect instances of romantic spinsters nourishing high fancies, even in so dull a retirement, and expecting, in the dearth even of ordinary events, the daily occurrence of miraculous adventures ? And why should we grudge them the indulgence of their imaginations ? Expectation of something strange on the morrow keeps them from lamenting the disappointment of to-day ; and years fly over them lightly when every hour may be loaded with wonders ; when

the shoemaker may turn out the injured elder brother of the squire, or the grocer be discovered to have been changed with a marquis while at nurse.

Miss Alice, or, as she called herself, Miss Alicia, Gaperling, was a small featured, affected little woman, about the age of seven or eight and thirty ; she lived in the village of Horsingdean, and gradually, from being the youngest at tea parties, after eating at side tables through her teens, and flirting through five or six generations of curates and attorneys, she found herself still with her maiden name, but rather looked up to as a senior in the society.

It was easy, from the style of her conversation, to discover what novel she had been last studying ; as she uniformly made the heroine of it her model, and was gay or melancholy, dashing or sentimental, just as the author had described. I was assured that, after studying Rob Roy, she covered her locks with a man's hat and was thrown by her donkey, generally the most patient and pacific of quadrupeds, into a ditch half filled with water, in trying to gallop over a hedge in imitation of the hunting exploits of Diana Vernon.

One evening a party of the village fashionables were assembled at her house at tea. Among the guests was Mr. Mordent, an eccentric old gentleman, who, in spite of the most benignant look and the kindest manners in the world, was an object of general dislike to the neighbourhood, and of particular aver-

sion to Miss Alicia. His remarks, however severe, could scarcely be taken amiss, as in any point where he blamed another he was sure to lay the heaviest burden on himself; and who can quarrel with a man for accusing one of a fault, of which he confesses that he himself is even more guilty?

"It is, indeed, a most interesting volume," said Miss Alicia, looking very sentimental. "His declaration of love is one of the finest scenes in the world, and so very, very natural; don't you think so, Mr. Mordent?"—"My dear Miss Gaperling," said the gentleman thus referred to, with one of his sweetest smiles, "people at *our* time of life should never express any opinion of a love scene. We must leave it to those who are twenty years younger than we are."—"Well," said the lady, tossing her head, and glancing contemptuously at her benevolent looking guest, "I only said I *thought* it very natural. And then they are both so handsome; Sir Charles so gallant and bold, and Annabella so beautiful with her bright black eyes ——"—"Ah Miss Alicia, Miss Alicia, you and I, who never owed any thing to nature in the way of good looks, should have strength of mind enough to despise the advantages of beauty, and be reconciled to the plainness that fate has bestowed on us. Nobody will ever think less of you and me because we happen to be old and ugly."

This was said with one of his most friendly looks, and the lady thought it better to turn to some other

subject, as she considered herself too much a "woman of mind" to show her vexation. She addressed herself, therefore, to Mrs. Tompkins, who was as unintellectual a being as a woman with a red face and the name of Tompkins ought to be, and inquired if there were any news in the village.

"No, indeed, Miss Alice, there's no news at all, except that Mr. Tompkins has let the cottage."—"Indeed!" cried Miss Alicia, "and who is going to live with the eglantine and roses, in that most beautiful and romantic retirement? Oh, what a place for a poet or a lover! He *must* be a man of mind."

"I do not know the gentleman's name, and nothing at all about his mind, except that he seems to have a mind to live very retired."—"Is it love?" sighed Miss Alicia; "oh, yes, it *must* be love. He has seen his soul's idol plighted to another; he has seen his rival happy; he has retired from the uncongenial society of the world to ejaculate words of comfort to his own bruised spirit."—"Perhaps," said Mr. Mordent, with his usual smile, "perhaps, Miss Alicia, for you know the best of us are liable to be led astray, he may be a swindler come down to prey on the unwary: but luckily for us, *we* have neither beauty, nor youth, nor riches enough to tempt him: so you see grey hairs and poverty are as sure a protection to weakness as even wisdom or experience." This he accompanied with a congratulatory shake of the hand, as, greatly to the company's relief, he rose to take his

leave. But they still heard him at the door talking with great kindness and condescension to Betty, the maid, who had unfortunately lost an eye :—" My dear Betty, take care of the night air, it is very hurtful to the eyes. You and I, who have partly lost our sight, should be very careful of what remains. It cannot possibly remain to us long. Ah! Betty, Betty, we shall both be stone blind soon."

A week had nearly passed, and Miss Alicia's endeavours to ascertain the quality of the stranger had hitherto been in vain; at least, she had acquired no certain information on which to ground her theory. She had never even seen the individual in question; but had been informed that he was little and stout, and had a sallow and wan complexion. " But then, we know," said Miss Alicia, with a sigh, to the mirror on which she was gazing at the time, " we know how a few years, and a sensitive mind, dim the brightest eyes, and blench the darkest locks!" Here she pulled the front of her auburn wig further forward, and hid a few red hairs that straggled over her brow. " This man who, from all I can collect, has had only three pounds of beef, and two quartern loaves, besides five pints of beer, and a bottle of gin, must be some lovelorn unfortunate; else, why live in so retired a situation? why not associate with the gentlemen? why not frequent the library? Oh, how different were his fate if he had one confiding bosom on which to pour out his tale of woe! Ah! William Wilkins,

lost, but still too dear, little did I imagine fifteen years ago, when every Sunday I listened to your charming voice, that my situation would now be so solitary. You have a wife, false, false Wilkins! and eight children, as I understand; oh, heartless, heartless William!" Here, overcome by her feelings, she rested her head on her hands; then, raising her eyes with a magnanimous expression, and placing her bony fingers on the table-land of her breast, she exclaimed, "Wilkins may be false, but Alicia forgives!"

This soliloquy the romantic fair one spoke aloud, in imitation of the heroines whom she studied to resemble, without being aware that Mr. Mordent had entered the little parlour, and was, no doubt, a most attentive listener. While she still gazed upon the mirror, trying to screw her contemptible features, into an expression of dignified forgiveness, her visitor startled her from her heroics by saying, "It is a lucky thing, my dear friend, for you and me, that when every other consolation is gone; when we grow short in the temper, bent a little in the figure, and very sour and antique looking in the face, that vanity and a good opinion of ourselves never forsake us. This is a changed world, Miss Alicia."

"It is, indeed. We have now no women of mind; and mind, in my opinion, Mr. Mordent, is the great thing after all. Now girls are practising on the piano from morning to night, or drawing cherries and

forget-me-nots, instead of riding on managed palfreys, with hawks on their wrists, presiding at tournaments, dressed in the silks of India, and going all through the world in the disguise of palmers or knights' pages, drinking tea with heroes like Sir William Wallace, or dancing on beautiful Turkey carpets with the Paynim Saladin or Don Belianis of Greece; those were charming days, but the world is, indeed, most miserably changed."—"The change is in ourselves, my dear old friend. To the young the world is as bright as ever it was. Years are creeping over us like ivy up the tree, and gradually hiding us from the sunshine. But the strength of mind—"

"Where is the use of mind," interrupted the lady, in a very sharp and angry tone, "when no one is here to appreciate it. I sometimes even wish I were as unideaed as my neighbours, and not burdened with a cultivated taste, or a powerful understanding."

"Oh, my dear madam, be under no concern on that account; no one, not even I, who know you so well, ever suspected the cause of your uneasiness."

At this point, luckily for the lady, they were interrupted by one of the Miss Tompkins rushing into the room, and exclaiming, "Oh! Miss Alicia! only think; pa's lodger has never a name!"—"How! child, never a name! He is Bel-tenebroso; he has left his natal halls: it is just as I suspected, he is in love."—"La! Miss Alicia, how can you say so? I am sure he is not worth being in love with! Such

a thin, sallow, withered, little mannikin. I would not say thank ye for a dozen such any day.”—“My dear Miss Jane,” said Mr. Mordent, “all young people are very foolish, and generally very impertinent; I used to be so myself. Different judgments are formed of the same man by a young girl too soon let out of the nursery, and a venerable maiden of mature years, like Miss Alicia. It is a little too bad, before us, to despise any person for being thin, and withered, and sallow; but we must make allowances for the ignorance and thoughtlessness of youth.”

In spite, however, of Mr. Mordent’s interruption the young lady went on. “A letter has come to the post office, directed ‘U. U. Cauliflower Hut, to be forwarded immediately,’ they were just going to send it up when the little man came down. Will you not come out and see him? he is such a queer little object, you cannot think.”

On arriving at the library a stranger was standing at the counter, but unfortunately with his face entirely hidden from any one in the shop. He was engaged in reading, and accompanied the perusal with sundry pshaws! and hems! which, to Miss Alicia’s excited imagination, bore a great resemblance to groans. She caught a glimpse of the point of a very snub nose, which was rather more red than the points of heroes’ noses are imagined to be; and, in a husky voice, he muttered something to the librarian, of which only “miserable epistle,” met the ears of Miss Alicia.

Hoping to attract the stranger's attention, she simpered, as she turned over the leaves of a volume, "A delightful book! Oh, how I have wept over those unutterable woes!" The stranger turned about with wonder at this heroic speech, and gazed on the fair speaker. His eyes, which appeared red and bleared to Miss Tompkins, to Miss Alicia seemed swimming in tears, and inflamed with weeping.

"Yes!" she continued, "who could bear such treatment from a woman as he from his unkind Charlotte! I have sighed for hours over his misery, and shed many a tender happy tear over the sorrows of the disconsolate Werter!"—"My eyes!" cried the stranger, "have they got me down in a book already?"—"You, sir!" said Miss Alicia, in the greatest agitation, "you, sir! Do I then speak to the injured, loving, amiable, disconsolate, and afflicted Werter?"—"To be sure you do, all that, and an unconscionable deal more. 'Gad, madam, my sorrows are enough to drive a man mad.'"—"I congratulate myself. I am profoundly happy to have encountered the melancholy lover. So the ball had no effect? you did not kill yourself? you recovered? But you still love your Charlotte, still write to her in those touching strains, still kiss her hand-writing in return, though the drying-sand grit in your teeth?"

During this address the little red-nosed gentleman looked utterly confounded. He stood with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the speaker: and

after she had concluded he still gazed on her for some time, and slowly muttering "kill yourself, love your Charlotte, kiss her hand-writing with the sand gritting in your teeth,—poor lady! you're rather cracked in the upper story, I expect." Saying this and shaking his head he walked out of the shop, and had disappeared before she recovered from her astonishment.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of Miss Alicia on this momentous occasion. Joy at meeting with so distinguished a character, and surprise at his unceremonious behaviour, together with an eager desire of discovering the cause of his retirement, threw the unhappy damsel into a fever of curiosity. Long did she ponder on the means to be pursued to acquire the wished-for information; and at last she resolved to carry on her approaches by means of an anonymous letter. Accordingly, next day, after many hours severe application, and going over all the romantic letters of the kind she had ever met with, she sent her one-eyed maid to Cauliflower Hut, with the following epistle; and recollecting that U. U. was the address mentioned by Miss Tompkins, she directed it "To the Unfortunate Unknown."

"One of the softer sex, whose bosom palpitates with sympathetic emotions, offers the tribute of her condolence to the Hermit of the Hut. To soothe the unhappy's woes, and pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of disaster, through the funnel of sympathy, is a task fit for angels, or even for Oriana

herself. Thy sorrows, oh miserable and over-clouded with griefs! are well known. Thy Charlotte's cruelty has awakened an echo of platonism and pity for thee in every one who has a heart. But wherefore resign thyself to solitude and suffering? Wherefore mourn over the past, or, gracious Heaven! wherefore muse on the means of self-destruction? The pistol, once ineffectual, may be fatal next time. And oh! above all remember that thy Charlotte, hapless Werter! is the wife of another!"

After having dispatched this sublime effusion, she waited impatiently the arrival of Mrs. Tompkins and a few of the other village magnates to tea.—“It is so odd,” said Miss Alicia, “that one so well known should ever have come to settle in our quiet neighbourhood: and he speaks English too remarkably well, but still I can trace the foreign accent.”—“Is he a foreigner?” exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, in manifest alarm, “Dear me, I hope Mr. T. has seen into his means, for it would be a great loss to us if he can’t pay the fifteen pounds for the cottage.”—“Oh, my dear Mrs. Tompkins, if you had seen his letters; they breathe such purity of sentiments, such delicacy of thought, that though all his love is addressed to another’s wife——”—“Oh, the nasty, sallow-faced, red-nosed, little, ugly rascal! What! all that nonsense and flummery to another man’s wife! I won’t allow him to stay at the cottage! I have daughters to protect; and besides, who knows but the whipper-

snapper might begin writing some of his abominable letters to *me!*”

Mr. Mordent was just smiling before one of his kind and friendly responses, when the door opened, and, to the horror of the whole party, the stranger himself walked into the room.—“Servant, ladies,” he said, in the same husky voice as before, “I take the liberty of coming in here to ask if you haven’t a girl, madam, as wants an eye!”—“I have, sir,” said Miss Alicia, “a domestic, who, by the will of fate and the blow of a stick, is deprived of one of her ocular members.”—“I know’d it—and what the devil business have you, madam, for to send your blinking maid with this here letter to my house? Who told you as ever I was an Unfortunate Unknown?”—“Sir,” replied the lady, “deprived as you are of your Charlotte —” —“My Charlotte!—I know I’m deprived of her; more’s my luck in getting free from her: and how dared you for to say she was another man’s wife?—She is *my* wife—worse luck, say I.”

“I perceive, sir,” said Mr. Mordent, “you are a gentleman of great forbearance and observation. The lady I fear has mistaken you for another gentleman of the same name. A cousin german most probably.”

“Well, sir, that may be as it may. But it is rather too hard to be plagued with letters from a crazy old maid.”—“But oh! most melancholy Werter,” sighed the bewildered Alice. “Whirter

is my name, madam, since you *will* find people's names out—Samuel Whirter. I kept a shop in St. Martin's Lane, and sold combs, silver thimbles, and such like, till my wife—Charlotte is her name—she takes it into her head to be master. Every thing was a going to rack and ruin ; and she did not mind throwing things about—not a bit. She nearly pecked this here eye out with a real tortoiseshell comb, and dismoltished two of my teeth with a lady's work box.—So when she set off for her diversion down to Brighton, or some such place, I sold off the stock, and left her an allowance to be paid by a neighbour when she comes back ;—and I comes away down here with the property I have saved, hoping for peace and quietness ; when, instead of that, I gets nothing but letters about sympathy and balms, and funnels.”

“ So you are not Werter after all !” said Miss Alicia, “ but only a merchant of combs and thimbles—how cruelly I have been deceived !”

R. H.

LOVE AND FOLLY*.

BY J. P. COLLIER.

Love and Folly were invited
To a banquet given on high
By old Jove ; and sought, united,
The star-chamber of the sky.
Love and Folly from their birth
Chiefly dwelt with men on earth,
Full of mischief and of mirth.

On arriving they disputed
Who should enter first the gate ;
And with Folly well it suited
Such a question to debate.
Love, not oft disposed to care
How he enter'd any where,
Folly's pride but ill could bear.

* La Fontaine thought this subject (first treated by Louise Labé in 1555 in French prose, and translated into English by Robert Greene in the reign of Elizabeth) worth his pen.—*Fables*, Lib. xii. No. 14.

Folly stood on his precedence,
Older, not so old in sins ;
Cupid gave his claim no credence,
Love and Folly must be twins.
So from words to blows they flew,
And they fought, as boys will do,
Till Love's eyes were black and blue.

Folly had some trifling scratches ;
And while Love lay on the ground,
As they use at boxing matches,
Both his swollen eyes he bound.
But he tied the knot so hard,
All the power of gods it marr'd
Folly's bandage to discard.

Vulcan tried, but he, two-fisted,
Only made the urchin cry ;
Mars essay'd, but it resisted ;
Pallas was too wise to try.
Hermes was too sly a thief
To spoil sport and give relief ;
Venus could not do't for grief.

Hymen only tighter drew it :
Should his own knot prove a curse,
When petition'd to undo it,
Ten to one he makes it worse.

Venus then to Jove complain'd
Of the wrong her boy sustain'd,
And so Folly was arraign'd.

He at bar "not guilty" pleaded,
Charged with making Cupid blind,
And besought, ere they proceeded,
Counsel be to him assign'd.
Mercury was named by Jove,
While Apollo stood for Love,
In the Olympic court above.

All the facts upon the trial
Were establish'd to their shame ;
Cupid could not make denial,
He had also been to blame :
And, though prosecutor now,
Cross-examin'd must allow,
He had help'd to make the row.

Both were guilty. Jove suspended
Sentence for ten thousand years ;
And, the trial being ended,
Rul'd, as by record appears,
They should journey side by side,
And through nations far and wide
Folly still be Cupid's guide.

THE GOVERNESS.

THERE is no class of people I pity so much as those unhappy creatures called Governesses, who, equally removed from those above and from those below them, hold little communion with any human being. A line of demarcation appears to be drawn between them and the rest of their species. They seem to exist but for others, since their own feelings go for nothing: their best days are destined to be spent in servitude, their declining ones most probably in want and misery! and yet to these unfortunate beings do we commit the most sacred of duties. To these persons, whom we consider as unfit for our own society, we entrust the sole care of our offspring; that child who is the centre of all our hopes, the rallying point of all our wishes, for whom we live and for whom we would die, is given up to the sole charge of her whose mere presence in our drawing-room would be considered as the height of intrusion. Strange inconsistency, that those whom we deem unfit for our own society we should, nevertheless, consider proper

for that of our children, at that ductile period of existence when the mind takes its colour from what surrounds it.

These reflections have arisen from a circumstance which has just occurred within the limits of my acquaintance. A gentleman, whose fortune had been acquired by trade, bought a domain in the neighbourhood of the village of Tinholit; and, had his ancestors been in possession of the estate as long as those of the person from whom he purchased it, Mr. Grubly could not have been prouder of the dignity attached to being lord of the manor.

I pardon him for that weakness; something must be conceded to the novelty of his situation, and to the agreeable contrast between Pentonville and Yorkshire; but there are other weaknesses attached to the Grubly family, which are neither so harmless nor so respectable, consequently not so easy to be tolerated. Amongst the most ludicrous of their follies is the conviction that, whatever they possess is the very best of its kind, and that no one can have any thing like it. Mr. Grubly's wine has been longer in bottle than any one's else; Mr. Grubly's plate is quite as fine as the king's, nay, I do not know if his majesty had not expressed something very like envy when he accidentally saw it; his horses are splendid; his cook would shame Ude; and his chairs cost more than those at Crockford's. Nor is Mrs. Grubly be-

hind hand with her worthy lord ; every thing is perfect in her department : her diamonds are finer than the Duchess of R.'s ; her flower garden is superior to White Knights ; and Maria Antoinette, in her brightest of days, had not such a toilette.

Following up this principle, the education of their children was to be equally complete : but where should they find that perfect creature who was to superintend that of their daughters ? This was the question which occupied their minds one day when I called on Mrs. Grubly. " My dear Mrs. —, do you happen to know of a Governess ? " exclaimed that lady as soon as I was seated, " I know nothing is so difficult to find. She must be a perfect lady, accustomed to the very best society, yet contented never to leave the school room. She must be *au fait* at, and know, every thing ; she must be mistress of the harp and piano, speak every language, ancient and modern, and be a complete artist."

Mrs. Grubly here stopped for want of power to go on. " Nothing short of this will do," she continued, " but the thing is, where shall I find such a being ? for you well know nothing but perfection will suit Mr. Grubly and myself."

I confessed I thought it a hopeless case. " Nay, my dear," she answered, " why should we despair, who are so fortunate in every other department ?"

In a short time I received a note from Mrs. Grubly,

informing me of her good luck in having discovered exactly the person she wanted ; nay, she was more than she required, and surpassed the catalogue of perfections before enumerated ; was quite lovely in person, refined in manners, and, to crown all, had been recommended by the Countess of ——. Now I happen to hate perfection, or rather what is in this world called so ; and I therefore concluded that the charming Governess must have a thousand bad qualities to redeem so many good ones. With this impression I set out to see Mrs. Grubly and the paragon ; but I soon confessed my error. Miss Foxton was lovely in the best sense of the word : her beauty was not of feature, but of mind. Milton, in describing the loveliness of Eve, dwells neither on form, feature, nor complexion ; so should I have depicted Emily Foxton : it was grace, it was dignity, it was feeling. One forgot to look at the shape of her mouth, or to discover the colour of her eyes, for the beautiful smile of the one, and the expression of the other won our admiration : one *felt* she was beautiful, and became impressed with the truth of the remark, that

“ It is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.”

Her manners and acquirements too were equal to her personal charms.

“ Is she not perfect ?” cried Mrs. Grubly. “ You

see how fortunate I always am: my children adore her, that's the great point: even John, who cannot bear Governesses, says she is endurable; a great deal from him: and then her principles, my dear madam!"

Some months slipped away. I left the village, and on my return, after a long absence, found the scene changed.

"Mrs. Grubly," said I on my first visit to that lady, "where is the amiable Miss Foxton?"

"Where is she? oh, the shocking creature, have you not heard? oh, you will never believe it!—John actually fell in love with her!"

Now, as I happened to think this was the very best thing that could befall the said John; and, moreover, had no idea that he had soul enough to admire any thing so charming and so superior to himself, my countenance, I fancy, did not express all the horror Mrs. Grubly expected.

"And what happened then?"

"Oh, I pushed her off pretty soon, I promise you."

"And where is she now?"

"I am sure I do not know; but we are so unfortunate, and people are always imposing upon us!"

Superlative in all things, my friend now thought it necessary to be supremely unlucky.

An acquaintance of Mrs. Grubly's and of mine soon after related to me the real version of the story.

"John, the hopes of the Grubly family, was any

thing but a promising youth ; his appearance ignoble, his manners *parvenu*, and his education, despite of its being the best possible, had done nothing towards making him a gentleman. Yet the heir of all the Grublys was to accomplish a great marriage, with nothing to recommend him but wealth ; his parents expecting him to bring them a bride at once noble, lovely, young, and amiable. All these qualities, with the exception of the first, Emily Foxton possessed ; and though not so splendidly descended as to exempt her from the condition of the late revered sovereign of these realms, who would have been excluded from the court of Dresden, because he could not prove his sixteen quarterings, her family was infinitely superior to any thing the Grubly's could boast. Mrs. Grubly stormed when her son confided to her his wishes—Mr. Grubly raved. Mr. John Grubly swore that nothing should interfere with him ; that Mrs. John Grubly Miss Emily Foxton should be, and that no one should prevent it. Meantime he had forgotten one trifling circumstance, namely, to obtain the consent of the young lady. When she heard she had been the cause of such commotion, she was very much surprised, and begged to know on what grounds Mr. John Grubly founded his pretensions to her hand ? His answer was a proposal of marriage ; which, under the impression that he was sure of her consent, he had postponed making, as the last and

least necessary part of the business. Miss Emily Foxton's simple and dignified rejection surprised her lover, and changed the tone of Mrs. Grubly's anger. What! refuse MY son? could she have the impudence to do it? The rejection seemed yet a greater crime than the acceptance could have been.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Miss Foxton immediately returned to her own family; and, I am happy to add, was soon afterwards extremely well married, in the best sense of that hackneyed term; whilst her rejected suitor, after proposing to every noble damsel under forty, has lately married his mother's housemaid.

THE DOVE OF ANACREON.

SAY, lovely Dove, with arrowy force,
Whence dost thou bend thy winged course ?
Whence over ether dost thou stray,
Distilling odours on thy way ?
Say who art thou ? what thine employ ?
“ Anacreon sent me to a boy,
The fair Bathyllus, he who reigns,
And holds all hearts in rosy chains.
Me for an ode, he sung so well,
Did Venus to the poet sell.
Hence o'er the trackless seas and lands
I execute his high commands ;
And now, as you behold, I bear
His letters through the fields of air :
And speedily, he vows to me,
His gratitude shall set me free.
But I, though freedom he might give,
His faithful slave would ever live,
Far happier with himself ; say, why
O'er plains and mountains should I fly,

And sit on trees and pluck such food
As nature scatters through the wood ?
Feasting on dainties now I stand
And seize them from Anacreon's hand ;
And oft by turns delighted sip
The cup that passes from his lip :
And then when wine has had its measure,
I wheel around in dance of pleasure ;
And oft in airy circles spread
My wings to shade my master's head.
And I, when sport at length may tire,
I sleep upon his far famed lyre.
Thus have I answer'd all you ask,
So leave me to fulfil my task ;
For thou in thy desire to hear
Hast made me talk too long I fear."

QUATRAINS,

SUGGESTED BY VISITING BROMLEY HILL, THE SEAT
OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD FARNBOROUGH*.

"All Elysium in a spot of ground."

DRYDEN.

WHILE here, entranced, we gaze around,
So exquisite the scene appears,
We almost might suppose the ground
Usurp'd from heavenly spheres.

But when we learn a mortal mind
Has plann'd these gardens, groves, and bowers,
And grace with elegance combined,
We own the enchantress' powers.

Hers was the magic spell which wrought
The miracles that here are seen,
These realms to such perfection brought,
And bade them hail her queen.

* The grounds at Bromley Hill were laid out entirely
under the direction of Lady Farnborough.

Obedient all at her command,
Tree, flower, and shrub, in order placed,
Speak of the lovely female hand
That wields the wand of taste.

They publish through these fairy lands
The fame of her whose skill has spread
And intertwined those viewless bands
Which Art to Nature wed :

For each with each so closely blends,
Amazed, we pause in mute suspense,
Doubting where Nature's kingdom ends,
Where Art's domains commence.

From far-off climes and foreign shores,
Subjects of Flora's sway appear ;
She lavishes her favourite stores
In rich profusion here.

But not alone is constant toil
Claim'd for the curious and the rare ;
The offspring of our native soil
Are nursed with equal care ;

And mingling their more modest hues
With those exotic strangers show,
Their rival odours they diffuse,
And purer scent bestow.

Where yonder temple's rural seat
 Woos the charm'd wanderer to repose,
With melody and music sweet,
 A spring unfailing flows :

Forth from its sparry basin gush
 The waters of that diamond source ;
Then o'er the verdant velvet rush
 To join the river's course.

The water-lily's dark green leaves
 Thy gently gliding waves adorn ;
While on thy breast its chalice heaves,
 Pellucid Ravensbourne !

And, scatter'd round thy margent green,
 In many a cool sequester'd spot,
With half closed azure eye, is seen
 The meek forget-me-not.

Beyond, 'mid flowers in fragrant ranks,
 Whose variegated tints unite
To decorate those turf-clad banks,
 With ores and shell-work bright,

Uprear'd, two rustic altars rise,
 (Sacred to nymphs who haunt the trees),
Offering in early sacrifice *
 Oblations of heartsease.

* Later in the summer other flowers are substituted for the heartsease.

Here honey-laden bees alight,
To rest awhile their weary wings,
Then recommence their homeward flight
With gentle murmurings.

Here coos the amorous turtledove,
His coy mate listening to the sound ;
Here nightingales chant hymns of love
To all the echoes round.

Here,—but to paint the charms we see
What mortal poet could suffice ?—
That bard indeed divine should be
Who sings of Paradise !

T. E. C.

SONNET.

FUTURITY.

'MID thousand thoughts of coming woes oppress'd,
Sleep stole upon me and Futurity !
I dreamt dark shadows round my pillow press'd,
And thou wert in that dim obscurity
A wild and shapeless form ; the troubled sky
Was cover'd with a thick impervious veil
That hid the story of my destiny.
Weeping I call'd on thee to tell the tale,
The dark veil fell : and, oh ! my best beloved,
I saw thee pass wrapt in the garb of death ;
Friend, brother, still the mournful shadows moved,
Pale, beautiful, crown'd with th' immortal wreath.
Shivering I waked. Oh, bliss, thy form to see
In *living* beauty gently bent o'er me.

M. A. Y.

MILTON
DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

WHAT pride is on that brow ! but not the pride
By lordly power or youth's wild hope supplied ;
For deep'ning clouds around his fate are roll'd,
And he is friendless now, and blind, and old.
Yet not his spirit quails before the power
Of this cold world, when comes his loftier hour ;
In holier vision, when his sight grows clear,
And heaven's own music fills his list'ning ear :—
Hark ! the full tide of inspiration rolls,
Thund'ring with mighty voice ; and o'er our souls
Comes awe, deep awe :

Before our tranced sight
Float glorious visions—angels cloth'd in light,
And demons dreadful in their guilt are there,
Fall'n and yet angels ; ever doomed to bear
The curse of God within them,—terrible forms
Scarr'd by the bolts, and darkly girt with storms.

And see, within that bow'r in silence laid,
Two human forms are slumbering in the shade,



MILTON

COMPOSING PARADISE LOST

London: Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, 1719.



The first, the fated pair—and o'er them beams
A hallowing light, for God is in their dreams.
A laugh, a horrid laugh ! Hell triumphs now,
And sin's dread mark is fixed on mortal brow,
And shame weighs down the heart—a low'ring gloom
Falls on the soul in that hush'd hour of doom.
Hark ! the loud trumpet !

But the trance is o'er—
And that deep voice is musical no more ;
Closed is his gorgeous vision, and again
His spirit seeks the haunts of earthly men.
His reverent daughters mark his changeful face,
And the last fading rays of glory trace
Left by his heavenward musings,—and once more
Milton is desolate, and blind, and poor.

THE DESERTED MOURNER.

"There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous sorrow."

LEE.

A CROWDED metropolis presents few scenes which touch the heart, or call into action either its sympathies or affections. Misfortunes which in the country need only to be seen to command our compassion and to open our purse strings, are passed unheeded by the busy throng. Whether this callousness to the calamities of our fellow creatures arises from the manner in which the mind of every one is constantly occupied, from the numerous impostors which assume the garb of wretchedness, or from these causes combined, it is not my intention to inquire ; but simply to relate a circumstance which made a deep impression on my feelings.

Coming one day from a public institution, I met a young mother returning from the funeral of her child,

attended only by an old woman, who seemed to have acted as the poor infant's nurse ; and preceded by an undertaker, carrying under his arm the cloth, for it could not be termed a pall, which had covered its remains. The humble appearance of the procession at once showed that it belonged to the lower orders ; but the most pompous funeral never excited so much of my interest. The assumed gravity of the man was equalled only by that of the old hag, who, having fulfilled one part of her functions, was now closing them. Both wore the semblance of official sorrow, but the veil was too thin to hide the heartless apathy within : they plainly evinced that they were merely performing a part in a tragedy for which they were to be paid, and they were only anxious that their deportment should be sufficiently decorous to deserve the wages of their services. But what a contrast did this form to the bereaved mother ! She was not more than twenty, and though not beautiful, her face was unusually pleasing. It was manifest, from her being unattended by any of her own kindred or friends, that she had borne

——“ unhusbanded a mother's name ;”

and a consciousness of her situation was no less marked on her expressive countenance than grief for the loss of her child. It is true that the poor babe was the inheritor of nothing save the stain of illegiti-

macy, and the cruel stings of poverty, and its death could be a subject of regret to none but its mother. To her, however, blasted in character, and deserted alike by her seducer and her family, her child was the sole link which bound her to the world; and being deprived of him, she looked as if her only wish was to seek the same refuge from its scorn and contempt. Pale, emaciated, and heartbroken, her sorrows vented themselves not in words or tears; and the most common observer could not fail to be struck with the placidity of her woe. Hers was not

——— “the loud, obstreperous grief,
That rudely clamours for relief;
’Twas not the querulous lament
In which impatience seeks a vent;”

But,

“The bursting heart, the imploring eye
To heaven uprais’d in agony.”

It was obvious that she felt that no earthly hope, no human consolation was left her; that for her there was no fond husband to share, no friend to mitigate, her grief. Nor had she a mother, sister, or brother, who would visit her in this her hour of misery and degradation. Who can describe, even under the most favourable circumstances, the desolation of a mother’s heart when weeping over the corpse of her child? The caresses, and the earnest but vain kindness of the partner of her cares—he, alas! wanting

the consolation which he tries to impart,—are alike unheeded. One object alone occupies her thoughts, and it is not until time has had its wonted effect that she feels she has other claims upon her affections. Then it is that the value of a husband's love, his anxiety to alleviate her distress, and his efforts to fill her mind with new objects are appreciated and become efficacious. The acuteness of her woe gradually subsides; and, if she does not become reconciled to her loss, she is at least capable of fulfilling her duties, and eventually recovers her cheerfulness. But contrast her situation with that of the wretched victim to a villain's wiles, whose appearance on the day of her child's burial I have been trying to describe. Her woe was unshared: her grief was unalleviated: her desolation was uncared for. Despised by her own sex, since

“All other woes a tear may claim
Except an erring sister's shame,”

she will be only noticed by the other from the most despicable motives. When she may become sufficiently recovered in mind and body to be sensible of kindness, there is no one to bestow it: a change of scene might improve her spirits and her health, but who is there to assist, or who to sympathize with a deserted and degraded woman? Her reflections, when she can think of aught excepting of the object from which she has been for ever separated, will only

add to her wretchedness, for they must remind her of her dishonour ; that she is a mark for the scorner and a prey for the profligate ; and that her bread can only be earned by the wages of infamy. If compassion be extended to her, she will nevertheless be deemed to carry about her a moral contagion, from which it is the duty of the pure to keep aloof. The commonest act of humanity will be to her an important favour ; her future life must be one of endurance and privation, if not of sin ; and though repentance, deep and sincere repentance, may obtain for her the forgiveness of her God, she can never hope for that of her less merciful, though scarcely less sinful, fellow creatures.

Such is the penalty which erring woman pays, and for the interests of morality, wisely pays for an aberration from virtue ; but if the prompter and partner of the crime which destroyed the happiness of the wretched being in question had seen her on the occasion to which I have alluded, he must have possessed a heart of adamant, and a mind capable of any atrocity, if he had not felt shame, sorrow, and repentance for the “ ruin he had wrought.”

H.

SONNET ON EMIGRATION.

QUICK, swarming England ! do not seek to coop
Thy rising myriads in one narrow hive,
Where their young vigour hath not space to thrive ;
But for their flight thy portals freely ope.
The task of Adam's sons is not complete :
Earth is not yet replenished and subdued.
East, west, north, south, send then thy multitude,
Till every climate hath its numbers meet ;
Exert thy magic arts, thy time-taught skill
To till the lands ; the sultry south compel
To let thy sons uninjured with her dwell ;
Nor suffer more the frozen north to kill.
To plant the wastes of earth with Adam's seed
Than thine I know not of a hardier breed.

F. G.

THE MINSTREL GREY.

“ OH, list to my lay,” said a minstrel grey,
As he paused at a baron’s proud hall ;
The lord said nay, the lady said ay,
But fair Emmeline spoke not at all.
Then a strain he sung till the castle walls rung,
For his harp had wondrous power ;
And sweet was his tale as the summer eve gale
When it kisses the sleeping flower.

Red blood like wine flowed in Palestine
The holy cross to rear ;
But the feat is done, and the field is won,
And the pilgrim has nought to fear !
And the crescent lies low, and the Soldan foe
Long, long o’er his loss shall wail ;
For the Lion-heart played a gallant part,
When the lilies of France grew pale.

In that fair land, on King Richard’s right hand,
Fought one for his lady love ;
By a father’s pride to his suit denied,
But vows are recorded above.

Fair Emmeline listen'd until her eye glisten'd
With trembling, yet sweet surprise,
For the minstrel she knew was her Leoline true,
Though shrouded in dim disguise.

Ere the pale moonbeam rose o'er the stream,
She stole from a postern tower;
Where the minstrel grey, clad in knight's array,
Long had told the lonely hour.
Now beneath the dark sky, o'er the heath they fly,
And, ere smiled the morning ray,
A bride was press'd to Sir Leoline's breast,
No longer a minstrel grey.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

'Tis fervid noon, but there is coolness here,
Where red-stemm'd fir trees cluster thickly round,
A pillar'd shade, the wind with sea-like sound
Sweeping their spiry summits never sere :
Freshening their roots, a rivulet most clear
Meanders on, through moss of vivid green,
While, bending o'er its tiny waves, are seen
Harebells of heaven's own tint ; and scatter'd near,
Tall tufts of fern nod slowly to the breeze,
Like plumes on beauty's jewell'd head that swing :
No sound is heard but of the murmuring trees,
And of the brook, that quietly doth sing
Its changeless tune :—here, Solitude, to thee
Mother of Meditation, let an altar be !

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

THE question as to the propriety of suffering young persons to enter into long engagements, and the doubt whether, if the lovers eventually marry, their lives will be equally happy with those whose affections have not been subjected to so severe a probation, still remains doubtful even to those who ought to be the most competent to decide—parents and guardians.

There are certainly many instances where these trials have ended satisfactorily; but there are also numerous cases in which, when circumstances have permitted the parties to marry, the fulfilment of the engagement has been produced much more by the man's sense of honour, so that she, who consecrated the summer of her charms to him alone, should not be deserted in her autumn, than from the ardency of that pure and disinterested passion which gave birth to his attachment. Whoever has a child of an age to marry, ought to be wise enough to know, that

the effect which a train of outward circumstances has on the formation of the character, is of more importance than the events themselves are. To have a girl forsaken, or unwillingly received, after she has devoted the brightest portion of her days to a faithless or a fickle-minded man, undoubtedly is trying; yet it is in the power of the woman, who possesses a sound judgment and a well regulated mind, so to act and think that she may be prepared for any change. Though the heroine of the following tale was not subjected to the bitterest of all human sufferings, that of witnessing

“——— changed affection’s
Cold averted eye,”

still, as she calculated upon the possibility of finding her hopes blasted, the mental discipline which she voluntarily underwent would, it is almost certain, have enabled her to bear her fate in a manner as honourable to herself as consoling to her parents; and deserves commemoration, as an example.

Several years ago, during a visit which I paid to a friend in the south-west of England, I became acquainted with a village called the Hatch. My Mary was then fifteen. In spite of my care she was growing thin and pale. I was a jest among my friends for my passion for making her robustly healthy, incited thereto by regard for public good as well as

maternal fondness ; being desirous of proving that an only child, and she too the daughter of a widow, is not necessarily doomed to be sickly and feeble.

The situation of the Hatch, which is such that it cannot be easily got at in a carriage, did not frighten me. The freshness and purity of the air of the high downs, which stretch out for miles just above it, made me ample compensation for this disadvantage. Over the breezy top of these bare hills I resolved to let Mary scamper on her pony every day, in defiance of wind and of weather ; unless the first were such as to blow her off her horse, or the latter to half drown her.

On very windy days we were compelled to relinquish the soft carpet, and the wide views of the downs for the road which wound round their bases. A good sized, well built house, at a little distance from this road attracted our attention, or rather, I should say, that the profusion of gay flowers which grew about it did so. The contrast which this decorated spot offered to the close turf of the downs, and the rough graces of our present residence, caused it to make the greater impression upon Mary. She took so much delight in looking at the mass of brilliant hues collected in this garden, that I think she sometimes proposed our taking this road only for the sake of seeing them.

Once or twice we saw the children of the family

amusing themselves in this garden, but more frequently heard their merry tongues, and caught glimpses of their agile forms in the back grounds, flitting across the doorway which was opposite to that in the front of the house. Independently of all personal considerations the sight of a happy and a healthy family is delightful; and private interest also had some little share in exciting the attention which, at that time, I always bestowed upon it. The most curious florist could hardly have been so anxious to inquire by what "mixture of earth's mould" the flowers of this garden had been made so vivid and luxuriant, as I was to ascertain by what management the firmness of muscle, smoothness, clearness, and freshness of skin, which indicate permanent health, were maintained or procured, whenever I observed them. The animated blossoms which I saw about this house exhibited, in a remarkable degree, the sprightliness, elasticity, and strength, which denote a well organized body in good condition. I was, therefore, disposed to form an acquaintance with the owners of the place, and this was easily done by means of the friends through whom I became a temporary inhabitant of that part of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Long, the possessors of these bright flowers and blooming children, no sooner heard who the two ladies were whom they had observed "to stay their steeds" for the purpose of gazing on their bril-

liant borders, were, and at what place they might be found, than, with true country hospitality, they came to the Hatch, to offer us every attention in their power.

As I was most happy to procure for my dear girl a frequent participation of the gaiety enjoyed by the younger members of the house, and grateful for the innumerable kindnesses which we received from the elders, we soon became familiar with the inhabitants of Low-Leet, as Mr. Long called his comfortable mansion. Mary and I were never better pleased than when our visits were spent in the garden: there she amused herself with the young group, while I paced up and down in grave discussion with the seniors.

One sultry evening we called there about sunset, and were ushered into the grounds at the back of the house. This was the spot more particularly appropriated to the children's sports, and the care of its flowers was committed to them chiefly. A belt of shrubs divided it from the fruit and kitchen gardens. In the centre of this belt was a reservoir, erected after a model of Mr. Long's own devising, who amused the ample leisure of his retirement by several similar contrivances. On this evening they had cooled the very air by their liberal distribution of its contents, and were bringing their sportive labour to a close when another visitor introduced himself, unannounced, into the gar-

den. Laura stepped forward, and as she raised her eyes she perceived the person who had joined the party. She did not recollect having seen him before, but so much cordiality and affection were mingled with the pleasure with which he was looking at the domestic scene, that she felt instantly persuaded that he was entitled to be there. The stranger came forward the moment he was perceived, and Laura, renouncing her intention to run off in the contrary direction to call her mother, composed herself as quickly as she could, and went to meet him. He accounted for his intrusion by saying, he had heard that he should find his uncle and aunt, with their family, in the garden. Throwing off instantly her timidity, and holding out her hand, while she cast back her head to catch a full view of his countenance, "O, I was sure that I *ought* to know you!" said Laura, "papa and mamma will be both of them so glad! How came I not to guess it was you, cousin Lawrence? but we did not know that you were landed yet."

"Those who were older than you were when I left England, might well be excused for not immediately knowing me again," answered he; "and if I had met you any where but here, I should not have known that I was privileged to greet you as my cousin—my cousin Laura, is it not? Yet I can hardly believe it." He examined her earnestly as he spoke, endea-

vouring to make out in the animated girl before him, the chubby child whom he remembered as his eldest cousin. Laura had now attained the height of a woman of the middle size. Her form was admirably constructed, and the glow of her complexion and the radiance of her eyes were calculated to do any thing rather than suggest the idea of a "pale, unripened beauty of the north," to the late sojourner among the black charmers of the burning east. Lawrence looked on her with a wondering delight which did not escape my observation. This first impression was followed by effects which are far from always succeeding such beginnings. The cousins fell in love after the good old way, that is, provided the old way were the good one; at any rate they did so in the best way, the gentleman's lively, fervent admiration exciting the fair lady's gratitude. The parents did not think of the thing till it was done; and then they, the father especially, took it patiently. But Lawrence was obliged to return to India, and they would not consent to an immediate marriage on account of Laura's extreme youth, and her lover's unsettled condition. The young people were, however, permitted to pledge their faith to one another; and were to marry as soon after Laura had completed her seventeenth year as circumstances would permit. The effects of this engagement upon Laura are worth noting. She was at this time not more than fifteen.

While Lawrence was with her she continued to enjoy herself as she had done, without pausing to reflect on her new emotions or their cause, or appearing to advert to the time, so near at hand, when he must leave her; and was still, in short, a happy, thoughtless child; but a striking change appeared when he was gone. To herself it seemed as if a length of years had passed over her since the evening when her cousin surprised her in the grounds; while, to her neighbours, the change in her appeared so sudden, that it looked as if she had been struck by a fairy's wand. Her brother and sisters were her playfellows no longer; an immeasurable space seemed now to divide her thoughts and counsels from those of Emily, the girl next her in age. All things around her lost, in a great measure, their interest. Laura, indeed, lived only for the absent; and as Lawrence frequently besought her in his letters to guard well the treasure of beauty and health which he had left behind him, she desired to keep her beauty uninjured. But Laura seemed not only desirous to preserve herself for her lover, but to do so, so sacredly for him alone, that she begrudged a sight of her good looks to all but their right owner; resembling the image used by Solomon, "a fountain sealed up is my sister, my spouse."

Two years passed on, and Lawrence did not return; nor could he even yet fix a term for returning. Laura's nicely hoarded beauty was still unimpaired,

even in her own jealously scrutinizing eyes. But would it be possible much longer to preserve it? Laura much feared that it would not. Her attachment to Lawrence had sensibly increased by her entire self-dedication to him; she felt it impossible to detach herself from him now; but, after being the object of his ardent love, to be only endured as a person he was bound to, was too insupportable a misery to be thought of. What was to be done? She must release her cousin. With the utmost sincerity she told him of her fears, and artlessly betrayed to him her devotion and her fondness, whilst she earnestly conjured him rather to give her up, than reluctantly to fulfil his engagement at the time of his return, if, when that came, he should find her appearance changed so as to disappoint him. The depth of her feelings made her letter grave, convincing, and pathetic: Lawrence was considerably affected by it, and perceived that she was in earnest. It gave him some trouble to fashion his reply; but the next packet brought to her this answer:—

“Would to Heaven, my sweet girl, I could see you, were it only for one hour, if indeed, there is danger of your changing. To think that I may never see you more, such as you were at that memorable time when you taught me how beautiful your sex can be, is, I confess it, very painful to me. I wish I could convey to you the whole of my feelings

and my thoughts, as I read every line of your letter, but I am afraid that is not possible ; and if I write some of them, without the rest, I shall do myself injustice. Interpret my words then kindly, dearest Laura ; believe it, I am obliged to omit the assurances of much more admiration and delight than I express. Do not then be hurt, my own dear girl, when I confess how much I am, or rather *was*, shocked at the idea of the change which may take place in your appearance before I shall see you again, when it was first distinctly brought before me. I cannot but cling to the image of my dazzling love, my blooming healthful Hebe. Has that bright vision vanished from the earth ? You speak of changing—and I see you changed—unquestionably you *are* so. Such a letter as that which you have written to me could not have been penned by that ‘only just no longer child,’ who ravished my eyes at my entrance to my uncle’s. It is in vain to regret it. I would leave off fooling, and answer your letter, as it should be answered, rationally, truly. I say then, that I will not give you back your faith, unless my uncle formally requires me to do so solely for your advantage ; and then I should most reluctantly release you ; though I have learned from you to be aware that she who will hereafter honour me with her hand will not, in exterior attractions, be the same girl who pledged hers to me two long

summers since. But why do I say in exterior qualities, you will, dear Laura, be more changed within ; and, start not when I add, so I would have it. You were perfect altogether, for your age, when last we met and parted :—would time stand still, or run a backward course, in *nothing*, 'sweetest, could I wish you altered ; but girlish manners, with a woman's face, were always my aversion. Never shall I thank you sufficiently, dear girl, for your care to preserve your precious charms for me unaltered. If fate had permitted me to call you mine, at the instant when first I desired it, I should have been less your debtor. Your loveliness would then, in some degree, have shone for the indifferent and the stranger, as well as blessed him who was its lawful lord. Without denying then, that your young beauty was of sovereign weight in making me so urgent with my uncle to bestow you on me, I assure you, on my honour, that knowing you now as I do, if at this instant we were disengaged, I would, with delight, renew the contract ; and feel confident that, should I be compelled to delay the fulfilment of my wishes for yet many years, my cousin Laura, such as she then will be, will do more than merely not offend my taste—she will be still the object of my choice, supposing me at liberty to choose. Besides being an elegant, superior, noble-minded woman, she will also be one who has taught herself to think so

much of me, to study my honour, my interest, my taste, and to conform herself to it, will be enough to make me desire her for the partner of my future life, in preference, even, to such another glowing Hebe as herself, if such another could be found, when I first saw her in her pride of youth. In this declaration I have studiously refrained from carrying my professions to the height to which, without exaggeration, I could let them run. Let me beseech you then, my only love, to dismiss for ever all your fears and scruples, and look on yourself still as my own property. Death only can part us, unless by *your* desire. *I never will release you.*"

This letter entirely settled Laura's mind as to her future prospects, if it did not wholly remove her regret at the thoughts that her rich beauty must in great part run to waste, unseen even by him for whose sake she had refused to permit the elements themselves to view her face unveiled. It gave, also, a higher direction to her cares. Without neglecting either her personal appearance or her health, she so altered her plan as to make it the most favourable which she could devise, for the acquisition of that elegance which her cousin attributed to, or anticipated for, her.

With this view she dismissed some part of her reserve, recourted the company of her neighbours; and made society a school for the study, for the

acquisition, and for the rehearsal or practice of the graces of polished life ; though not a theatre in which she might exhibit them, with a view to excite present favour or applause.

In the midst of those who were actively vying for each other's admiration, Laura was still engrossed with the thoughts of the absent and the distant. This preoccupation gave to her attentions and courtesies an air which prevented their so sensibly flattering any one's self-love, as to make her success sufficiently eminent to endanger the stability of her devotion to her cousin. She was allowed to be an elegant woman, but reprobated as a cold one ; too little alive to pleasure to be pleasing, too rarely amused to be herself amusing.

Meanwhile her correspondence with her cousin did not slacken. His letters showed no diminution in his estimation of her worth, no shade of a desire to retract his engagement ; but by degrees they grew graver. He wrote to her as to one inseparably mixed up in his concerns, to whom nothing which befell him was indifferent ; but they were more the letters of a trusted and trustworthy friend than of a passionate lover. Subjects of importance were sometimes discussed in them, in a way in which they might have been with a friendly relation of his own sex. To answer him adequately was a serious task ; and in the same graduated manner in which the tone of his

correspondence was changed, Laura grew conscious that, in order to keep pace with what the lapse of time caused her betrothed to expect from her, it would no longer be enough that she should substitute the well bred lady for the blooming girl, she must also attend to the cultivation of her mind, and add information to her polished manners. Earnestly she endeavoured to meet this new demand ; unsupported for a time by any other proof that she had laboured with success, except the increasing solidity of her cousin's letters. As he did not seem to think it requisite to apologize for addressing her on any topic which might interest him, she was at liberty to infer, if she pleased, that he looked on her as capable of entering, without effort, into all he said. Laura was thus led to cultivate a pretty extensive portion of the field of knowledge ; and the habits of mind which thus induced made it easy and pleasant to pursue the work, when no such stimulus led to it. She began to relish mental occupation for the mere sake of the wide views which it opened to her ; and thus, while she was engrossed with the thought of making herself worthy of the continued attachment of her lover, laid the foundation of a character of great value to herself, let its effects be what they might on him.

Again Lawrence's letters underwent a change. They had latterly betrayed no small ambition, and some wish for wealth, so expressed, however, as to

show that the idea of his cousin was intimately blended with the whole of his desires ; but now their whole tone was languid. He had succeeded moderately well in attaining riches and station. It was well ; for his health no longer allowed him to continue their pursuit with ardour enough to promise him success : and he announced that he had resolved so to wind up his affairs as to allow him to return to his country and his friends as quickly as he was able ; but he grieved, he said, to perceive that considerable time must yet elapse before he could behold them. Laura received from him two or three packets after that in which he declared this intention. They were none of them wanting in kindness to herself ; but she was shocked to perceive in every line of each that manner which proves that the writer is too sick to rejoice at any thing truly : and alarm for his health superseded in her mind all other considerations. No care to ascertain the nature or degree of the love which he retained for her ; no anxiety to prepare him for the state of her own beauty appeared in her answers. They were like those of an affectionate and faithful wife, who looked for the return of a sick husband ; and Lawrence himself seemed principally to regard his return as a restoration to a home where he might rest among kind friends, and be recruited.

At length he arrived ; eight years having elapsed since the time of his former visit. The season of this

second arrival was also midsummer, and the hour was afternoon. Laura was watching for him at the window, for at this time his speed was not such as to outrun the post, and she had had warning of his coming. She flew down the house steps the moment the carriage stopped to meet him,—not as she would or could have met a lover. She hastened to receive a sick relation and tried friend, full of anxiety to ascertain his state, and of pity for his sufferings. Laura had made no toilette for the occasion; she was but dressed as usual at that time of day. Since she had been more intent on cultivating her manners and her mind than on preserving her charms, she permitted her attire without much thought on her part to follow with temperance such variations of the mode as suited her age and her station. At this moment her fine hair was very well arranged, the contour of her arms was displayed through thin white sleeves, and her beautiful throat was uncovered. Contrary to her custom, she rushed out of the hall without either shawl or bonnet; and with looks in which pitying tenderness combined with, and were stronger still than joy, while self was entirely forgotten, presented herself again before the eyes of her faint, wearied cousin; holding out, with the most frank and unembarrassed affection, one of her arms for his support, while her father, on the other side, offered his assistance. She was not at leisure to

feel bashful. Lawrence's sickly face was suffused with a pale red the moment he beheld her ; and his first words were an ejaculation of surprise. This feeling was evidently mixed with other and stronger emotions, which, in the weakened condition of his frame, all his manhood was required to enable him to bear without signs of agitation. He did muster strength, however, to go through the first meeting with his betrothed and her friends with a decent external composure. It was not till the next day that he spoke of what he felt ; and then it was Laura's turn to be surprised, and delighted, for Lawrence then told her that the astonishment and admiration with which at his arrival he beheld the angel of elegance and beauty, who, after such a lapse of years, came to the carriage side to welcome him, was painfully mixed with regret, almost amounting to shame, at the thoughts of his own altered and shattered condition. He owned that for some years past he had left off thinking of his cousin's person. People in the east are so accustomed to look on those past girlhood as old women, that he had been infected by the notion. He still thought himself happy in having attached to himself for life a person of her solid excellence ; happier, perhaps, than he had deserved to be, since he had selected her chiefly in the first place for her beauty ; but he no longer reckoned on her charms : and he found her still wonderfully

lovely. "Forgive me, dear cousin," he continued, "if I add that I could almost wish that I had found you only half as handsome as you are. Laura at this smiled sweetly, and blushed more than she had done since his arrival: but when he went on in a tone which showed that he was really under the influence of a depressing fear as to the effects of his own appearance upon her, to say "I should feel less unworthy of you." She sympathized with his pain, and applied herself to remove it, by becoming more lavish of her tender cares, more intent on proving her entire devotion to him.

Lawrence soon grew better; and with his health his ambition was restored, but no part of his value for his cousin was abated. He might, perhaps, have been ambitious under any circumstances; but he was himself persuaded of the truth of what he said to his fair cousin, when he declared that it was chiefly for her sake that he was desirous now of attaining to a higher station.

"This is very differently," he added, "to the way in which I should have been affected if I had succeeded in gaining you at the time when you were to me only the bright nymph of the fountain. To have placed you in some garden more lovely than your own would then have contented my fondness. I loved you at that time extraordinarily well; but then I only loved you, and now I also glory in you, Laura. I have

lived too long in the 'gorgeous east' myself, not to have had my fancy weaned from the visions of imperial splendour, which were formerly united with its name; but if I still entertained the most luxuriant ideas which have ever been conceived of its magnificence by romancers, I should say that it could never be more worthily bestowed than upon you. Proud shall I be to produce you there. Are you willing to venture with me? Your fine constitution would endure the climate; and a few years now would advance me rapidly. My health is quite restored, and I am thoroughly seasoned too. Shall we try it?"

Laura yielded to what she saw was his desire, and sailed with him for India a few weeks after their marriage, and still resides there, one of the most honoured, as well as best loved, of wives.

F. G.

TO EUPHEMIA.

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITE.

THINE eye is not a starry light
Chasing the gloom of sorrow's night,
Thy brow no snow discloses ;
No marble lends its hue to deck
The dazzling whiteness of thy neck,
Nor are thy lips twin roses.

Thy form is not some poet's dream,
Shadow'd at eve by crystal stream
By his fantastic fancies :
Maids who are form'd of dreams and flow'rs
Ne'er walk in this cold world of ours,
But glitter in romances.

But thou to me art dearer far
Than rose, or dream, or brightest star
Through heaven's clear azure stealing ;
For, dearest ! in that heart of thine
Three gentle powers have fixed their shrine,
Love, Purity, and Feeling.

THE BED.

BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R. A.

PEACE to his bones, the first who spread
The swelling, soft, luxurious bed,
For man's indulgence given !
Still as I stretch each weary limb,
I cast a grateful thought on him,
And wish him rest in heaven.

Refuge of sickness, toil, and woe !
Sweet home of half our lives below !
Where still our welcome's warm :
Soft, downy dock, where sense repairs
The damage done by daily cares,
To brave again the storm !

Whether with costly curtains closed,
Of feathers or of flocks composed,
In camp, field, tent, or truckle,
The lucky bard that's shelter'd snug,
In his own nest, beneath his rug,
May bless his stars and chuckle.

Nay, monarchs, in their nightcaps, own
The bed's much easier than the throne
They're doom'd to sit and sigh on :
And well may all the world agree,
That poorest of the poor is he
Who has no bed to lie on.

When sick of follies that confound us,
And deafen'd by the din around us,
We seek a pause from care,
What comfort then, in bed reclined,
To ease the languid frame, and find
A short oblivion there !

To lose awhile the sense of pain,
To calm the fever of the brain,
That in life's waking hour
Is troubled by those darker dreams,
In which disturb'd ambition seems
To grasp at wealth and power.

And when rough winter, in his reign,
Comes rattling loud at every pane,
And whistling through each door,
How sweet, half dozing as you lie,
To hear the uproar of the sky,
In slumber's cot secure.

Yet then will anxious thoughts molest,
And pity throb in every breast,
 With generous feelings warm ;
To think what hapless wretches roam,
Without a shelter or a home,
 And bide the pelting storm.

Then, too, if haply on the wave,
Some much loved friend, disaster'd, brave
 The perils of the hour,
How sinks the heart at every blast !
While shuddering fancy views aghast,
 The angry ocean's power.

Yet he's a ninny who supposes
That every bed's a bed of roses,
 For idle's the conjecture :
The bachelor's from bliss debarr'd ;
And he finds Hymen's rather hard,
 Who hears a curtain-lecture.

To rest, in vain Suspicion tries ;
The lover cannot close his eyes,
 Whom some proud beauty scorns :
Guilt finds remorse upon his couch ;
The slave will e'en in slumber crouch ;
 And tyrants sleep on thorns.

The poet, too, who goes to bed,
With half a stanza in his head,
 Finds rhyming not *composing* ;
The muse still labours as he lies,
And if he sleeps, reviewers rise
 To damn him as he's dozing.

Yet still th' unhappy in their beds
Find aching hearts and aching heads,
 In some degree, relieved there.
E'en culprits, cast for death by law,
Will slumber on their beds of straw,
 And dream they are reprieved there.

Yet though we much distinction make
'Tween life asleep and life awake,
 The difference is ideal ;
No matter which it is we act in,
The world of fancy or of fact in,
 Our feelings still are real.

And as to which has most delight,
The being of the day or night,
 Were I required to say,
I'd choose our visionary life,
Compared to that dull world of strife,
 In which we dream by day.

For though the phantoms of the night
Disturb us, they're soon put to flight,

When morning's beam awakes us :
But care, the *nightmare* of our days,
Can far more horrid visions raise,
That last till death o'ertakes us.

Best luxury of the rich and poor !—

His bed the wise will first secure,

Where'er his lot may lie.

The last thing we resign on earth,

Should be the bed where we had birth,

And where we hope to die.

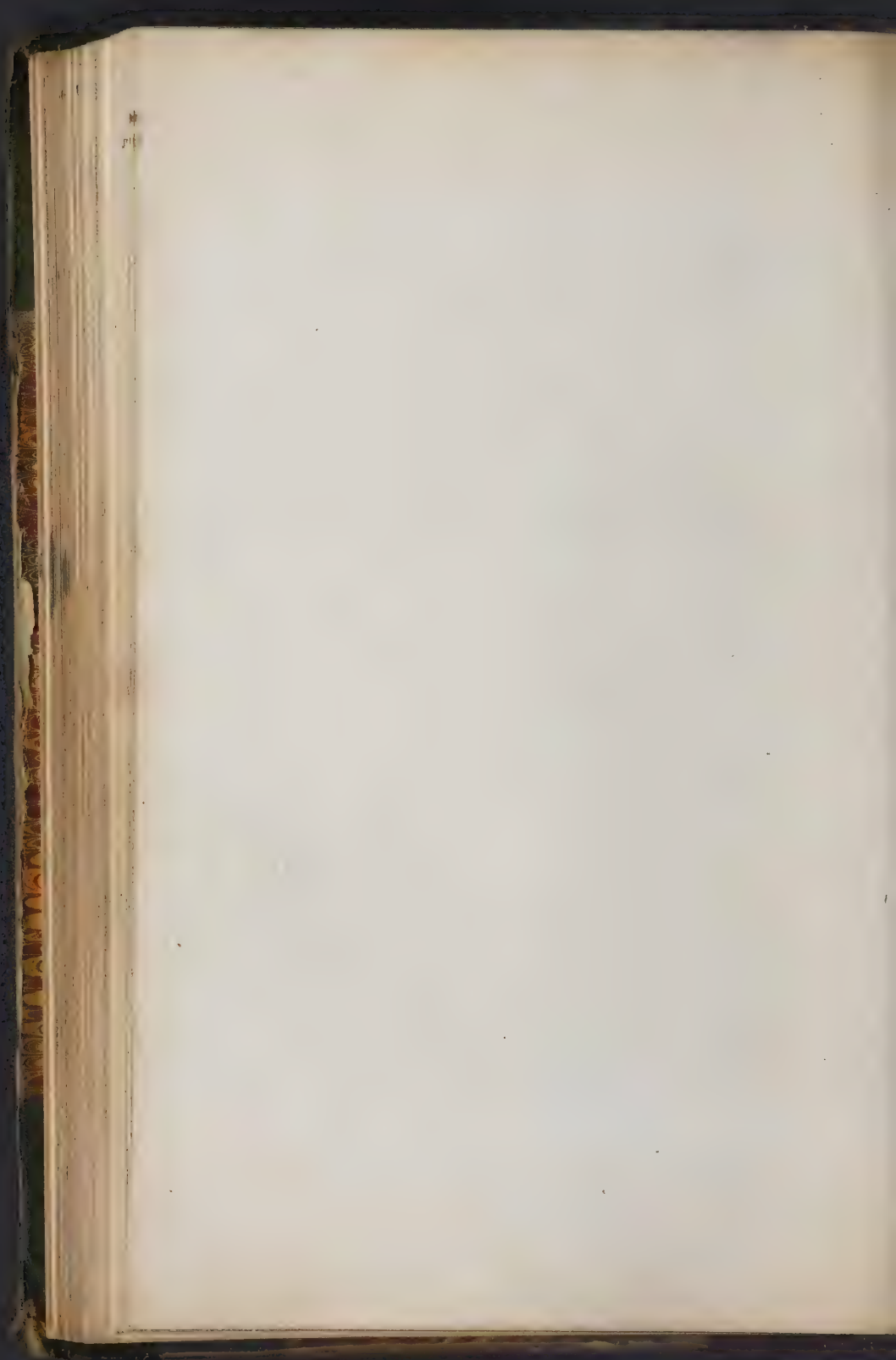
THE BLUE BELL.

“ I WOULD not be a floweret hung
On high in mountain snows ;
Nor o'er a castle wall be flung
All stately though it rose :
I'd breathe no sighs
For cloudless skies,
Nor perfumed eastern gale,
So I might be
A blue-bell free,
In some low verdant vale.

“ For there the swains and maidens meet,
With summer sport and song,
And fairies lead with unseen feet
Their moonlight dance along :
Each tiny lip
Would gladly sip
The dew my cup enshrined,
And next morn's bee
Would drink from me
The sweets they left behind.



THE LITTLE DOLL.



“ The laurel hath a loftier name,
The rose a brighter hue,
But Heaven and I’d be clad the same
In fair and fadeless blue :
No blood-stain’d chief
Ere plucks this leaf,
To make his wreath more gay ;
Though still its flower
Decks village bower,
And twines the shafts of May.”

Sweet Florence ! may thy gentle breast
As artless pleasures swell,
As those thou deemest still to rest
In thy beloved blue-bell !
And may’st thou feel,
Though time shall steal
Thy beauty’s freshest hue,
A bliss still shed
Around thy head,—
Unchanged like Heaven’s own blue!

R. T.

SONNET TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN the deep mazes of our ancient wood,
When through the illumin'd foliage of the trees
The setting sun burns golden, and the breeze
Sighs like a spirit ; in that solitude,
Thine is a pleasure, little understood
By those whom Fashion's livery can please ;
By those whom Avarice and Ambition seize,
Or Sensual Joy with her unhallowed brood :
O, not for them the green entangled bowers
Boon Nature weaves, her still retreats among !
O, not for them her fragrance and her flowers,
As move the various-vestur'd Months along !
Not for the blind her splendours Painting pours,
Nor Music, for the deaf, her Tuscan song.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S REFLECTIONS.

THE hour is come, the gentle hour of rest,
When soars the mind all earthly cares above,
And holier feelings fill the thoughtful breast
Sacred to peace, to piety, and love.

How soft, how beautiful the eye of Heav'n
Sheds its pure rays of unobtrusive light,
Now darkness from our northern skies is driv'n,
And twilight clears the sombre brow of night.

Though sweet the timid blush of new born day,
Like dawning love ashamed of his own fire,
Though bright the glorious sun's meridian ray,
Like the gay hope love's glowing noons inspire ;

The sweetest morn oft smiles but to deceive,
The brightest sun cheers only to destroy,
So love's fair dawn doth tears and sorrow leave,
And wither'd peace succeeds hope's dazzling joy.

But is there not a twilight of the mind,
Some mild consoling ray that lingers there ;
A gleam which passion's sunshine leaves behind,
To save the darken'd bosom from despair ?

Yes—such the tender light which reason flings
O'er disappointment's darkest, deadliest hour ;
Such comfort “heavenly contemplation” brings
To that firm heart which owns Religion's power.

E. B.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

SWEET flowers, Spring flowers, from valley and grove,
All pluck'd at the freshest of day :

Spring flowers are the language of friendship and love,
And speak what the tongue cannot say :

The blush on the rose

Will affection disclose,

Which words are too weak to display ;

And the violet's deep blue

Tells of constancy true,

Though the lover or friend be away.

Then buy my sweet flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in
dew,

Of the Spring-time the soonest and rarest ;

Youths and maidens, remember, they're emblems of
you,

Your first bloom of life is the fairest !

I have flowers for the sports and the garlands of May,

Or around your green arbours to weave ;

There are some for the pensive, and some for the gay,

And sweets for the morning or eve :

Here's the honey-bee's bower,

Here's the butterfly's flower,

And the sun's faithful love you perceive ;
At noon's merry time
They are just in their prime,
But by night shall these sweets take their leave !
Then buy my Spring flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in
dew,
Make your choice whilst they're brightest and
halest ;
Youths and maidens, remember, they're emblems of
you,
Your first bloom of life is the frailest !

I have brought them from garden, and forest, and
down,
From the glen, and the green mountain's head ;
Here are buds to entwine in the bride's wedding-crown,
And flowrets to strew o'er the dead :
Here are cypress and yew,
The willow and rue,
For the maiden whose lover hath fled ;
But affection long known
Is by lavender shown,
Smelling sweet when it's blossoms are shed !
Then buy my Spring flowers, fresh flowers wash'd in
dew,
And clusters of hare-bells and heather,
Youths and maidens who love, they are emblems of
you,
'Twined to bloom and be blighted together !

RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD.

OXFORD ! among thy classic bow'rs I stray'd,
'Neath cloisters cool and high o'er-arching shade
Of graceful elms that crown thy stately walks,
Where learning meditates or calmly talks,
Unmindful of the world's distracting noise—
Where, free from care, the mind no counterpoise
To reckless passion needs, but life glides smooth
As time's unruffled wing. Oh ! it did soothe
My anxious spirit to behold thy towers
Time-hallow'd (over which oblivion lowers
With shadowy shroud, veiling their distant date
In antique legends) and to contemplate
Those cells where one might hold book-converse sweet
Within some green quadrangle's hush'd retreat ;
Or, thoughtful, through thy turf-spread gardens roam,
Thy meads my country, and thy walls my home !—

Ah ! here, thought I, the wounded bosom needs
No medicine beyond what quiet breeds
From studious thoughts or lonely reveries,
Where fancy as within a mirror, sees

The lofty spirits of the good and wise,
The labours of whose lives at length we prize,
In meditating on those valued tomes
Rang'd in dim glory beneath splendid domes—
Vast pyramids of learning!—mental catacombs!

In those Elysian realms of human lore,
Where science dreams, and learning loves to pore
Upon th' unconscious page with power fraught
To wake the curious, lull the painful thought,
Once did I roam, and sigh'd to think how blest
The tranquil dozers in that place of rest ;
Envyng their drowsy life, to which the hum
Of busy circumstance doth faintly come
Laden with hushing slumber, as in nooks,
Unvisited by care and stor'd with books,
They watch'd the lazy sentinels of time ;
The dial's face a friend's, and the clock's chime,
Their counsellor o' th' hour!—

“ So could I live,”

Methought, “ a labourer in learning's hive,
Passing my days as tranquilly as those
Who bid the world ‘ leave us to our repose.’
So might I learn the wisdom of content
In studious labour, and pursue the bent
Of my mind's longings, wedded to my books,
And gleaning smiles from their unalter'd looks ;

Find friends in the Philosophies, and learn
Truth from the Sciences, dwelling in turn
On sounds of patriots' voice or poets' lyre,
Nor to pursuits ambitious e'er aspire."

Sweet were those dreams, and happy now I feel,
When from realities an hour I steal
To live that brief day over once again
In retrospective fancy ; while in vain
I seek an outlet from the giddy maze
Of what is call'd " life's bus'ness," but to gaze
With hopeless longing on those meadows green,
Where sheep-bells, shepherds' chimes, make still the
scene,
And to the mind sound music blissfully serene.

GASTON.

SONNET

BY COMMANDER HUTCHINSON, R. N.

ALAS the cruel robberies of years,
That steal our pleasures one by one away ;
That even in youth sow seeds for our decay,
And do but roll to multiply our cares.
The bloom of beauty, and the strength of youth,
The joys of love, and sweet society,
Alas, they rob us of with little ruth,
And fill each sense with sad satiety.
But oh, heart-breaking loss of all ! the mind,
The god-like mind too feels their tyrant sway ;
Or worse, itself immortal, is confined
Within a body turning fast to clay,
Whose crazy faculties but slow, and ill,
Obey the mandates of its baffled will.

LORENZINO IL TRADITORE.

BY J. W. BROWN, ESQ.

IT was one of the brightest evenings that ever closed an Italian winter's day during the Carnival of 1536. The expiring rays of a brilliant sunset had ceased to illuminate the towers of the Seignory and Duomo of Florence, with its splendid tints of purple and gold, and the crowd of gay masks which had lately thronged the terrace of the Lung' Arno were hastening to their respective habitations. As the day drew towards a close, a young man cautiously fastening the garden-gate of the Soderini Palace which opens on the terrace of the left bank of the Arno, crossed the "Ponte alla Caraja," and endeavoured to escape observation by mingling with the festive groups that were now retiring in search of new pleasures. His agitated and anxious mien strongly contrasted with the gay scene which he seemed unable to enjoy, and he almost smiled at the childishness of his fellow citizens in being amused with such frivolous pursuits; but aware of the danger of expressing those sentiments, he forced

himself to take an apparent interest in what was going forward, until he became the only person on the Lung' Arno, so lately crowded with the fair and gay. Enveloping himself more closely in his mantle, he leant over the parapet of the river, as if in expectation of some one whom he was to meet on that spot. With his eyes fixed on the water, he seemed utterly unconscious of where he was, or for what he was waiting, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a man in a black domino, who having carefully ascertained that no one was in sight, whispered in his ear the word, "Libertas."*

The young man started at the sound of the stranger's voice, and he exclaimed in an under tone—"Did I not know that the person to whom those accents should belong is now far distant in honourable banishment, I should hail thee by the name of my first and most valued friend. Say then, who art thou, that has insisted on meeting one who has little to live for in this world, and less to hope for in the next."

"Is distance, then, so insurmountable a barrier," inquired the stranger, "that insult and oppression should fail to stimulate our nobler feelings into action, and excite us to revenge the evils which we

+ The motto of the Soderini family.

cannot avert? Thou must, indeed, be the person for whom I took thee," interrupted the young man, warmly grasping the hand of his friend; "for when did any idea of danger or self-interest keep the noble Filippo Strozzi from the post of honour?" "Rightly judged, my friend," returned the mask, affectionately embracing him, "I rejoice to find thee still the same. But in addition to the reports I heard of the encroachments made on the liberties of Florence, I was informed that thou wert the principal friend and confidant of the tyrant; the sharer of his licentious pleasures, the encourager of his vices, and the director of his councils. Lorenzino! I have loved thee as my child, educated in the most liberal principles by thy mother, and confided in thy earliest youth to my care—say, did the instructions of either instil into thy mind one thought unworthy of thy name and reputation. Speak, Lorenzino, only say thou art not what thou seemest, and I will believe thee?"

In the greatest agitation the youth was preparing to reply, when several masks appeared on the Ponte Trinita, carrying a number of lighted torches which illuminated the whole bridge, and threw a faint light on the two friends, gradually becoming stronger as they advanced. "Save thyself, Strozzi," he hastily exclaimed, "and put not too much faith in outward appearances. But for God's

sake take care of thyself, and let me know where and how I may find thee." "Thou wilt see me when thou least expect it," returned Filippo, suddenly disappearing round the western corner of the Piazza Trinita, by taking advantage of which he was soon out of sight.

The splendid cavalcade now rapidly approached, and the young man coming forward with an air of gaiety, exclaimed, "Where now, Salviati? what means this festive pageant and gay attire? Art thou not sufficiently dangerous to the fair sex in thine own person that thou must needs seek the aid of chivalry and romance. The person whom he addressed was Guiliano Salviati, one of the Duca Alessandro's most libertine favourites: himself and his companions were magnificently attired in different costumes, representing the principal characters in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which, from its recent publication, was the favourite theme of the day. Flattered by the compliment, Salviati replied in the same tone, "Myself, and the gallant Knights, my companions, are proceeding to thy princely kinsman's palace, the magnificence of whose halls far surpass aught that the Court of Charlemagne himself could offer to our imaginations; and we shall feel ourselves too happy if the noble Lorenzino de Medici will honour us with his company."

Delighted at having so good an opportunity of

returning unquestioned to the palace, Lorenzino gladly accepted the proposed invitation ; and readily entering into the character of his new companions, he rallied them by turns on their intrigues, amours, and different amusements, adroitly mingling something personally agreeable to each individual whom he addressed. No one possessed the art of pleasing, when he chose to exert it, in a greater degree than Lorenzino de Medici, and his gay companions listened to him with delight, as they advanced to the palace of his kinsman, the Duca Alessandro, who was to give a splendid entertainment that evening to the nobility of Florence in honour of his young bride, Margaret of Austria, who had just arrived from Naples.

The palace of the Medici was splendidly illuminated in lines of light, according to the custom of the times, so disposed as to display the architectural outlines of the façade of the palace, and the magnificent cornice, the work of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Between each of the two rows of windows, torches were placed in iron sockets, which, with the blaze of lights from within, admirably shewed the peculiar designs of the windows, built in an oblong form, and divided in the centre by small columns of the Composite order ; while the standards of the Medici and their allies, placed in iron rings along

the front of the palace, proudly waved over the heads of the surrounding populace.

Passing through the magnificent court of this princely residence, thronged with guards and attendants, they made their way to the upper apartments, where they were received by pages and chamberlains splendidly attired, though in greater numbers than the occasion seemed to require. But the Duca Alessandro knew too well the tenure by which he held the government of Florence to neglect any means of providing for his personal safety. In the midst of pleasure he was in continual dread of poison or assassination: his splendid robe, like the smile upon his countenance which hid the depravity of his heart, covered a coat of armour which he never laid aside. As they advanced through the splendid apartments, the guests had ample reason to be convinced that the Medici had lost little of their wealth and power during their exile, whatever they might have suffered in the estimation of their fellow-citizens. Every room was a museum, containing the greatest rarities from all parts of the world; while the richest produce of the Florentine looms decorated the walls with the most costly hangings of silk and gold. At the upper end of the ground saloon, under a splendid canopy of crimson-velvet, fringed, and embroidered with gold, two chairs of state were

placed on a platform raised one step above the level of the apartment, covered with the finest carpets of the East. The company were already assembled either habited in masks or in costume, magnificently dressed in honour of the young bride. They were dispersed about the apartments in groups, listening to music, or joining in the dance, except those in immediate attendance on the young princess, who was seated on one of the chairs of state, receiving the homage of the different parties as they arrived. The Duke appeared to be in high spirits, and was conversing with some of his favourites when Salviati's party advanced to pay their respects to the Duchess: touching Lorenzino familiarly on the shoulder, he exclaimed in a tone of pleasantry, "How now, Lorenzino? Art thou become one of us? Does our philosopher condescend to doff his usual simplicity of attire, or hast thou in reality turned courtier?"

"I would turn any thing to serve your excellency, or even to give you pleasure," returned Lorenzino, "but I thought a kinsman's congratulations would not be acceptable to a young princess, if proffered with aught of sadness either in dress or manner."

"Thou hast no reason to be sad, Lorenzino. Dost thou not enjoy the favour of thy prince beyond all others? Art thou not a Medici?" "I am," sternly replied Lorenzino; but hastily correcting

himself he added, "your excellency knows my moody spirit and wayward disposition; if I do not flatter thee with the servility of a courtier, it is because I love thee with the sincerity of a kinsman."

"We are well-persuaded of thy love; perhaps the more so that thou sayest the least about it," returned the Duke, taking his kinsman familiarly by the arm, and leading him to a remote part of the room, where they might converse without restraint or interruption.

As they stood apart from the rest of the company, the contrast between them was particularly striking. The Duke was a tall, robust, powerful man, rather inclined to corpulency: his countenance was stern and unpleasant, his complexion dark, with thick lips and curly hair, which almost gave him the appearance of an African. Lorenzino, though well made, was of delicate form and small stature, with a most intelligent countenance expressive of the energy of his disposition, which gave him as much mental advantage over the Duke, as he was superior to him in strength and size. After expatiating on the prosperity of his political situation, to which his auditor listened with an appearance of deep interest, Alessandro advanced towards the Duchess leaning on his kinsman's arm. The crowd made way as they approached, while with his most gracious manner he introduced his cousin to his wife, who

received him with the affectionate confidence due to so near a relative.

As the Duke mingled with the gay assembly, Lorenzino continued leaning on the Duchess's chair, with an expression of melancholy that ill accorded with the scene before him. Naturally proud and high-spirited, he felt the humiliation of his assumed character; and not all his philosophy could silence the voice of conscience, or reconcile him to the treachery he was so remorselessly practising. He was therefore greatly relieved when the Duchess's departure permitted him to leave the palace, and bury the bitterness of his reflections in the solitude of his own home.

Released from the degrading necessity of supporting a feigned character, Lorenzino hastened to secure himself from all interruption, that he might have leisure to reflect on his situation, and form some resolution as to his future conduct. The scene he had just witnessed had unusually softened his heart, and he abhorred more than ever the glaring treachery of his conduct. But although the Duke's confiding friendship had awakened remorse, he could not but consider him as the tyrant of his country, as his own political enemy, and the usurper of his rights. He stifled all feelings of relationship for his cousin, and persuaded himself that he believed the report of his being the child of Pope

Clement VII. by an African slave, because he wished it to be true, and felt that his conduct needed an excuse. He was also deeply pledged to the "fuorusciti," at the head of which party was his old friend Filippo Strozzi, whom he revered as his early instructor, and had still more powerful motives for desiring to retain his friendship.

There are few characters so replete with evil as to have no redeeming quality; and Lorenzino de Medici was by no means one of those. Education and circumstances had made him what he was: republicanism was almost hereditary in his family: his hatred of the elder branch of the house of Medici had descended to him from his father and his grandfather, and as the only representatives of that line were natural children, he considered himself as the lawful successor to the government of Florence in a direct line from their common ancestor Giovanni de Bicci.

Deprived of his father in his youth, his education devolved on his mother, a lady of the Soderini family, who inculcated the strongest republican principles into his mind, and with the assistance of Messer Filippo Strozzi taught him to despise all modern institutions. His opinions were therefore formed on the model of the ancients: he thought suicide no crime, believed in predestination, and considered every thing justifiable which expediency required.

He was a devoted admirer of literature and the fine arts, and resided for some time at the court of his kinsman Pope Clement VII. where he would probably have been contented with admiring the beauties of antiquity without a wish to have furnished a parallel in his own times. But the Pope's inconsiderate resentment by expelling him from Rome on a charge of having taken off the heads or otherwise mutilated the statues in the Arch of Constantine during the preceding night, awakened his dormant ambition. Breathing nothing but revenge for this disgrace, he returned to Florence determined on becoming the liberator of his country ; and he thought no means too vile that would ensure his success in so glorious an undertaking. A very Proteus in deception, he could assume whatever character he pleased ; and he was now the intimate friend, confidential minister, and profligate associate of the man whose destruction he coolly meditated.

The great similarity in feelings and situation between the Strozzi and Soderini families drew them closer together, and Lorenzino having no brothers or sisters of his own to love, regarded them with fraternal tenderness. Nor is it to be wondered at, that constantly in their society, and treated by Messer Filippo as if he had been his own son, that he should have centred all his early dreams of happiness amongst them. These ties were increased by the

affection he bore to Filippo's daughter Luisa. They had been playmates as children, inseparable companions in youth, until their growing attachment, increasing with their years, had ripened into love. His passion for her was the only tie that bound him to the world ; it was the tenure by which he held his life ; it was the spark of his existence, which once extinguished would leave nought but misery behind. He hated mankind, but he loved Luisa ; and his very hate to them increased his love to her. It was the only remaining feeling that connected him with his fellow-creatures, and was then the cause of his anguish and remorse ; for he could not bear that the beautiful Luisa Strozzi should for a moment suppose him the associate of the Duke's profligate intrigues, and libertine amusements ; and yet it was necessary to the success of his enterprize that he should appear such. He could not open his heart to her, as his political secrets did not belong to himself alone ; too many were involved in the transaction to expose their safety to accident. Besides, he well knew that Luisa, much as she participated in her family's abhorrence of the tyrant, could never have been brought to approve of the treacherous dissimulation of his conduct. His love to her was the only consideration that withheld him from the crime he meditated ; for even supposing that every thing succeeded to his wishes, how could

he dare to offer the hand of a murderer, yet reeking with the blood of his own near relation, to one so pure and lovely? The highest situation in the republic, the utmost that gratified ambition could bestow, he well knew would not console Luisa for his loss of virtue: she could not trust her happiness to a traitor; she could not repose in the arms of a murderer;—and this idea weighed down his spirit, and almost annihilated his purpose.

These insupportable reflections were interrupted by the entrance of his late companion on the Lung' Arno, cautiously enveloped in his black domino. "Did I not tell thee, Lorenzino," he exclaimed, "that thou wouldst see me when thou least expected it? But thou art not like thyself, my friend; why is thy noble spirit so cast down?" "Ah! Filippo, the approach to crime is easy, but there are moments when one regrets the paths of virtue," returned Lorenzino. "I was thinking how one could support the reputation of a murderer. For should our object fail,—should our fellow-citizens, immersed in pleasure, be deaf to the call of liberty, what remains to us but to be scouted from the haunts of men, and to become outcasts on the face of the earth?"

"Does thy heart fail thee then, Lorenzino? Wilt thou desert thy friends?" "Neither, Filippo," interrupted Lorenzino, "my purpose is too sternly fixed to admit of alteration. I adopted it under the

full conviction of the justice of my motives ; but although I would cheerfully lay down my life to procure my country's freedom, my honour is still dearer to me ; and even if future ages should do justice to my reputation, there is another consideration still more weighty that stays my hand, and almost causes me to waver in my determination." Lorenzino's agitation became so great that he was obliged to pause for a few moments, while Filippo stood looking at him as if he would penetrate to the bottom of his heart.

" Doubt me not, Filippo," proceeded Lorenzino, replying as it were to his friends looks ; " I am innocent of any thing like treachery to thee or thine ; and I will now tell thee what oppresses my spirits and weighs down my heart. Thou hast been the guide of my inexperienced youth, and thou knowest every feeling that animates my soul. My love for thy fair daughter Luisa has long received thy sanction ; and she is dearer to me than life, than honour, than even liberty itself. Tell me then, Filippo, and tell me truly," he exclaimed with the utmost vehemence of gesture and expression, " can thy daughter wed a murderer ?" " Say rather, can the daughter of Filippo Strozzi hesitate for one moment to wed the liberator of her country ! Thou knowest Lorenzino," he calmly continued, " that in happier times I approved thy early love : judge then with how

much more joy I should press to my heart the son of my choice in the hero who had restored freedom to Florence."

Filippo Strozzi was relieved from a heavy burthen of anxiety in finding love to be the sole cause of Lorenzino's dejection; and he used every effort to calm and restore him to his wonted placidity. He succeeded by degrees in bringing him round to his purpose; and Lorenzino listened attentively while he detailed the situation of the "fuorusciti," and explained their different plans for bringing about a revolution in Florence. Although not an exile himself, Filippo Strozzi had long been the object of the Duke's suspicions, who, afraid to attack him openly on account of his great wealth and influence, detained him at the court of France as his ambassador to his most Christian Majesty; and he had now returned secretly to Florence to ascertain the exact situation of the republican party.

While Filippo entered minutely into all these details, he had the satisfaction of seeing his young auditor gradually re-acquire his self-possession. His ambition began to revive; and Filippo artfully insinuated his hopes of seeing him at the head of the Florentine republic, when public prosperity restored by his means should have entitled him to think of private enjoyment. "Then, Lorenzino," he continued, "thou shalt reap the reward of thy patriotism.

Crush this weakness which unmans thee ; think thyself as thou truly art, the legitimate descendant of Cosimo Padre della Patria ; and remember that nought but the usurper's death can clear the way to thy exaltation. Say, was not Brutus the friend of Cæsar, and did he not slay him ?”

“He did, and I will imitate him,” returned Lorenzino, with increased animation. “Thou hast roused me, Filippo; the tyrant's life hangs by a single thread, which I alone must sever; and that done”——“Liberty is ours,” interrupted Filippo, and Florence will not be ungrateful to her deliverer. But I must away; thy mother alone knows of my being here. I have stifled the feelings of a parent; I have not dared to enter my own palace, or embrace my children; they little think their father is so near them: but Luisa shall soon know thou art still the son of my choice.”

The thoughts of his children, and the remembrance of his family, for a moment unmanned Strozzi; and the feelings of the lofty patriot, the stern philosopher, and the ambitious politician, became absorbed in those of the father and the man. He paused for a few moments, and then added, “Thou seest, Lorenzo, that I too have feelings of regret which I cannot always suppress. But this is no time for such thoughts, for I must be at the Mugello by dawn, where I will provide for thy safety if

escape should be necessary. Fare the well, my son, be firm, and fear not!" Lorenzino cordially returned his friend's embrace, and conducted him to the door of his apartments, where he stood listening to his retiring footsteps, until he felt assured that he must have reached the outer gate of the palace in safety.

Greatly relieved by his conversation with his intended father-in-law, he retired to his couch more composed in mind than he had been for some time. He considered himself as engaged beyond retreat to Strozzi and his party; and he felt assured that Luisa's love was still sanctioned by her father's approbation. He looked forward to years of happiness spent in her society, and notwithstanding his ideas of liberty, he occasionally indulged a hope of being Lord of Florence; although even to himself he would scarcely allow that any feeling of private interest interfered with his plans for the public welfare. He endeavoured to quiet the reproaches of his conscience for the means he was to employ in the happy results he anticipated to all his projects, which he would fain have persuaded himself were founded on the purest patriotism. So easy is it to find an excuse for doing what we ourselves desire, that the mind naturally becomes familiar with its own imperfections, or totally blind to its own defects.

While Lorenzino was enjoying the most delight-

ful visions of successful love and gratified ambition, the innocent object of his affections was suffering the greatest anxiety on his account. Luisa Strozzi had long beheld with sorrow the increasing friendship between Lorenzino and the Duke ; and aware of the general libertinism of the latter, she could not bear that the person she honoured with her love should debase himself by descending to such intrigues. On his return from Rome she had been grieved to see him so deeply engaged in politics, and would have preferred his adopting the quiet enjoyments of private life. She felt she could have sacrificed every thing for him, and only regretted that love was not sufficiently powerful in his breast to destroy ambition ; yet she was herself too gentle to oppose her lover's wishes ; and contented with his affections, she never even reproached him with his change of conduct : she had been told that he had become morose with all the world, but she found him still the same to her. It is true he came not so often as he was wont to her father's palace ; and when he did come, she observed a great weight on his spirits ; but he was still affectionately kind to her, and sought every means of tranquillizing her mind. He conversed little, and when she frequently found him gazing on her with such sadness in his look that it drew tears from both, she felt an indescribable sensation of anxiety, a foreboding of something dreadful for which

she could not account, and to which she had hitherto been a stranger. In the hope of coming to some explanation with Lorenzino she attended the fête of the preceding evening, when she had been so unfortunate as to attract the Duke's admiration, and left it at an early hour to avoid his gross conversation and familiarities. She passed a restless and almost sleepless night, and had just risen from her bed a melancholy contrast to the usual hilarity of her spirits.

If external circumstances could have at all compensated for internal disquietude, Luisa Strozzi would have been most amply indemnified. The darling of her father, the favourite of her brothers, she had not a thought or a wish ungratified. Nature had been most bountiful to her: a little taller than the middle size of women, she was perfectly formed, with a clear complexion, dark hair, and black eyes beaming with intelligence. The expression of her countenance was naturally gay; but her arched eyebrows, and perfect line of features, gave her, when serious, the appearance of a Madonna. From childhood she possessed that elasticity of spirits which innocence alone can give; that buoyancy of happiness which nothing but ignorance of the world and its cares can produce, and which is generally soon nipped in the bud by the dull realities of life. Luisa was listlessly reclining on a pile of

soft cushions, the preparations of her handmaiden for the adornment of her person were utterly unheeded, and her favourite greyhound in vain endeavoured to attract her notice, when after a light knocking at the door of her apartment, the object of her thoughts stood before her.

Surprised at this early and unexpected visit, Luisa could ill conceal the pleasures she felt when her lover seated himself by her side, and was beginning to explain that he could now claim her as his bride, with her father's sanction, when her brother suddenly burst into the room, apparently under the influence of the most ungovernable rage. Without giving Lorenzino or his sister time to make the least observation, Pietro Strozzi began to relate in a voice almost choked with passion, "that he had just returned from the fair of San Miniato, when Salviati had thoughtlessly congratulated him on his sister's having superseded his royal and imperial bride in the Duke's heart, who had declared to his confidants that he should never know happiness until possessed of the fair Luisa's affections.

At this information Lorenzino became deadly pale, and although he pretended to make light of Salviati's intelligence, said every thing he could think of to calm Luisa; but it was evident that he was himself far from feeling the tranquillity he wished to impart. Taking leave of Luisa with very

different sensations to those with which he had entered, he led Pietro Strozzi into another apartment, where he related to him what had passed at his late interview with his father, and his resolution to run the risk of precipitating every thing sooner than that Luisa's honour should be endangered ; and that he should proceed to the palace in order to devise some means for the immediate execution of their plans.

The two friends parted, Pietro to console his sister, and Lorenzino to return home, where he found a private summons to attend the Duke in his secret cabinet. When he had first determined on gaining Alessandro's confidence, he found the readiest way to his friendship was to become the pander to his sensual gratifications ; so that besides assuming a sycophantic manner foreign to the nobleness of his disposition, he had not hesitated to lend his assistance to all the Duke's low intrigues and illicit amours, in order to lull his suspicions and obtain greater facilities of consummating the crime he meditated.

The Duke was impatiently awaiting his arrival, and after good-humouredly upbraiding him for having deserted him so early the preceding evening, began to expatiate on the beauties of Luisa Strozzi in terms that were so many daggers to a lover's heart. Regardless of what was due to his

young bride, he declared he should never know happiness until he had secured Luisa's affections; and concluded by entreating his cousin to assist him in procuring a private interview with her. In vain did Lorenzino point out the danger of his encouraging this new passion; he tried to awaken his fears by representations of the power of the Strozzi family; he reminded him of the lady's near relationship to himself, her mother having been the celebrated Madonna Clarice de Medici, daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But all was of no avail; the more he perceived Lorenzino's reluctance to assist him, the more he persisted in urging his compliance. Little did the unfortunate prince imagine that he was signing his own death-warrant by his obstinacy and perseverance. At length Lorenzino fearing he might go too far in his refusals, pretended to be overcome by the Duke's commands, and promised that he should hear from him ere night, in a manner that he hoped would be favourable to his wishes; and then hastened to retire, fearing his emotions might betray him to the keen observation of the Duke, or of some of his satellites.

Before returning to his own palace, Lorenzino sought the dwelling of a man who lived in his neighbourhood, and who had long been secretly in his service, reflecting during his walk thither on the extraordinary destiny that appeared to have given up his victim to his fate. He thought the moment was now

arrived for which he had so long and so anxiously waited; the only consideration which had withheld his hand was withdrawn, and had furnished him with an additional motive for the murder of his kinsman. Love, ambition, revenge, all the strong passions of his nature urged him to the commission of the crime he meditated; and he resolved that night should witness its execution. Aware of his own inferiority in strength to the Duke, and yet afraid to entrust his secret to numbers, he had provided an assistant on whom he could rely: this person's name was Scoronconcolo, a man of fearless habits and almost gigantic stature. He had been condemned to death for his numerous crimes, but was pardoned at the intercession of Lorenzino, who besides saving his life, afterwards supported him.

Lorenzino found Scoronconcolo as blindly devoted to his service as he could desire, and ready to perform any crime that his master's interest required. Aware of the purposes for which he was retained, the ruffian seemed gratified when his patron informed him that the moment was now come which would deliver his enemy into his power, and that he should need his assistance that night in fulfilling the oaths by which he had so frequently bound himself. Scoronconcolo reiterated his promises of fidelity, and assured him that no power on earth should prevent the gratification of his revenge. Encouraged by

finding him so recklessly determined, Lorenzino desired his satellite to be at his palace before midnight, well armed ; and recommending the utmost secrecy and caution, with increased promises of riches and protection, he returned home to complete his preparations for his kinsman's murder.

The house of Lorenzino de Medici was only separated from the Duke's palace in Via Lunga by a narrow lane, which contained the out-offices of the guards and domestics. An arch was thrown over this space to connect the two houses, so that any person could pass from the one to the other, without fear of observation or disturbance.* This private communication had been constructed by the Duke's command, to facilitate his intrigues, and give admittance to those victims of his libertinism whom he dared not openly receive at his palace. Of this passage Lorenzino determined to avail himself on the present occasion, as he did not doubt that he could succeed in enticing the unfortunate prince alone into his power, under pretence of meeting their fair kinswoman.

It was the eve of the Epiphany, and the Duca Alessandro had just returned from witnessing the procession of the Befana. The Duke was at supper with several of his favourites in his private apart-

* This narrow lane is still called the " Via del Traditore."

ments, and had indulged more freely than usual in the pleasures of the table, when a note from Lorenzino was delivered to him. It informed him that he had succeeded in making an assignation for him at midnight; but that the lady insisted on meeting him at his house, as nothing could persuade her to come to the palace from the fear of discovery. Even this did not excite the Duke's suspicions, as he had frequently made use of his cousin's apartment in former intrigues; and as it only wanted a few minutes of the time, he excused himself to his friends, and hastened to his appointment by means of the private passage. He found Lorenzino anxiously waiting his arrival in a large gloomy apartment, which served as his bed-room, and was lighted by a solitary lamp, and a large wood fire which burnt dimly on the hearth. Fatigued with the pleasures of the day, the Duke laid aside his secret armour, and his usual dress, and was attired in a loose wrapping-gown of rich silk lined with ermine, with no other weapon than his sword, which he carried under his arm. As he approached Lorenzino he gaily inquired where he should find the lady; to which he replied, that as in this case the lady was of high rank, great caution was necessary to be observed, and that he would now go and fetch her from the house where she was concealed. The Duke still unsuspecting of treachery, said he would throw him-

self on the bed and rest himself until his return, as he felt himself unusually tired. Lorenzino assisted him to the couch, and placed his sword officiously at his bed's head, having first taken care to entangle the hilt and sheath in such a manner with the belt, that it would be difficult to draw it ; and then left him to repose on the very brink of the precipice to which he had enticed him.

Lorenzino found his confederate well prepared to second him; but fearing that Scoronconcolo might draw back when he saw who he was brought to assassinate, he thought it better to sound him on the subject. He began by assuring him their victim could not escape, but warned him that the person whom they were to attack was a man of great consequence in the state, and that he must not be daunted on that account. "Fear not, Master," replied Scoronconcolo, "were it the Duke himself I would not fail thee." "By Heaven thou hast rightly guessed," said Lorenzino, in a low tone, "it is the Duke himself." "Well, Duke or devil," replied the ruffian, "let us come on; it is but a man, I suppose."*

This conversation passed in an under tone, almost at the door of the bed-room, which the confederates entered with noiseless steps, and found by his hard deep breathing that their victim slept soundly. Con-

* See Varchi "Storia Fiorentina."

cealing their faces with black masks, they assaulted him at once, and wounded him in several places without effect. The unfortunate Prince made a desperate resistance, and having vainly endeavoured to draw his hampered sword, struggled hard with his murderers, when Lorenzino perceiving that he might yet shake them off and give the alarm, threw himself upon him with the whole weight of his body, and pinned him down to the bed. In the scuffle the Duke got hold of Lorenzino's right thumb with his teeth, and bit him with such force that he could not help roaring out with agony, and called to Scoronconcolo to despatch him, which he could not do, as Lorenzino so completely covered the Duke's body, that it was impossible to strike a mortal blow without wounding his master. Perceiving their situation, Lorenzino drew out a case-knife with his left hand, which was the only weapon he ever wore, and had frequently been the object of the duke's ridicule, and plunged it into the back of Alessandro's neck near the spine. In giving this blow his mask fell off; and the dying prince, recognising his treacherous friend, exclaimed, "Et tu Lorenzino," and expired without a groan.*

Horror-struck at their daring achievement, the two confederates looked at each other with astonish-

* See "Vita di Alessandro de Medici."

ment; and as if aware of their danger for the first time, began to prepare for immediate escape. Mounting two of Lorenzino's fleetest horses, they soon passed the gates by means of the Duke's signet, and reached the Mugello long before dawn, where they were received with the greatest acclamations, and Lorenzino was hailed as the Brutus of the age, and the deliverer of his country.

But Providence seldom allows crime to prosper even for a time; and this very measure, by which the republican party hoped to secure their triumph, produced the directly opposite effect. The citizens of Florence, tired of continual wars and unavailing contests, determined to elect a prince who should unite in his own person the advantage of being the peoples' choice, and the nearest legitimate descendant of the house of Medici. They selected Cosimo, the only son of Giovanni de Medici, better known as the chief of the "bande nere," who was cousin to the two princes, both the murderer and the murdered, and immediately proclaimed him Duke of Florence. This was the ruin of the liberal party; and Filippo Strozzi, on his return to the city in hopes of getting Lorenzino proclaimed Duke, was taken prisoner, and confined in a fortress which had been originally built with his own money, where he shortly afterwards put an end to his existence, unable to survive the destruction of his party. Lorenzino branded with

the name of "il traditore," and shunned by his fellow-creatures, fled to Venice, but not considering himself in safety there, he escaped to Constantinople, and did not return to Italy for many years afterwards. Justice, though long delayed, overtook him at last, and he was assassinated in the streets of Venice by an old follower of Alessandro's, who, by so doing, conceived he had discharged a debt of gratitude to the memory of his former master.*

The Strozzi and Soderini families were exiled from Florence, to prevent their exciting fresh disturbances in the state; and the gentle Luisa, unable to survive her lover's infamy and her father's suicide, gradually sunk under the pressure of such irreparable calamities. Although she had loved with more than common affection, she resisted all the importunities of her family in Lorenzino's favour. Her sense of religion was too strong for her to hesitate one instant in refusing the hand of a murderer. The politics of her own relations could not palliate in her mind the enormity of his conduct; not even love itself could conquer her just abhorrence of treachery and crime; and soon after Lorenzino's departure for the Levant, her gentle spirit found eternal peace in an early grave.

* See "Pignotti Storia della Toscana."

ZEPHYR.

WRITTEN IN A SALOON WHERE A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS ARRANGING FLOWERS.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

ZEPHYR ! Zephyr ! wake, awake !
Dip your plumage in the lake ;
Bear upon your downy wing,
Ev'ry scent the night-flow'rs fling ;
Come hither through the gath'ring gloom,
And spread your influence o'er the room ;
For here is Flora's fav'rite shrine :
See where the waxen tapers shine,
Made from the spoil of bees, who fed
On sweets purloin'd from Flora's bed ;
See where unnumber'd roses blow
Beneath the starry taper's glow ;
Mark how before the altar stands
The priestess, and with snowy hands
Ranges the flow'rs, while to their bloom
Her breath imparts a fresh perfume.

Hark ! Zephyr comes—I hear his wing
Amongst the woodbine fluttering,—
Now, near approaching, see, he waves
The lilac-branch, whereon his slaves,
Gnome, elf, and sprite, submissive all,
Wait his commanding beck and call.
But the light God Euphemia sees
No longer gambols through the trees ;
No longer sports in idle play,
Around some silver-tinted ray,
Shot dazzling from the rising moon,
But rushes to the gay saloon ;
And, gazing on the form divine,
Officiating at Flora's shrine,
To his fair spouse unfaithful proves,
Rests on his wing entranced, and loves :—
Now wantons in Euphemia's hair,
Whose ringlets on her forehead fair
Hang, as if proud to nestle there :
And now the God, presumptuous grown,
Plays with the tucker of her gown.

They say you Gods at mortals scoff,
But, ne'ertheless, I'll warn you off ;
Yes, spite of all your stout resistance,
You and your gnomes shall keep your distance ;
Yes, spite of you and all your elves,
We'll keep Euphemia to ourselves ;

For this bright form to us was given,
To show what you possess in heaven.
Though you may flutter, scold, and pout,
Unfaithful God, I'll shut you out.
You've Goddesses enough above,
To court, to flirt with, and to love,
So, Zephyr, homeward take your flight,
Good night!

ODE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

TO META.*

META ! the wide wide world between us lies,
But time divides us not so far apart ;
He who hath gazed on seventy summer skies
Soon by thy side may hope to lay his heart.

Meta ! for many a mournful year I've seen
The linden waving o'er thy peaceful tomb ;
A little space—and then its foliage green
O'er me shall wave, o'er me be shed its bloom.

Yet ! not o'er *me* its fading bloom shall fall,
The shadow only lies beneath the sod—
Upon thy shadow in its darksome hall
Long hath it fallen—but thou art with our God.

* Meta (or Margaret) Klopstock, the poet's first wife; she died young.

Then, Meta! then! I too that realm shall know,
That world where thou hast long been sojourning;
Then joyful shall we see the limes below
Cooling our grave with their sweet shadowing.

Then! but, alas! as yet is hid from me
What to thy view hath long been clear and bright,
Save that, from fear and dark forebodings free,
It hovers round my soul with life and light.

With soothing hopes I see draw slowly on
The glow of eve before my longing eyes;
With inward feelings of a joy unknown
The blessed sun in yonder heavens arise.

M. S.

SONNET.

I CANNOT part from thee ! thy image still
Lingers around me with all beauteous things ;
Whate'er is bright and pure thy memory brings,
And life with lovelier dreams 'tis thine to fill ;
In prayer I hear thy accents soft and deep,
Catch from thine eye devotion's holiest glow ;
In grief thy sighs seem breathing hush'd and low ;
Thy soothing tones are round me when I weep ;
In joy thy smile still beams its gentle light,
Radiant with feeling, sympathy, and love ;
Thy form is round me wheresoe'er I rove ;
Thy sweet sad gaze still fills my tranced sight ;
I cannot part from thee ! no, thou art shrin'd
With all high holy visions of my mind !

T. E. R.

LEONORA D'ESTE TO TASSO.

I.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! go forth, thou rich in song—
Fly far away from faithless Italy ;
And as thy bark skims joyously along
O'er the deep azure of the southern sea,
Then while new hopes arise, a radiant throng,
Forget the past and dream no more of me ;
But let another reign thy bosom's queen,
More bright, more worthy thee than I have been.

II.

I would not be a shade upon thy soul,
Thou shouldst be free as the young birds of heav'n,
Thou shouldst dart radiantly from pole to pole,
Where'er fresh hopes and favouring skies are giv'n.
While I—it matters not—to fate's control
I must submit although my heart be riv'n,
And I have learn'd, through many a stormy day,
The stern—the humbling lesson—to obey !

III.

Our life may not be all a dream of love,
Else were this cold and barren earth too blest ;
But we, poor pilgrims of a day, must prove
The conflict—bind the armour to our breast,
And struggle on, with eye still fix'd above,
Through the dark passage to our bower of rest,—
Though love, and hope, and all but life be gone,
We may not pause and weep—but still fight on !

IV.

Thou wilt, I trust, find other hearts to bless,
And other verdant spots in life's dull waste,
And if my years roll on in loneliness,
Still I must tarry where my lot is cast,—
A martyr-task perchance—but not the less
Will I fulfil it—it must end at last,
And I will strive on other hearts to pour
The gifts of gladness mine may know no more !
I am but what I was before we met—
Belov'd by some because my face is fair,
Because my brow throbs 'neath a coronet,
Because my brother is Ferrara's heir,—
But still in solitude I must forget
That one has known my inmost thoughts to share :
I must return amid the reckless throng,
To the deep silence I have nurs'd so long.

V.

And Fare thee well!—thou crown'd with song,
Farewell!

Fly forth in joy to some far isle of bliss;
There may some bright one with her fairy spell
Call forth sweet dreams to soothe thy loneliness:
Be she to thee more, more than tongue can tell,
Or thought can breathe—I have no hope but this,—
May all her life be consecrate to thee,
And may she love, O Tasso, love like me!

VI.

I never told thee this before, but now
I deem'd it might console thee on thy way
Of exile and of weariness, to know
One heart at least has caught the fervid ray
Of inspiration from thy kindled brow—
But what avails it now? the dream is past,
And that cold word, Farewell, must come at last.

VII.

I will not murmur—I have learn'd from thee
High thoughts and holy strength unknown before;
And after this one hour thy name shall be
A lure to lead me from life's path no more—
To labour on—to suffer silently—
Such be the portion of thy Leonor!
And bliss be thine, if bliss on earth can dwell,
Untold, unspeakable; Farewell, Farewell!

E. S. R. P.

THE JOYS OF SLEEP.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

SLEEP, peerless wizard ! thou canst raise
The lov'd ones death has torn away,
Companions of my early days,
 Now mouldering into clay :

At memory's call, in waking hours,
Oft indistinct they meet my eyes ;
But, at thy bidding, in my dreams,
 How beautiful they rise !

O, then the freshness of the heart
Falls o'er me, like a gentle rain ;
I feel, I feel the ecstasy
 Of vanish'd youth again !

Beside our own romantic stream,
Where pale-green birches quivering play,
With William and with Caroline
 Again I seem to stray.

All glowing with the hues of youth,
Again they come to charm my sight ;
On the soft roses of their cheeks
 The grave has left no blight :

Their arms are fondly link'd in mine,
Their sparkling eyes are turn'd on me,
Their voices mingle in mine ear,
A thrilling melody !

O'er rocks we climb, through dells we rove,
Where giant boughs their shadows fling,
And gather many-colour'd flowers,
The starry race of spring :

And seeking now the river's verge,
Upon the mossy turf we lie,
The birches waving o'er our heads,
A rustling canopy ;

And pleas'd we mark those slender trees,
When rudely by the breezes prest,
Dip their long tresses in the stream,
And break its crystal rest :

Near us the wild-bee plies her task,
Within the nodding foxglove's bell :
How soothing is her fiery song's
Oft-interrupted swell !

But, sleep, thou fliest, and I awake
To sorrow from a lovely dream ;
And now but wintry winds I hear,
And view but morn's white gleam.

BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in autumn eves,
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves,
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,
As cucumbers without a bed,
Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,
As things that have no business here,
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,
Such are bachelors.

When lo, as souls in fabled bowers,
As beings born for happier hours,
As butterflies on favour'd flowers,
Such are married men.

These perform their functions high ;
They bear their fruit, and then they die,
And little sprouts come by and by,
So die married men.

But, ah ! as thistles on the blast
 From every garden bed are cast,
 And fade on dreary wastes at last,
 So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grublike skin,
 Your butterfly career begin,
 And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin
 To be a bachelor.

E. W. C.

SONNET.

'Twas at the very acme of her power
 That Rome received the touch of that small stone,
 Destined to overturn her. At the hour,
 When by his resurrection God made known
 The Son whom he had chosen to bear rule
 Over the nations ; of the then known world
 Great Rome was mistress. Banner was there none
 Against her majesty on earth unfurl'd.
 Only a still small voice was gently heard,
 Which spoke, at first in parables, 'gainst all
 Standing opposed to God. Thus ran the word :
 " Jerusalem is falling ; Rome shall fall."
 Jerusalem was anger'd. Haughty Rome
 Heard not, or laugh'd ; but both have felt their doom.

F. G.

· LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALCOVE AT CAVERSHAM PARK.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

THOU who from worldly cares wouldst fain retreat,
Seek this alcove, recline upon its seat,
And gaze at leisure with enchanted eyes
On the fair prospect that before thee lies ;
So shall kind nature shed her choicest balm
Thine every sense to please, and every passion calm.

Hark ! the ever-vagrant bee
Soothes thee with her melody,
Murmuring still her matin song,
As she gaily sports along.
Hark ! the stockdove's tender voice
Bids his amorous mate rejoice ;
Thrush's lay and blackbird's note
On the breeze alternate float ;
And many a rural sound salutes the ear,
To charm, enliven, animate, and cheer.

See what ranks of fragrant flowers,
Gemm'd with morning's dewy showers ;

Mingled with carnations' bloom,
Glow the golden blossom'd broom ;
Lavender in purple beds,
All around its perfume sheds ;
Heliotrope and balmy heath,
Waving, blend their odorous breath .
Each fresh-blown flow'ret, pure and redolent,
Fann'd by the gale, pours forth its sweetest scent.

Look above—the feathery pine
Bids its pensile boughs decline,
To o'erarch this tranquil seat,
Shading it from noontide heat ;
While laburnum's yellow hair
Wantons in the sultry air,
And its tresses interweaves
With the laurel's varnish'd leaves :
Soft sounds, rich fragrance, prospects bright
Enchant the ear, the scent, and sight.

Then thou, who wouldst from worldly cares retreat,
Seek this alcove—recline upon its seat,
And gaze at leisure, with enchanted eyes,
On the fair landscape that before thee lies ;
For here kind Nature sheds her choicest balm,
Thine every sense to please, and every passion calm.

ELTHAM BARN.

This interesting relic of feudal magnificence is situated close to the village of Eltham, in Kent, where the early monarchs of England had a noble palace, and where they occasionally held their courts. The ruin, here more particularly alluded to, was the great Banqueting Hall: it is of spacious dimensions, exhibiting considerable beauty in respect to the style of its architecture, and is covered with an oaken roof, similar in character to those of Crosby and Westminster halls. Its present application is to the services of a barn, calves' pen, and poultry house.

WHAT stately remnant 'fore my sight appears,
Clad in the verdant vestiture of years?
As some fair girl, in all her early charms,
Sustains a father in her twining arms,
Her head depending o'er his aged breast—
At once a blessing and a being bless'd ;
So, o'er yon walls the ivy spreads its leaves,
Imparting still the succour it receives.

Behold the pile ! and while, in humble guise,
Reality is present to thine eyes,

Invoke young fancy, till, with wizard pow'r,
She cause the past to be reacted o'er.

Strange contrast ! See, where waving plumes draw
near,
While martial music swells upon the ear ;
Clang the loud cymbals, and the trumpets sound,
Neighs the proud war-horse as he spurns the ground,
Helms, spears, and bucklers glitter in the sky,
And fluttering banners woo the breeze on high ;
The proud procession comes in regal state,
Swing on its brazen hinge the pond'rous gate :
Within the hall, behold where hundreds crowd
In all the pomp and pageantry so proud
Of feudal days ; the tables 'neath the weight
Of sumptuous viands crack and massive plate :
While each fair dame smiles on her duteous knight ;
And round the hall swift Echo wings her flight.

How chang'd the scene ! Where once th' enchant-
ing song,
And music peal'd in soothing strains along,
The watch dog barks, as howls the tempest round
The ruin'd fane with hollow murmuring sound,
No more the portal opens wide and high
T' admit the glittering train of chivalry ;
But, slowly yielding to the stranger's thrust,
Creaks in the dire discordancy of rust.

Yet, still, amid the ruin may we trace
Full testimonial of its former grace :
Though on the floor, erst now “ the presence strew’d ”
The busy partlet leads her cackling brood,
Still we behold the oaken roof on high
In all the pride of gothic majesty !
As virtue by adversity is prov’d,
And midst the storms of fate exists unmoved ;
So, in the mould’ring ruin oft appears
The chiefest beauty of its early years.
Although its gilded pride no more remain
Proportion’s beauty it may still retain :
Nay ; partial ruin may each charm enhance,
And bring to light such forms of elegance,
As in the perfect state were ne’er reveal’d—
By meretricious ornament conceal’d.

’ Thus Wolsey, as in history’s page we scan,
When fall’n a prelate—rose the better man :
From regal state, and outward greatness hurl’d,
He learn’d to scorn the “ glories of the world : ”
Then o’er his faults his virtues proudly peer’d,
And as a *ruin* his true worth appear’d !

WILMOT WARWICK.

SONNET.

AMID the burning stars of night I saw
A brighter glory—for thy spirit shone
Through the clear heavens all beautiful, alone,
And fill'd my heart with rapture and with awe.
I heard thy voice—blest who their Maker's law
Within their inmost soul in peace enthrone,
For this celestial world is all their own ;
No earthly gaud hath ever power to draw
Downward their brighter gaze—Oh ! be thou one !
Thou whom I lov'd upon that lower scene,
Soar up and join me !—dark clouds swept between—
The stars were veil'd—the radiant light was gone—
Yet, Angel Spirit ! when earth's shadows flee,
On hope's immortal wing I trust to follow thee !

T. E. R.

ON THE
DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AND is she gone, that was so bright ?
And will she never glad my sight
Again ?—'tis well—she was too pure
To dwell on earth, and Heaven, sure,
In mercy took her early hence,
E'en in her virgin innocence.
A rose too frail, too form'd for love,
To bear misfortune's cruel blast,
She sank at once ;—'twas instant past,
And the fair flower now blooms above !

F. E. de C.

ROSALIND AND CELIA.

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITE.

Two radiant creatures in a wood
Their wild mirth chasten'd not subdued
By awe of that deep solitude !
One, a youth so fair and slim,
Never sword shall glance for him,
Never helm shall press the brow
Where the plume is waving now :
His shall be a happier lot
In some far, secluded spot,
Weaving flow'rs and chaplets fair,
For his own true lady's hair !

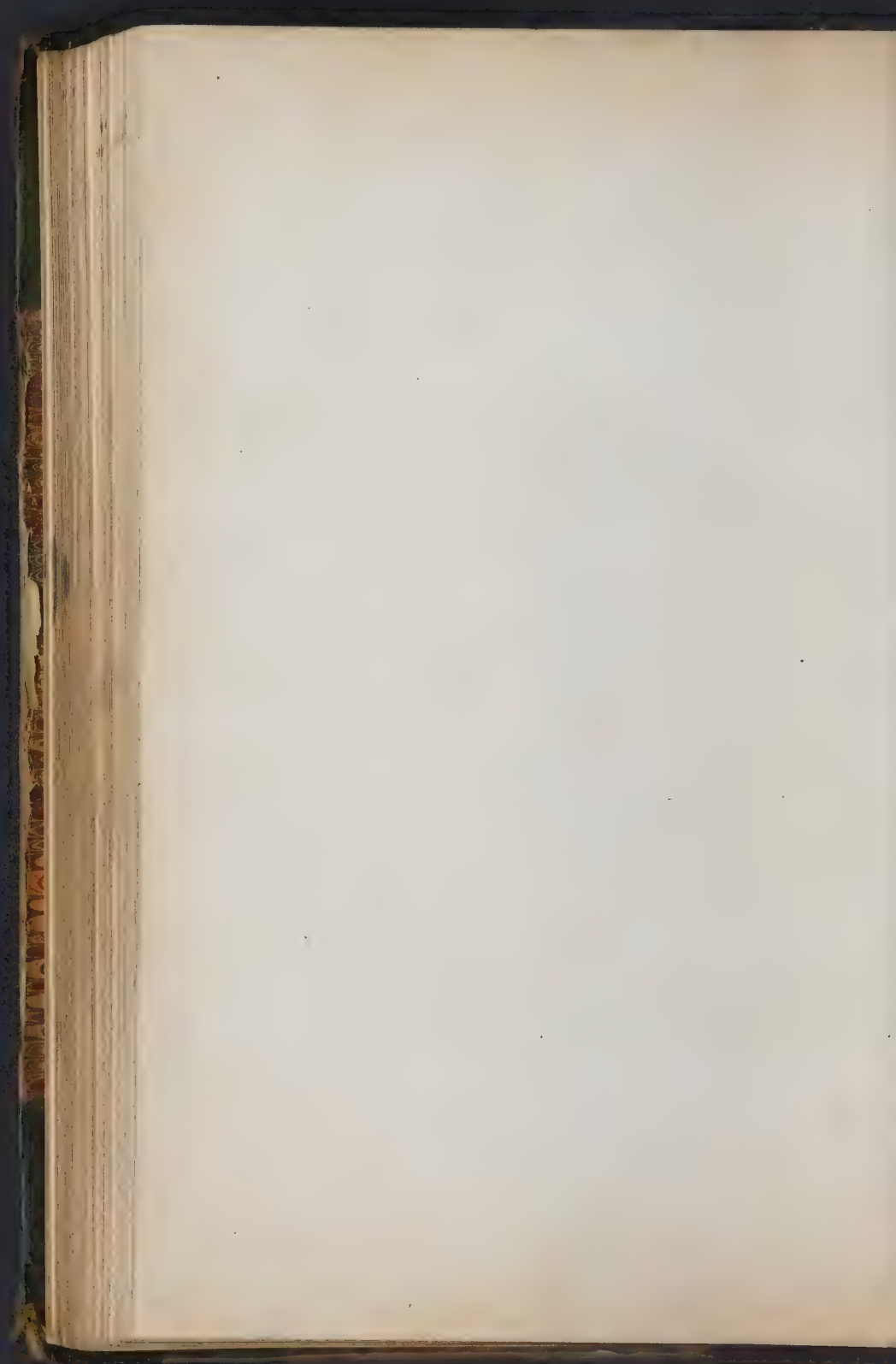
And a gentle maid is by,
Yet no love is in his eye,
Yet no passion thrills his soul
With a bliss beyond control.
Calmly, as a sister's might,
With a touch all soft and light,
See his listless arm is laid
O'er the shoulder of the maid.

A scroll is in her hand the while,
And she reads with playful smile,



THE SILENT PARTNER

BY MRS. MARY HARRIS



While the youth bends down to hear,
Half in wonder, half in fear—
And a flush comes o'er him now,
Redd'ning over neck and brow,
While that merry maiden still
Mocks him with malicious skill !
Soon that youth's imprison'd breast
Heaves beneath the shrouding vest,
And the locks so richly brown
O'er the flush'd cheek cluster down ;
And before us, blushing, there
Stands a maiden young and fair !

Fresh the scene comes o'er us still !
For Shakespeare's power and Stothard's skill
Give those maids, in nature's truth,
Eternity of love and youth.
When my child, whose marble brow
Waves with sunny ringlets now,
As in wild unbridled glee
It laughs and prattles on my knee,
Shall be old, and frail, and faded,
Each charm by years and sorrow shaded—
Still shall men of future days
On the unfading picture gaze,
And while youth and wit can charm
At the wild romance shall warm—
And turn with soften'd heart and kind
To Celia and her Rosalind !

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"There is a kind of character in thy life, that, to the observer, doth thy history fully unfold."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN we reflect on the numberless trifles which form matter for the consideration of the reflective, it is surprising that an event of hourly occurrence should have hitherto escaped notice, and that, in this autograph-collecting, bump-seeking, and trait-discerning age, that the signal for admission, *vulgate*, the knock at the door, should be excluded from the long list of nothings, which are considered personal characteristics. In the scrawl of the sloven we discover a totally distinct character from the precisely neat hand of the *petit-maître*; nor do we find it more difficult to trace the difference between the carefully formed letters of the cold, phlegmatic calculator of fractions, and the half-formed hieroglyphics of the ardent enthusiast. But does not every act of the enthusiast betray his character, even in the veriest trifles? An earnest-

ness and precipitancy is evident in all his actions ; nay, he walks, he eats, he talks, and even when silent he looks his character—then why should it not be as much shown by the manner in which he knocks at a door ? If by a little attention to the knock of those with whom we live, it is possible to determine the feelings by which they are influenced at their return ; and, being thus prepared, it is easy to make such little concessions as may check the first burst of unkindness, surely the subject is not undeserving of attention. This part of the theory is, it must be confessed, more likely to be useful, and more easily discernible, in a man of sanguine temperament, such only being governed by the impulse of the moment. Thus, if he has indulged hopes, when they were injudicious and disappointment inevitable, he returns to his home discontented with the world, angry with himself and all around him, and makes known his desire to gain the seclusion of his own room by a slovenly rap-tap, or rather, the knocker drops from his nerveless hand before the completion of the three notes which form his usual summons. With such a signal to warn them, let all beware how they approach the temporary misanthrope :—like Allan M'Aulay, “ the shade is then upon him,” and, without the magic power of “ Annot Lyle,” who may venture near with impunity ? But “ on what trifles great events depend ;” the warning voice rendered audible by a

a few inches of metal struck with a tremulous hand, makes known the true state of the feelings, so that it is not wise to intrude upon him until good humour regains her place, and he begins to wish for

————— "that gentle breast
Where the tempest-beaten soul may safely rest."

Thus may a domestic feud be averted, and the tranquillity of a family preserved. But let us picture the sanguine man, after he has passed a few hours in the sunshine of greatness, overwhelmed by fallacious promises, and flattered by lovely lips, for

————— "Flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operations; 'tis the key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart:"

the encomiums still vibrating in his ears, with what a light step does he bound over the pavement which intervenes between himself and his home—his sober reason is entranced, while his lively fancy portrays his anticipated happiness in the worlds of ambition just opened to his view; and, wholly absorbed in his elysian reveries, he communicates a part of his animation to the senseless iron which echoes through the hall with a cheerful, joyous sound.

The odiousness of pride and its attendant evils are too well known to need recapitulation; perhaps there is no other affection of the mind so blended with

our very constitution. It assumes a thousand different symptoms, and even, in this most trifling occurrence, the proud man betrays his feelings, when he assails the door with the short, sharp, violent knock which distinguishes him, and which seems to threaten frowns, and severe reproof, if not dismissal, to the tardy domestic : the tyrant lord of the little domicile, he makes the sounding brass the herald to proclaim the arrival of the deathblow to mirth, and the damper to cheerfulness and hilarity ; it is advisable to give him speedy admission, lest, like the impatient horse, he champ the bit and increase his fury. How strangely does his vehement decision contrast with the tremulous rap-tap of the humble dependant, who seems to fear the very knocker will reject his touch. Accustomed to the obvious mortifications and common calamities which men of mean fortunes are liable to, he learns to bear them with composure ; but those little insults which dwindle into nothing when we try to describe them are yet more cutting and insupportable. He feels that his birth entitles him to give the double knock which despotic custom has made the peculiar privilege of gentility, though he is persuaded that if he avails himself of this privilege his appearance will bring upon him the sarcastic sneer of the pampered menial : having therefore summoned energy enough to give the first blow, fear of his reception paralyzes his hand, and the engine falls powerless

from him. Alike in all things, the vulgar man cannot even touch this common appendage to the door without betraying awkwardness ; in noise, he generally emulates the footman, but wanting the tact and constant practice of that professional disturber, he is usually one note deficient : by the arbitrary laws of custom, one knock seems to be the menial's right ; the postman makes a repetition which is peculiarly his own, and the thrice repeated strike is the exclusive privilege of the gentry. Availing himself of this privilege the real gentleman makes known his wish to enter, with a gentle though decided rap-tap-tap, which neither threatens destruction to the slumbers of the inmates, nor agitates the nerves even of an invalid.

The lover hastens to the door of his mistress full of hopes, and speculating upon a thousand visions of happiness ; he hastily seizes the agent of appeal for entrance, the sound recalls him from the land of enchantment to dread and drear reality, and the finishing stroke is marked by doubt and distrust ; but should smiles and affection beam in the countenance of his dearer self, and his pretensions be admitted, his knock then assumes a confidence which bespeaks him the acknowledged and welcome guest ; the servant who before retained his easy seat, hesitating whether or not to reply immediately to the half uttered appeal of the doubtful visitant, flies to admit

the confident lover, and the sounding talisman reverberating through the house, suffuses a lovely face with blushes.

The cold phlegmatic man is so uniform a character, and pursues the even tenor of his way so closely, that it is barely possible to fancy any rain-drops large enough, or any lightning vivid enough, to induce him to hasten his pace, or quicken his unalterable, solemn, protracted, and thrice reverberated blows.

But with what anxiety do we not listen to the hurried knock of the postman! How multifarious are the feelings which he can call forth! Hope and fear, love and rage, pleasure and despair, all attend his steps; nor is it possible for any other single individual to influence the feelings of an equal number of persons; for all ranks, all sexes, and all ages, yield to his magical sound. The rosy schoolboy listens with breathless anxiety, and flies to tear open the welcome letter, which tells him the day that shall release him from the restraints of school, and fold him in the arms of a loving and beloved mother. To this happy age it is seldom that the postman is not a welcome visitor: but it is not with childhood only that he deposits his freight of happiness; often does he confer competence, and long sought for enjoyment on the anxious father of a dependent family; light up the features of an affectionate sister with delight,

while she reads of the increasing fame of a brother, perhaps the companion of her infancy ; or excite those heavenly sympathies in the maternal heart, that endearing tenderness which transcends all other affections, which none but mothers know, none but mothers feel. Happy would it be if his unvarying knock was always the harbinger of such hallowed feelings ; but, callous as the iron he strikes, he too frequently brings desolation where all before was cheerfulness : he tells of friends that are faithless, lovers that are false, creditors that are inexorable, children that are parentless, and parents that are childless.

——— “careless what he brings ;

* * * * *

Messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.”

TO THE HAREBELL.

SWEET flower ! though many a ruthless storm
Sweep fiercely o'er thy slender form,
And many a sturdier plant may bow
In death beneath the tempest's blow,
Submissive thou, in pensive guise,
Uninjur'd by each gale shalt rise,
And, deck'd with innocence, remain
The fairest tenant of the plain :
So, conscious of its lowly state,
Trembles the heart assail'd by fate ;
Yet, when the fleeting blast is o'er,
Settles as tranquil as before ;
While the proud breast no peace shall find,
No refuge for a troubled mind.

C. C.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

How beautiful the many tints that dye
Old ocean's face, with sweet variety !
Sometimes the billows roll in brightest blue ;
Sometimes they wear an amethystine hue,
That turns to indigo, and fades away,
By soft gradations, into leaden gray ;
Now they are green, as meads refresh'd with showers,
Now russet, as the lawn in summer's sultry hours.

Nor marvel that with curious eye we note
Whatever objects past our vessel float ;
Though insignificant and common things,
They're food for fancy's fond imaginings.
Yonder an ample bough of sea-weed heaves,
Now seen, now hidden, with brown jagged leaves :
Perhaps it grew far far beneath the brine,
Where never reach'd the many-fathom'd line,
Where, all unconscious of the tempest's shock,
Stands, like an aged tree, its parent stock,

Beneath whose branches roseate shells are laid,
As flowerets blossom in the green-wood shade.

And pleasant 'tis to mark the joyous play
Of the white birds that haunt the billowy way :
Together clustering, see, they calmly sleep,
Like snowy waterlilies of the deep :
Their pinions flutter now,—a short shrill cry
Is heard,—glad creatures !—and aloft they fly,
Like fragments of the foam the winds have caught on
high.

“ A sail, a sail !” and, scudding 'fore the blast,
Behold, a giant ship approaches fast ;
Majestic o'er the enridged wave she springs,
Eve's yellow light upon her canvass wings :
She is of Britain, and her course is bent
To Hindostan's odorous continent.
Well may you speed, fair vessel ! for you hold
A cargo richer than all Asia's gold ;
Your freight is youth, and hope, and courage high,
And feelings yet in their first purity :
But few perhaps of all your stripling train,
Whom fortune beckons to the eastern plain,
Except in dreams, shall see their homes again.

The sun is setting, while an host of clouds,
In close-embattled ranks, his glory shrouds :

Yet, where he sinks into his western bed,
We may discern a gleam of dusky red
Shoot o'er the trembling wave, as if a flame
From some far-off volcanic island came :
Till by degrees the lingering radiance fails,
And night her banner spreads to the fresh-blowing
gales.

What yonder shines, with orb too broad to be
A fellow of the starry company,
Just o'er the horizon ? 'Tis the beacon light,
By science planted on its rocky height :
When wintry winds howl through the moonless skies,
In vain the waves, that mountain-like arise,
Smite the transparent casket, where that gem
Is shrin'd,—a still-revolving diadem
Of earthly fire, whose splendour streams afar,
While seamen bless their artificial star.

THE STUDENT OF PADUA.

"THE stars shine not on our love, Julian," said the maiden, gazing upward, as a light fleecy cloud sailed slowly along the sky. "Oh that thy reluctance, Marcella, might pass like that mist," exclaimed the lover, pointing to the already fleeting shadow; "but, alas! you love me not!" "Because I counsel prudence," returned the damsel pettishly. "Oh, Marcella!" cried Julian with enthusiasm, "when did love ever counsel prudence? Were our hearts, our hopes the same!—it is not so: that averted face, thy hand unmoved and passionless in mine, all, all forbid the thought!" "It grows late," said the maiden, evading other reply; "my father will observe my absence: good night, Julian!" The lover spoke not: he did not even impress a silent kiss on her passive hand, but relinquished it with a sigh of despondence, almost of despair.

Yet seldom has lover like Julian Zuccaro wooed in vain. In the prime of youth and manly beauty, of ancient family and unblemished fame, what more

could maiden desire? The desires of maidens are, however, proverbially capricious. It was not that Marcella was unsusceptible of love: none that ever looked on her expressive and even impassioned countenance could believe that it was the index of a frigid heart: nor was it that she was insensible to the merit of her lover; for his merits had been his first, his only recommendation to her favour. The praises of the learned and illustrious of Padua had penetrated even the halls of the Count Gerbini, closed as they were to all save to the rich and noble; exciting in his fair daughter a desire to know the young student who had won such golden opinions. By the venial indulgence of a mercenary and unprincipled *gouvernante*, to whose charge the Count had committed his only child, this wish was accomplished; and, however equivocal its effect on Marcella, the heart of Julian yielded at once to the power of her charms. It were vain to inquire into the motives that induced the maiden to grant stolen assignations in the palace gardens to the enamoured youth, which served only to rivet his chains, without advancing him one step in her affections. Certain it is that each succeeding interview seemed but to weaken the impression which a noble exterior and an eloquent address had originally created; and Julian could no longer conceal from himself that the love of Marcella was not to be won by a student. Disdaining, even in her own

person, an adherence to the established usages of society, she looked with scorn or derision on those soft and social virtues which were so dear to her lover, lamenting, with a sigh, the dispersion of that dream of chivalrous valour and romantic feeling with which her strong and highly-excited imagination had invested him.

Love, however, lies deepest in a breast where silent devotion to one endearing object blends itself as it were with the very springs of life; and where love is hope will be also. In the presence of the maiden his fears predominated; but when that glance no longer flashed on him, from which, as from excess of light, he shrank involuntarily, he seemed to find in the very admission of his secret and stolen visits an indication of favour which time and perseverance might ripen into passion. To some doubtful feeling of this nature must indeed be ascribed the reluctance of Marcella either to encourage or reject her lover. She esteemed, she valued Julian—but she loved him not! “Urge me not,” she exclaimed on a subsequent interview, “to rebel against destiny. My fate has been read, Julian, by an ancient sibyl, and her prediction points not to you!”

“And can you believe in such fallacies?” cried the lover, whose own bosom was probably not entirely free from the superstition of the age.

“Your eye, Julian, tells me that your heart is

not incredulous," replied the maiden, smiling at his alarm, "trust me, the prophecy flowed not from the lips of ignorance or imposture. If ever woman were inspired, it was that awful being who, in the gloom of night, wrought by mystical incantations a spell so fearful."

"Marcella, this is madness!" exclaimed the agonized lover.

"Say, rather, that you are frantic," cried the maiden, looking disdainfully on him.

"Proceed," said he with averted eyes, "I see too well my fate!"

"From a pale blue flame," continued Marcella, "arose a shadowy form, the features of which, indistinct in distance, were yet noble and commanding. 'Behold your future lord,' said the sibyl, 'he speaks but to command, he is heard only to be obeyed. Thousands tremble at his name, who owns no sway save that of love, of love intense and unquenchable as the flames of *Ætna*; of love which shall burn only for you: beware that it blaze not too fiercely!' Julian, her words, glowing as molten fire, are indelibly fixed on my heart!" The eye of Marcella kindled as she spoke. "He whom I love must be bold and daring: his arm must be dyed with the blood of his foes, his glance strike terror even in death."

"Marcella," exclaimed the lover, with an energy which awed even the maiden for a moment, "not for

your love, the first of earthly gifts, dare I thus provoke the wrath of heaven! The commands of a father, the tears of a mother, the whisperings of my own heart, all, all forbid me to imbrue my hands in that social war which afflicts our unhappy country. Mine is the path——”

“Of lettered ease!” interrupted the maiden scornfully.

“Say not of ease,—that can never be without thy love.”

“Julian, I mark not in thy countenance the features, or in thy words the prowess of the unknown warrior!”

“Farewell, then, Marcella,—and for ever!”

The maiden looked sternly at him for a moment, and withdrew in silence. Julian listened to the sound of her retreating steps till it was lost in distance; when, rushing from the garden, he gave vent in the solitude of his chamber to the emotions of his heart.

Time calmed, but weakened not his love. In vain did he haunt the spot where he had last met Marcella; she came no more. The blight of hope extended to his health; and, at the entreaty of friends, grieved and alarmed at his altered form, he sought in absence and the bosom of his family that solace which Padua could no longer give. Never did the endearing voice of affection, never did home

and its pleasures speak wholly in vain to a fond and susceptible heart. With reviving strength one soft vision also arose, on which imagination, ever prone to self-deception, dwelt so fondly, that reality seemed almost to assume the province of fancy. At last, renovated in frame, and with renewed hope, he returned to Padua, only to receive a wound more fatal to his peace than that which had driven him from that city. He knew not that during his absence Marcella had been addressed by a lover, noble and wealthy even to magnificence, whom the Count Gerbini, relying on his paternal authority, had commanded her to receive as her future husband. He knew not that, outwardly at least, Marcella had assented to her father's will; and that the day was fixed on which the Prince Montalto was to lead the cold but compliant maiden to the altar. Those who were informed of her assignations with Julian, and believed that love only had won such unwonted favour, ascribed her conduct to ambition, to vanity, to any cause rather than attachment to one whose rank and riches were his only attractions. But of her sincerity not a doubt was ever whispered till the nuptial morning, when the trembling domestics reluctantly confessed that the bride was nowhere to be found. The rage and consternation of the Count was exceeded only by the disappointed pride, the wounded vanity, of the intended bridegroom. Of the fugitive no trace could

be obtained. Threats, however, extorted from the affrighted *gouvernante* the secret of her clandestine meetings with Julian, who was at once pointed at as the cause of her flight.

At this eventful period, when the increased passions of the injured father and the deserted suitor were at the highest, the ill-fated student arrived in Padua, and was at once hurried before the constituted authorities as the contriver of the disgrace of a noble family. In vain did he protest, in vain did his friends appeal to the sufferings of the agonized lover as *évidence* of his innocence. The influence of his powerful enemies prevailed, and the unhappy Julian was consigned to a dungeon. Under an arbitrary government it was long ere justice could liberate the victim; and when restored to freedom, how unlike was the pale spectre that shrunk from the light of day to him who had attracted the regard even of the haughty Marcella! Gerbini, rash in his resentments, but eager to avow his errors, looked with shame and remorse on the unhappy youth, and endeavoured to atone by present kindness for his past oppression of one whom he now acquitted of all participation in the mysterious flight of his daughter.

Free to wander at will, Padua was no longer a home for Julian: to unravel the hidden destiny of Marcella was the only feeling which possessed his mind. From musing continually on the enterprise, it seemed at last to become an object of almost

certain attainment ; and even her father, catching his enthusiasm, and disgusted at the apathy of Montalto, eagerly promised his fortune and daughter to him whom he believed to be the destined restorer of his child.

Invigorated by hope and expectation, Julian impatiently quitted Padua, to wander he knew not whither, in quest of one whose flight, whether voluntary or constrained, had been conducted with such art and secrecy as to baffle the most vigilant inquiries. In traversing the passes of the Abruzzo with a slender escort, the wanderer was suddenly surprised by a party of brigands, and disarmed ere he could offer resistance, which would have been as dangerous as unavailing. Lamenting an event which, viewed in its most favourable light, offered a temporary barrier to his progress, he was conducted through the recesses of the mountains to the strong hold of the banditti, in a deep glen, so formed by nature as almost to defy discovery. Bound, to prevent his escape, and separated from his attendants, he was left in a cavern to ruminate on the uncertainty of his fate. His first thoughts were of Marcella ; thoughts to which, in the agony of his soul, he could not restrain giving audible utterance. He was heard, and answered. A form stood before him—it was Marcella ! Wonder, joy, terror, and conflicting emotions kept him mute and motionless. “ Julian,” she exclaimed, “ is it possible ?”

"Is it, indeed, possible!" repeated Julian almost unconsciously, "do I find the daughter of Gerbini in the hold of a robber?"

Marcella slightly coloured; but instantly resuming her usual lofty demeanour, replied, "I turn not to the past, Julian; suffice it that my fate has been truly read: it is united with one at whose name, as the sibyl justly averred, thousands tremble!"

"A bandit's bride!" cried Julian shuddering.

"'Tis even thus! 'Twere in vain to war with destiny, and I desire it not."

"Your flight, then, was voluntary?" exclaimed Julian.

"No," she replied, "I will not dissimulate. I listened, perhaps unwisely, to love which had been truly described as fierce and unquenchable. I was like the moth that hovers round a flame, insensible that that flame is its fate. I listened; but he who was my destiny fearing that my vow to disclaim, even at the foot of the altar, one whom I despised and detested, might be forcibly annulled, took his own measures and succeeded. I would have spurned Montalto, but I hesitated to,—it matters not.—I was forced from my home, unseen and unsuspected, on the morning of my appointed marriage, and conducted by mountain paths, inaccessible, excepting to the fearless and free, to this proud dome of love and liberty!"

“ Say rather of rapine and oppression,” exclaimed the indignant Julian. “ Yet let us not speak of this, Marcella ; it cannot be but you must abhor this life of guilt, of degradation ! Talk not of the past ; look only to the present, the golden opportunity which courts you to fly.”

“ Whither ?” interrupted Marcella, smiling in derision, “ to Padua, to my father ? to be spurned, disowned by the haughty Count ; immured, perchance, in a gloomy convent, as a penance for my crimes ; a mark for the silent finger of scorn, or yet more degrading voice of pity ? Never, Julian !” she continued with rising passion : “ could you be mean souled enough to take one to your bosom who had yielded to the embraces of a robber, Marcella would despise your pusillanimity, and trample on your love even as on this poor worm that crosses my path. Be silent ! my destiny is fixed ; and if I sought it not, I lament it not ! He whose bride I am loves, and deserves my love. Bandit as he is, I idolize in him that wild and romantic daring which my fancy imagined, and which my reason approves. I love him, Julian ; and were honour, wealth, and rank offered me as the price of abjuring my husband, I would cast them from me as I now cast this worthless bauble, the only remaining relic of my former self !”

The astonished captive looked on her with feelings almost of horror as with the air of an inspired Pytho-

ness she threw from her a coronet of pearls which he knew to have been one of the last gifts of her father. "Oh, Marcella," he at length exclaimed, "could your father——"

"Name him not," she cried with fierceness, "it is my only vulnerable part! Swear to me," she continued, seizing his hand with eagerness, "swear by yon blue Heaven that hears and will record your vow, never to disclose the fate of his child!"

"I swear," he cried: "yet, alas! Marcella, is not this a confession of degradation—of remorse?"

She turned aside to hide a starting tear that trickled through the fingers upraised to conceal it.

"Oh, by that tear," exclaimed Julian, with increasing energy, "that blessed tear, the harbinger of purer thoughts and feelings, let me conjure you——"

"It is too late," she replied; then reassuming the cold and lofty port that had yielded for a moment to the softer impulse of nature, she continued, "Julian, this is no place for you!—I have the power, and will use it, to set you free. Romaldi must not find you here—his passions are fierce, and—yet ere you go swear to me again," and she pressed his hand with enthusiasm, "that your lips shall never divulge to my poor afflicted father the situation of his child!"

"I swear it!" cried Julian, sinking on one knee, and impressing a kiss on her extended hand.

"Now, let us be gone—ah! Romaldi!" A sudden shriek was the first intimation to Julian that a

bullet from the carbine of the brigand had entered her bosom.

"Faithless woman!" exclaimed the bandit rushing forward, "justice has pointed to thee an aim levelled at another; but think not thy paramour shall escape!"

"Romaldi, hear me!" she cried, throwing herself in the agony of the moment across the path of the infuriated ruffian; "he is innocent; on my life he is!"

"How!" returned Romaldi, "do I not behold in him that accursed student whose moonlight wanderings first aroused my jealousy and sharpened my vigilance? Did I not see him on his knee before thee, pressing thy yielding hand?"

"Romaldi, I am dying," murmured Marcella, "and the words of death are true."

"Dying," repeated the robber, pausing in wild emotion, "it cannot be: Marcella, you say this to disarm my wrath; it is but a flesh-wound."

"It is my death wound, Romaldi! Oh! listen while I have breath to speak! We met but now—I would have liberated ——"

"And fled with him!" cried the bandit, gazing at Julian with glances of suspicion and hatred.

"No!" exclaimed Marcella, "you had my heart,—you have it still—in death, in degradation!"

"In degradation!" cried the robber; "yet it is too true. Oh! Marcella, my love, my life, must I lose thee and by my own accursed jealousy!"

"It is better so, it is better we should part thus

than by the bloody wheel! Oh, Romaldi, forsake these cruel ways; you were born for nobler purposes!"

"It may be so," he replied fiercely, "but I have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, and as I have lived so must I die!"

Marcella looked upward with a glance of despair, then turning her eye languidly on Julian she again addressed the bandit; "Romaldi, a dying penitent prays of you that the innocent——"

"Let him depart then," cried the robber wildly, at once divining her purpose; "I will not answer for myself should I see you expire, and behold the cause still in my power!"

"Go, Julian!" she murmured faintly.

"Think not I can leave you thus, Marcella!"

"Your safety," she repeated in faltering tones.

"I despise it!" exclaimed Julian.

"Must I die thus, pleading in vain! Romaldi, by our love!" She laid her hand on the hand of the robber, grasped it firmly, and expired.

Motionless, as if he feared to disturb his murdered wife by withdrawing his hand from her stiffening grasp, the bandit glared wildly on his former rival; till at length, yielding to conviction, his despair broke forth in a cry so loud and dissonant as to bring his affrighted followers around him.

"Remove him," he exclaimed, pointing to the horror-struck Julian; "remove him from my sight

ere frenzy impel me to a deed which a voice from the dead alone restrains."

"And think you I will leave that slaughtered angel to the rude hands of robbers?" cried Julian, "the rites of sepulture——"

"Remove him!" repeated the infuriated Romaldi in a voice of thunder, a voice his followers heard but to obey. Resistance was in vain; an hour scarcely had elapsed ere Julian found himself surrounded by his attendants, on the very spot where they had been surprized by the robbers, while the intervening space seemed like a fearful dream, which his feelings alone convinced him to be real.

Faithful to his oath, in revealing the death of Marcella to her weeping father, Julian drew a veil over her disgraceful career and untimely fate. The suspicions of Gerbini were, however, aroused; and from a domestic who, unknown to his master, had been so placed as to gain a knowledge of the circumstance, he wrung an avowal of all that the lover had so vainly concealed. Incensed at the daring of a ruffian, whom the Count was taught to believe had forced his child from her home, and finally sacrificed her life to prevent her escape, he gave himself up to a thirst of ardent and implacable vengeance. Eagerly availing himself of his power and influence, he took measures to surround Romaldi in his secret hold; and Julian only penetrated his design when it was on the eve of accomplishment. Dreading an event

which he knew the unhappy Marcella would have deprecated as the most terrible of evils, he pursued the steps of the Count to the recesses of the mountains only to witness the success of the enterprise in the capture of the robber.

“Wretch!” exclaimed the exulting Gerbini, as they bound Romaldi, “think not to escape! Thy blood shall expiate the wrongs of my child!”

“Alas!” cried Julian, bursting into the cavern, “you know not what you have done!”

“How,” said the Count, “is not this the ravisher, the assassin ——”

“The husband of Marcella!” interrupted Romaldi haughtily; “you have murdered him whom your daughter would have died to save!”

Gerbini, petrified at these words, turned to Julian for a denial; but read, alas! in his averted looks, a confirmation of the harrowing truth. The conviction was too appalling—he tottered and fell—they hastened to raise him, but in vain! In the conflict of his emotions the spirit of the Count had fled for ever.

“He is dead!” cried the bandit; “the measure of my crimes is full—to the murder of Marcella I have added that of her father!”

“This at least was involuntary,” said Julian, shuddering; “and if my evidence——”

“The voice of an angel could not save me,” interrupted the robber firmly; “a cowardly and cruel government thirsts for my blood. Be it shed then!

life is worthless to me since the loss of my Marcella. Could I hope to rejoin her,—but I am too far steeped in guilt.”

The prediction of Romaldi was speedily accomplished ; no influence could have saved one who had long been the terror of a feeble state, and who, in the midst of the most cruel torments that avenging malice could inflict, preserved unshaken that fearless and indomitable spirit which triumphed alike over love and hatred.

The wealth of the houses of Zuccaro and Gerbini, to the last of which Julian succeeded by the bequest of the Count, united to rear over the grave of Marcella a monastery, celebrated in after time for the richness of its endowments and the sanctity of its inmates. Two splendid monuments bearing the names and titles of the Count and his unhappy daughter, attracted the admiration of the gazing multitude, while a plainer tomb of unlettered marble was sometimes pointed to as the spot where reposed the ashes of Romaldi. The first Abbot, a pale ascetic, who, through an extended life of piety and benevolence was never known to smile, lies interred in the edifice which his munificence erected. His remains rest at the foot of the high altar ; and near the spot is a plain tablet recording only the name of one long remembered in the prayers of the grateful,—Julian Zuccaro.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

W. H. LEEDS.

For an attempt so unusual as to ingraft an alien branch on the production of another writer, and for one so presumptuous as that which appears to challenge a comparison with the highly gifted bard of Lalla Rookh, some kind of explanation or apology seems necessary. The remark of a German critic, who, in speaking of the beautiful poem of which the title is here borrowed, has questioned the propriety of representing penitence as a gift more acceptable to heaven than any other, first suggested the idea of the following imperfect sketch. Mr. Moore's production is too well known to render it necessary to state more than that the Peri is here supposed to bear the tear of the penitent to the gate of Eden, but without its effecting her admission. As to manner, the writer must deprecate the least comparison with that of his model; for

"He has no colours that like his can glow."

* * * * *

To heaven the sparkling pearl she bore,
As which so precious never wore
Shah in his diadem;
And, as the ransom of her fate,
Offer'd, with confidence elate,
To the guardian of Eden's gate,
That priceless, purest gem.

Seemed the adamant bar,
For an instant, back to fly,
When darted, like a shooting star
Athwart the deep blue evening sky,
Transport from the Peri's eye,
As through the portal's flame of gold,
She might that blissful realm behold.
But ah ! again it closes,—
Not yet in Eden she reposes,—
That barrier she may not pass !
Nathless the pitying angel spoke,
“ Not yet thou enterest here : alas !
Sister, though the gift thou bringest,
To heaven right welcome be,
In vain thy speed thou hither wingest ;
There is a gift more precious yet—
A far more potent amulet,
That opes these doors to thee.”

Disconsolate now turn'd the Peri,
While tears bedew'd her face,
Towards this planet chill and dreary
Her journey to retrace.
But whither shall she now direct
Her course ? or where the prize detect
That restoreth her to grace ?
If the tear of penitence,
That washes out sin's foulest stain,
And cancels rebel man's offence,

May not entrance for her gain ;
Where shall she hope the spell to find
That will for her those bolts unbind ?

In what region shall she seek

The glorious talisman

That repeals the awful ban

Which hath from Eden her exil'd ?—

In what impenetrable wild,

On what cloud-veil'd mountain's peak,

By mortal step ne'er yet defil'd ?

Nought hath availed the patriot's blood,—

Of chastest love not the tenderest sigh,

Nor the purest of tears, that quell'd from the flood

Of the penitent's heart to his heaven-rais'd eye.

“ And can there be,” the Peri ask'd,

With racking doubt,—as if deceived,

And all in vain to search it task'd,—

As if of her final hope bereaved,

“ Say, can a tribute of greater worth

Be found among the children of earth,

The fallen and degenerate ?

Where doth nobler virtue dwell,

To work for me the hallowing spell

That unbolts yon Eden's gate ?

Alas ! I do not expect to meet

In so sinful a world with a prize so great.

Can it be that some dungeon's depth contains

A spirit regardless of nature's pains,
Who can calmly smile at the tyrant chains
Which his mortal frame there bind
In that loathsome prison dank?—
Who to heaven's will resign'd,
Alla still for life can thank,
And existence deem a blessing
Worth receiving, worth possessing?—
Who, though suffering, Him can praise
For sleepless nights and sunless days;—
Not a murmur from his tongue,
Not a groan by torture wrung,
Though his hopes were high, and his life be young?
Nay, not e'en of envy aught—
At the bitter, burning thought
Of nature blooming, beauty smiling,
For all, save him,—his breast defiling?
Though friendship, love, and liberty
Be to him for ever dead,
Though every charm of earth be fled,
His soul yet unsubdued and free?
Oh! if such there be indeed,
To him—to him let my pinion speed,
Swifter than that mystic steed
Which the holy prophet, of yore,
To the seventh heaven bore.
In th' hero noble 'tis to bleed
For his country's sacred cause;
But death is sweeten'd by th' applause.

That is his aye-enduring meed—

That consecrates his name.

With one belov'd 'tis dear to die,

For what may then to the soul supply

Its vivifying flame?

And for contrition's healing tear,

'Tis seldom shed till pain and fear

Waken the wish should spring from love,

The wish to be pure as those above.

When sickness and sorrow fast draw nigh,

And bid the world's delusions fly,—

When the weary limbs rebel,—

When broken is the unhallow'd spell

That bound the soul to sinful joy,

And all life's gay seductions cloy,—

A thought to heaven may then be cast

In hope that heaven to gain;

Since all of pleasure then is past,

And all that's felt is pain.

Then, joys that smiled before so fair,

As horrid, lurid spectres, glare,

So shines, when viewed from afar,

Some lofty mount like a radiant star,

And in its streaks of purple and gold,

Fancies the cheated eye to behold

Some brilliant, fairy-land domain,

Fallen from th' empyreal plain;

Till vanish, as the height we gain,

The illusions that at distance mock,

And we discern a stony rock
All rugged, wild, and bare.
When all around is sorrow and gloom,
The soul's compelled then to fly,
Though struggling and reluctantly,
For refuge from approaching doom,
Although shelter be none, save in the tomb ;
So doth the felon murderer cling
To the altar, and seek an asylum there ;
Albeit he ne'er brought one offering,
Ne'er gave to heaven one thought or prayer.
But ah ! how hard when pleasure invites,
And its Circe cup presents,
Promising more than all Eden's delights
To bathe in joy each thrilling sense ;—
How hard 'tis then to turn away
From its witching—its more than syren lay !
Yes ! there's a holier feeling than love,
Though inspir'd by the purest daughter of earth ;
There's a courage the patriot's valour above ;
And a tear that the sinner's surpasses in worth !"

The Peri paus'd, for near dwelt one
In hermit cell, who aye would shun
All commerce with his kind,—
An aged man and lone :
Him would each dawn at prayer still find,—
Each eve might hear his orison
Breath'd forth to Alla's throne.

As she gazed upon him kneeling,—

His snowy beard—his faded cheek,
Down which a pious tear was stealing,—

His eye of resignation meek,
Thrill'd her breast with awful feeling.

“ Surely the prayer of that holy man,
To heaven right welcome would prove,
And, were I to bear it to Eden, the ban
That exileth me thence would remove ?”

Albeit a painful doubt arose

That her transport check'd—her bosom froze.

“ 'Tis well to shun an enemy

On his vantage ground ;—to fly

Nor encounter there our foe :

Less difficult 'tis to forego

The world and all its tempting train

Of fond allurements, than remain,

And, uneduc'd by all, refrain

Where forbearance seemeth vain.

For, ah ! how hard the soul to fix

On things above, while those below

In all their warm attractions glow ;

Nor with one care of earth to mix

The prayer that pure to heaven should flow ;

Midst all the varying, anxious strife

Of mortal toil, and sinful life,

Still to remain in spirit a child

Uncorrupted, undefil'd

By thoughts of pride, or passion wild,
Though fortune on each aim hath smil'd ;—
 Though power, and wealth, and fame
 Their strongest spells should frame,
Ne'er by their blandishments beguil'd,
 The rebel will to tame.
Alas ! of all the sons of her
 Of sinners fairest, as the first
 For disobedience amerc'd,
How few lost Eden to earth prefer,
Or may their frailty subdue—
To heaven, and heaven alone be true ;
Still—still their glorious course pursue,
Nor, like the Grecian maiden, heed
The golden gauds that would check their speed !”

Of bootless errand again afraid,
Onward the Peri pass'd ; nor staid,
Till she arriv'd where a matron sate
 By the death couch of her son—
 Her only—and oh ! how beloved on !
Now snatch'd away by fate.
His eye was clos'd—his cheek was clay—
Vainly would human tongue essay
That parent's sorrow to portray.
Yet, though of all she priz'd bereft,
Though none to love—to soothe—was left
 She cried, “ Thy will be done !

Go, beloved child, prepare,
In yonder sinless world of bliss,
That home I fondly thought to share
With thee—with thee in this."

Instant the Peri would have sped
To Eden's portal with that prayer,
And boldly claim'd admittance there ;
Had not a low voice whispered
Her errand she might spare.
"Though sweet," it said, "the prayer of a mother
Breath'd for her child, there is another,
Still more precious—more divine,
More grateful far at Alla's shrine."
"A prayer more precious !" the Peri said,
In a tone that seemed to upbraid
The monitor unseen ;
"What words from mortal lips e'er broke
Like those yon widow'd mother spoke,—
So pious, so serene ?
So full of holy hope and faith
When resigned sorrow pray' th,
There's joy in heaven, I ween."

Slowly, with harrowing doubts perplex'd,
She wander'd on ; nor stopp'd till next
A rich pavilion met her sight,
Amid a garden proudly dight,

So wondrous fair that the Peri thought
By some enchantment she was brought
To her native Eden glades.
'Twas eve ; and as the western skies
Shot o'er the earth their loveliest dyes,
And varying golden shades,
Glared the lake as a ruby set
Within some emerald vast ;
Seemed each sparkling fountain jet
Of liquid flame a stream to cast ;
As if the dewy element
Transformed to a fiery shower,
Of burning drops a sprinkling sent
On the unscorch'd turf—the unsinged flower.
Anon the darker-purpling sky
Hung as a gemmed canopy,
That might a monarch's pall outvie.
For bright stars here and there were peeping,
Like angels watch in heaven keeping ;
Or like white-robed seraphs kneeling,
Rapt in an ecstasy of feeling.
Or they might be deem'd the glist'ning sails
Of a fleet of glorious barks, that steering
Their course to heavenly isles and vales,
Were ransom'd spirits thither bearing.
It was not day,—it was not night,
Or a night so pure and still,
That tasted the mind an awful delight,

Felt the frame a glowing thrill.
And what a fragrance all out-welling
From the nectar-pregnant air,
Bestow'd on the soul in the bliss of smelling
A rapture that might be deem'd excelling
Whate'er of choicest beauty rare
Stream'd upon the ravish'd eye
In glorious shape and dye.
If nature, in benignant mood,
Had that fairy scene endued
With Eden brightness ; art, too, shew'd
Her rivalling powers, to it lending
Charms with nature's pomp contending
For dubious supremacy.
Sparkled like yon flies of fire
Dome and minaret and spire ;
While the fretted arches bend
As doth the bow the hunter curves,
Till its points together tend,
Obedient to his sinewy nerves.
Mystic words from the holy volume
Breathed on portal and on column,
And blaz'd as with a living light,
While they Alla's hests recite.

Within was an alcove, well worth
To be the abode of a sylph on earth ;

Where, on ebony inlaid,
Snowy flowers of ivory stray'd,
As their buds and tendrils curl
(Form'd of the rainbow parent pearl)
Around each other playful twining ;
Like pale yet beauteous maidens shining
In sable robes, that do but brighten
Their lily brows. Yet to enlighten
That recess was cresset none,
But from translucent vase there shone,
As from a lesser full-orb'd moon,
A twilight fairer e'en than noon,
Which a tranquil glow diffusing
Befitted holy thought and musing.
At distance, through a lattice screen
Was many a pillar'd chamber seen,
And many a rich saloon,
In lengthen'd vista far extending
Like a prospect never ending ;
Whence issued forth at intervals
Of melody soft dying falls,
That seem'd the echoes of some fairy glee,
Or music floating o'er a moonlit sea ;
Else like that harp whose trembling string,
Touch'd by Zephyr's flitting wing,
Sounds with responsive sympathy.
And when, anon, those strains were hush'd,

Might be heard the stream that gush'd
From the fount, and sparkling splash'd.
There, too, with the wings of that beauteous fly,
The emblem of immortality,
The painted lanterns well might vie ;
So bright their varied hues, so rich,
That the delighted eye they witch,
As round their light they flash'd ;
And pendent from the gilded beams
Shot forth their Iris-tinted gleams.
Such was the scene that there arrested
The Peri's charmed gaze,—invested
With so much beauty, that it wrought
Oblivion brief, but sweet,
Of the deadly gnawing thought
Caused by her exile lot.
But may she here expect to meet
A soul devoid of blot,
Where all bespeaks voluptuousness,
Attired in such refined dress,
That heaven seems envied not ?
Knelt on the cushion'd-piled divan
Of that proud alcove, a man
Whose noble port, exalted mien,
Proclaim'd him lord of that magic scene.
Yet not haughty was his bearing ;
His eye was meek, his brow serene ;

And play'd on his lip a smile so endearing,
That well the pencil his form might trace
As the pattern of more than mortal race,
So generous that form, so benign that face !
Reverence fill'd the Peri's breast
When him she view'd ; more when he address'd
His prayer to heaven, thus express'd :
 " Father ! heed thy suppliant's vow,
 While to thy laws I willing bow,
 Thy mercies own, thy blessing crave ;
 Oh ! grant me strength still to endure,
 'Midst all temptations, faithful, pure ;
 In thy protecting hand secure,
 Their allurements may I brave.
These fair, but cheating vanities
Suffer Thou not my heart to prize,
But teach me how I may despise,
 Nor e'er become their slave.
If few can bear, without repining,
 Pain, and sorrow, and distress,—
 The hand that chasteneth can bless ;
Still fewer, their souls to Thee inclining,
 Can meekly bear success,
 Free from all leaven of selfishness.
As flaming tapers view'd a-near
More lustrous than yon stars appear ;
So present hopes, earthborn desires

Eclipse to the soul celestial fires,
And our weak senses cheat, until
E'en heaven itself looks dark and chill.

Yet how foul are the fairest that shine here below,
To the radiant spirits that circle thy throne ;
How impure the love that here purest may glow,
To that which is offer'd to Alla alone !
Not from earth spring the blessings should waken our
prayer,
So frail, false, and fleeting, though beauteous to
view ;

For cold is their splendour, embitter'd by care ;
They fade, and then leave us in darkness to rue.

If then such blessings would betray
My soul to sin and pride,
Remove them, Alla, far away,
And let me naked here abide.

Oh ! let them not my heart estrange
From Thee ! for rather would I range
O'er earth, a houseless wanderer driven,
Than an outcast prove from Thee and heaven.

When thou callest me, I leave
This world, without one wish to stay ;
And can thy summons glad receive

To-morrow or to-day ;
Still obedient to be
To all and each command, is mine ;
Ever grateful, to enjoy

Yet ever ready to resign
When call'd upon by Thee !
So the Indian widow, spurning
Youth, beauty, life, and rather burning
On that couch whose torturing flame
Reweds her to her loved spouse,
Unbroken keeps her faith, her vows,
In life, in death the same.
But, Father, there remaineth one
Who claims a share in my orison ;
The man whose envy and whose hate
Once doomed me to a captive's fate :
Whose power and fierce revenge I felt,
In vain I pleaded, praying knelt,
No pity might that bosom melt.
Thy hand alone could rescue then
Thy servant from his prison den.
Thou'st made me rich, hast made him poor, .
Oh ! make him penitent ;
And gladly with him I'll share the store
Thy goodness hath to me lent.
A fallen brother, though reprobate,
I would not desert in his wretched state,
Nor with the vanquish'd war :
If thou canst let a sinner live,
Shall I that erring child abhor ?—
Oh ! pity and forgive."

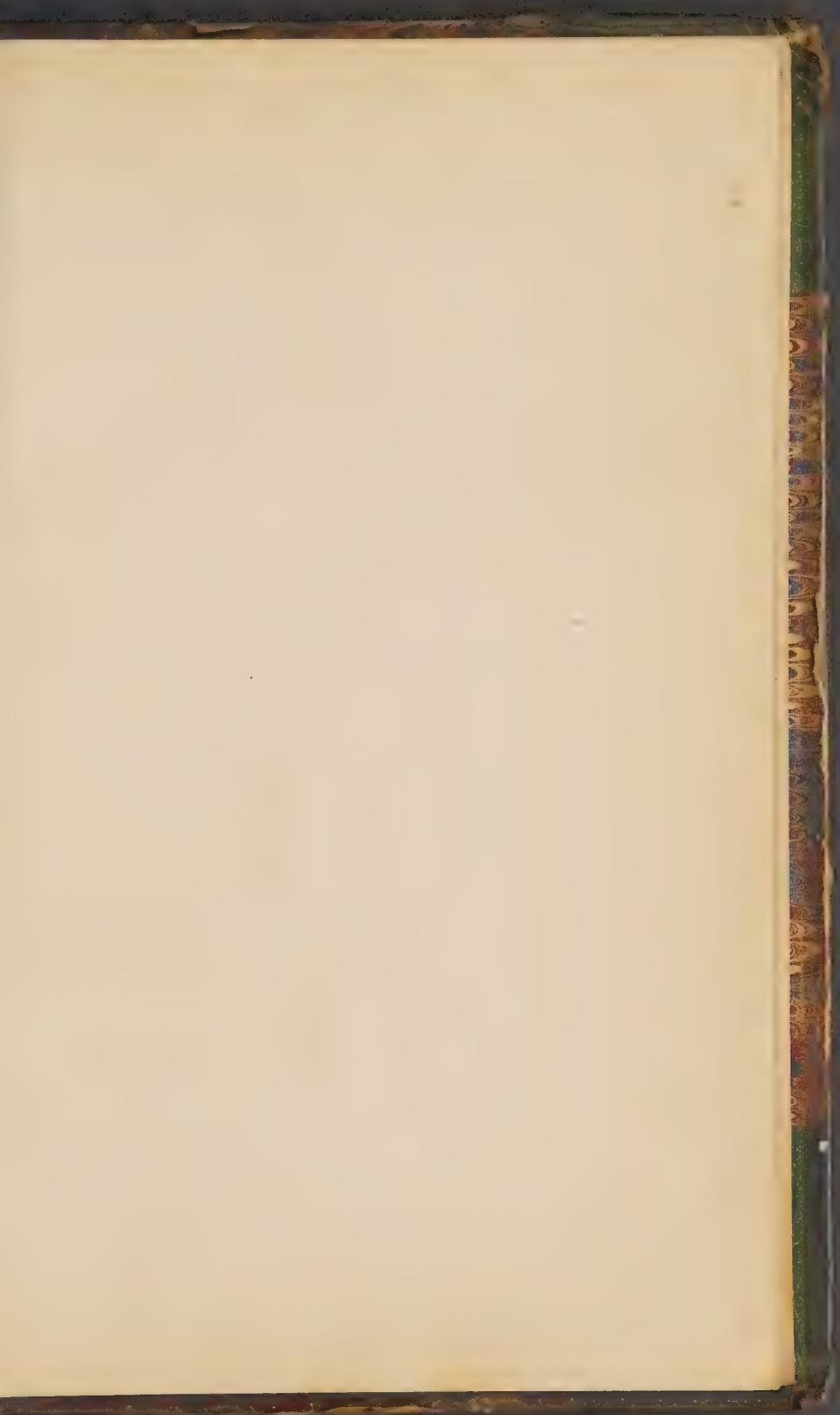
“ Joy ! joy and triumph ! ” the Peri cried,
As that prayer she snatch’d, up-springing
On a wing of flame, and bringing
The gift to the gate, which open’d wide
To receive her now, a guest
In her own Eden bright and bless’d,
There ever, ever to abide ;
While thus the angel her address’d :

“ Yes, sister, triumph ! enter in,
Cleansed from frailty and sin,
By the offering thou hast brought.
The noblest gift that earth may yield
Hath thy sentence now repeal’d,
Thy pardon now hath wrought.
For though to heaven it be sweet
The long lost penitent to greet,
And raise him from the dust,
There is a joy still more complete ;—
Oh ! far more rapturous ’tis to hail
The noble spirit that can prevail
Where earth and hell alike assail,—
The spirit of the just !
All-glorious the hosts that this Paradise throng,
And who view with pity yon forfeit race ;
Yet e’en they might envy in virtue who strong,
Have ne’er swerved from right, nor inclined to
wrong,

Amidst all the ordeals of that trial-place.
No! nor e'en in these bowers of bliss may blow
A blossom more bright, nor may there arise
More grateful incense of sacrifice
From all the altars of all the skies,
Than the PRAYER THAT IS BREATH'D FOR A FOE!"

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
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